

6 Times 751

Chapter 751 Fun With Mom Continues!

Despite the fact that Susan was still recovering and needing air, she managed to sit up enough to check out the state of her son's penis. Just as she'd figured, it was erect. "UGH!"

She collapsed back to the bed. "It pains me to see! Can I at least stroke it for a few minutes, while I take a breather here?"

"No," he firmly responded. "I know how that slippery slope goes. The focus is entirely on YOU. This is a Tuesday, you know. This is your day."

"I'm very well aware of the fact that it's Tuesday; you don't need to remind me. But since it's my day, that means we can do what I want, right?"

He cut in, "Oh, no you don't! I can see where you're going with that. Like I said, this is your 'punishment.' Aren't you enjoying it?"

"I am. So much! But you know what would make it even better? What if we make a sixty-nine? Then I could have the best of both worlds!" Her excitement over the idea was suddenly reenergizing her, and she sat up again. "What do you say?"

He felt tempted, very tempted. But he said, "The problem with that is that you're too good. You'll be sucking my cock before long, and I'll totally lose myself in the arousal. You'll make me forget my name, much less that I'm supposed to be licking you too."

"Oh, come on!" She already started repositioning herself on the bed. "It'll be great! I promise I'll be really bad at sucking. Please?! Pretty please?! As a special Tuesday favor? After all, you did say you want to treat me for all the nice things I've done for you, and nothing would make me happier right now..."

He was even more tempted. But while he was considering what to do, she literally climbed on top of him, leaving him no choice but to lie back underneath her. Realizing there was no stopping his cock-hungry mother, he said, "Okay, but promise me at least that you'll only lick me and not suck me. I honestly don't want to get too distracted."

"I can't make any promises when your mouth-wateringly delicious, sperm-filled cock right is waving around right in front of my face. But I'll try."

He couldn't see her face, since his own face was already up against her pussy mound, but he was sure that she was smirking with delight.

Knowing that he didn't have long before he really was too distracted to do much, he decided the time of teasing was over. He swiped his tongue all the way up her slit, and lightly pinched her clit for good measure.

Susan had already started licking around his cockhead while stroking his lower shaft too. But she protested, "No fair! How am I supposed to concentrate on MY important work here, if you make me feel that good?"

"Tough luck, babe!" He snickered. "The battle has begun! Let's see who can distract who first!"

She was just as exuberant and energized as he was. "Ha! You're on! This cock is MINE!" With that, she engulfed all of his cockhead and then some, and began feverishly bobbing on it.

He thought with amusement and chagrin, So much for her resolve to stick with licking. Color me surprised.

He was suddenly hit with a series of pleasure waves washing through his body. It was so wonderful and overwhelming that he temporarily couldn't even coherently think.

Susan thought, This is Heaven on Earth, right here! Seventh Heaven, even! There's nothing I love more than sucking this yummy cock, but doing it when he's licking my pussy is even BETTER! What's more, this is just the first time. I can't even imagine how it'll feel once he gets really good at it! Dear Lord, thank You for making our bodies capable of experiencing so much pleasure!

Once Alan more or less recovered, he thought, Uh-oh! This is exactly what I feared. She's gotten so friggin' great at that! I do have to get cracking here, before she literally sucks me to sweet oblivion!

He'd been licking her labia, but in an absent-minded manner, thanks to what she was doing to him. That changed. He still was inexperienced when it came to licking pussies, and it showed, but he knew the "alphabet trick" where one drew the shapes of letters with one's tongue, and he used that to good effect.

Both of them went at it with all they had. However, Alan had the great advantage that he'd already worked Susan up to the brink of a climax before their sixty-nine "battle" had begun. As a result, it wasn't long before his mother was screaming loudly in orgasmic ecstasy.

However, that didn't slow her down much. True, she had to pull her mouth off his boner while she screamed and writhed, if only to make sure that she didn't injure him. But mere seconds after regaining control of her body, she swallowed his cockhead and kept right on bobbing, stroking, and sucking. She was still struggling for oxygen, but she somehow managed, thanks to her growing expertise at breathing through her nose while cocksucking.

Even so, Alan knew that she wasn't able to use her full bag of tricks while recovering from her orgasm, so again he tried to make the most of his time before she distracted and aroused him too much. Although the alphabet trick was going well, he felt like he needed more, since his tongue seemed like too delicate an instrument. He switched to licking on and around her clit while plunging two fingers in and out of her slit.

That worked so well that she remained too distracted to get on top of her cocksucking game. In fact, more than once she had to pull off his boner just to gasp for air.

Then, a couple of minutes later, she was hit with another orgasm. This one was even bigger than the previous one, and once she started cumming, it seemed like she simply couldn't stop.

Since Susan's pussy was above Alan's face, he felt like a flood of cum was pouring down and all over him. Despite his face getting wetter and wetter, he gamely kept on licking all through his mother's multiple orgasm. He firmly gripped her legs with both hands so he was able to keep licking both her clit and slit despite the way she was thrashing around.

Susan was so overwhelmed that she had no chance to continue licking or sucking until her body calmed down.

But once her orgasms ended, she was hit with a great exhaustion. She closed her eyes, and muttered, "So good! Mmmm! Thanks. But Mommy... Mommy needs to rest. I'm just gonna... rest here for a minute, and then... and then... finish up..."

He managed to extricate himself from underneath her. Then he put a pillow under her head.

"Mmmm," she purred. "Thanks..." She smiled with her eyes still closed, and snuggled into the pillow.

He stood up and took a good look at her nude body sprawled out on the bed. He said, "I'm going to go to the bathroom. You just rest."

She was so out of it so fast that her only response was a slight moan.

Alan didn't really have to go to the bathroom. He figured that was a good excuse to leave without her worrying about it. He didn't mind not cumming. After all, his goal had been to make Susan feel good, and he'd accomplished that. Besides, he knew he'd need to save up his orgasms for later in the day.

Walking back to his room, he glanced at Katherine's door. He was somewhat surprised that she hadn't woken up due to Susan's loud screams, but he figured the fact that it was four in the morning explained that.

Back in his bed with the light off again, he tried to go back to sleep. However, he thought, Excellent! That worked out great. The only problem is that I'm still so wired that it's hard to sleep. But still, I need more of these "midnight sneaks!" There's been far too much focus on my dick. It's kinda gotten out of hand. I don't care what Mom says; there does need to be some kind of balance. Giving is just as much fun as receiving. Well, not counting the way she crushes my skull with her powerful thighs! We've gotta work on that. And sixty-nines could be a very good thing. I need to remember to do more off that.

Yep, everything is working out fine. Next time, Sis is gonna get a middle of the night surprise! He chuckled to himself.

Even though his excitement lingered for a while, his body needed the sleep, and he found himself zonked out in a matter of minutes. He didn't check the clock, but his goal to be back asleep in half an hour had worked out nearly to the minute.

Susan was similarly excited. Oh boy! Sixty-nines are AWESOME! Having my son lick my pussy is too great to be believed. I can't wait to tell Suzanne! Or Brenda! If this wasn't the middle of the night, I'd call them right now. If I ever had any lingering doubts that I've chosen the right and moral path by getting intimate with my own son, they're gone after that. Being a big-titted, cock-loving, sex-toy mommy for my studly son is the absolute BEST!

A couple of hours later, Alan woke up at his usual time. Despite his late night adventure, he felt quite refreshed.

He lingered in bed, recalling not only his cunnilingus and sixty-nine with his mother, but also the mini-orgy with the cheerleaders the afternoon before, and then the mini-orgy at home that evening. Aaaaah! Life is good. And today's a Tuesday. Scratch that: life is great!

Then the bad news hit him like a ton of bricks: he remembered that he had another big test in mere hours and he hadn't studied at all. Too much fucking, not enough studying, he berated himself. I'm bound to get another F, to go along with the one I probably got yesterday. Dang! But with the women in my life at least, it's not really a fair competition. Hmmm: studying vs. fucking Mom's tits. Ha! Talk about a no-brainer.

He sighed and rolled out of bed. He'd set his alarm clock to wake him up half an hour early to have some extra sexual fun before school, so he at least consoled himself with that prospect.

He strolled down to the kitchen for breakfast and was met by a sight that nearly knocked him over. FUCK ME! You're kidding me, right?! WOW!

Susan was up early as well and already working in the kitchen, dressed like a French maid. She had the stereotypical black cloth with white frills maid's outfit. She even had the visor-shaped white hair band and a big ribbon-styled white bow on the back. There was another bow and more frills around her neck.

He thought, Where she did get that sexy outfit?! Mom did wear a real French maid outfit once, near the start of all this craziness, but this is way too revealing to be a real one. But wait. Aims wore one for me a while back, and she said she got it from a secret raid on Mom's closet. It must be the same one!bender

(He was right. Suzanne had bought it on one of her erotic-clothing shopping sprees, and then more or less permanently loaned it to Susan. It had stayed in Susan's closet, aside from the one time that Amy borrowed it, until that day, because it was only one of many sexy outfits that Susan could choose to wear.)

Like the nighties and erotic aprons Susan preferred lately, the outfit was strategically designed to be just a little too short. Or actually, much too short. If she was standing still, he would be able to see about an inch or two of her pussy from the front. In the back, at least half her ass was exposed no matter what she did. If she bent or moved at all, even a 98-year-old man who'd been impotent for years would get the hard-on of his life.

Up top, the outfit barely covered her back at all. He could see this with unusual clarity, because she had swept her hair forward to fall down her chest, leaving her back completely exposed.

He thought, Holy FUCK! Mom looks so fuckin' fuckable! I LOVE that outfit! Dang, it really highlights just how thin her waist is. And what an ass! Maybe I should make today an appreciation of her ass day and just totally focus on her ass. But then I'll be neglecting her tits. I can't see them now, but I know how huge and oh-so-squeezable they are!

Dang! Even her back is fucking awesome. I love how she let her hair fall to the front, because that shows she's been standing like that just to give me a perfect view of her entire backside. Sweet!

God! I thought I had a boner before, from just anticipating what I'd find. But then I see this, and I swear, my dick has turned to steel. No, titanium!

Susan was very proud of herself and her outfit. She had been whistling the tune to the Monty Python "Every Sperm Is Sacred" song, but she stopped when she briefly turned her head around to see her son. "Good morning, Tiger. Do you like my new outfit?"

He was floored again. He hadn't been able to get much of a view of her front, but he saw enough to notice that just about as much of her boobs were exposed as was possible without the nipples popping

out - if she were standing perfectly still, that is. From armpit to armpit there was virtually no covering at all, except for two patches of fabric rising from below her boobs that reached up just enough to cover her nipples.

She deliberately turned her head back to the sink. She was pretending to wash the dishes, but in fact it was just that she wanted to make sure he got the full effect of how her outfit looked from the rear. Oh boy! Soon, my big strong son is going to be poking his big strong cock inside me, one way or another!

"Hot damn! Mom, that's even better than your aprons. Why am I so lucky to have you dress like this? Is there some special occasion today?"

Susan smiled as she spread her legs wider while keeping them ramrod straight. She could feel a few rivulets of cum leaking down her inner thighs, and she hoped he could see that too. "Well, my special young man brought me a special spermy snack in the middle of the night. I wanted to do something special to say thanks."

His mind boggled that she wanted to reward him for letting her give him a blowjob. He noted she was more thankful about that than the cunnilingus he'd given. He decided he needed to work on improving his technique.

She went on, "But obviously I didn't buy this since then. I want to drop little surprises on you at random anyway. These are the best days of our lives. We should live them to the fullest! Xania taught me many things. I learned that when a mommy has a son with a ten-inch cock bursting with sperm, every day needs to be a special day."

"Eight inches, actually," he corrected. "Almost eight." He looked down at his crotch and at the erection that was lewdly tenting his pants. It looked a bit like a writhing snake was hidden inside, because his dick was twitching wildly.

Susan finally gave in to temptation and turned all the way around. She looked at his bulge in delighted disbelief. "Well, we need to re-measure it because I'm SURE it's ten. At the very least! Maybe it's had a growth spurt."

She walked over and briefly ran her fingers up and down his bulge, as if she were trying to judge its length. She had a big smile as she purred, "Mmmm..."

"Hmmm. It does spurt quite a lot," he quipped.

She laughed and whispered huskily, "Maybe this new growth needs to spurt all over my face!" She slid her hand under his waistband and let out a happy sigh as she stroked it directly. "I think I need to straighten you out on a few things."

He chuckled. "Look at it; it's plenty straight already." He thought, Fuuuuuck! The feel of her cool fingers around my warm shaft is too much! Aaaaah... I also love the way she's bending over, showing off her mammoth tits and practically smushing them in my chest!

Indeed, her top was so scanty that her mammoth globes had spilled all the way out of them already.

She licked her lips and rubbed her thumb against the sweet spot below his cockhead. "True. It's straight and true. But in any case, mommies have to service and serve all that cock, directly and deeply down our throats if need be! That's what good mommies do. But it's especially important for me to do, because I'm a porn mom, with a porn slut body!"

Her fingers kept sliding up and down his shaft, but she was already starting to vary her technique. In particular, she used an unpredictable mix of corkscrew and counter-corkscrew motions. "By the way, one reason I wore this today is because not only do I want to give you an extra big thanks for your special visit last night, I want to encourage you to do that a lot more often. I have the best son in the whole wide world living right down the hall, who might pillage my mouth or cleavage at any time! You have no idea how much that thrills me!"

He smiled widely, feeling good that he'd made her so happy. "And I have the best mom in the whole wide world. And you have to admit that me going down on you is just as much fun as you going down on me."

She suddenly pulled his shorts down enough for his cock and balls to be completely exposed. She said passionately, "I'll admit no such thing! Mmmm! Just look at that! Look at all those inches of hot son-cock, needing my tongue and lips to cool them off!"

He thought for sure that a fantastic blowjob would begin in a matter of moments.

Instead she unexpectedly let go of him, then turned and struck a sexy pose that highlighted her backside. "I figure this will help you get my attention, if you know what I mean. But I'm only going to break it out on occasional Tuesdays to help keep that day extra special."

She wiggled her ass, hoping he'd be inspired to "get her attention" right away. She did it in such a way that he could also see the sides of her big tits jiggling, now that her tiny top had slipped down, making it appear even more ineffectual than before. She made sure to show off her engorged pussy lips and her wet inner thighs.

But he remained standing in place, at least for the moment. "I like! More than like - I'm in awe. Is there any way to make Tuesdays come more than once a week?"

"Awww. That's my cutie Tiger. And don't I wish!" She decided to reward him for his compliment by striking an even more tempting pose. She twisted her body at the waist so that she could wiggle her ass at him while giving him a good view of her heaving and jiggling boobs at the same time. Then she adjusted the top of her outfit, making sure that what little fabric there was in the front served as a stiff shelf, causing her bare rack to project even further out in front of her than usual.

He cried out, "Whoa! So intense!" He grabbed his erection and rapidly closed the distance to his mother.

She didn't like him holding his own boner. "Son, be careful with that thing. Don't you dare stroke it. Save that for Mommy!"

She turned away from him and bent over, so he could "get her attention" more easily. She held onto the counter in front of her with her hands, while her forehead rested against it. She did it that way so her boobs would be free to dangle straight down enticingly. She moaned erotically, trembling in anticipation of his touch.

He reached out and grabbed her ass the way he'd been doing almost every morning lately. But he didn't stop there; this time he slid his dick in the narrow cleft between her thighs. He kissed her all over the neck and shoulders, and nibbled on her earlobes.

She moaned and wiggled in delight. His boner was so close to her pussy that she could feel its heat. She squeezed her thighs together repeatedly, tightly trapping his dick even as it managed to slide back and forth a little bit. Oh my goodness! Tiger is dry humping me! Today is going to be a GREAT day!

So far, he'd avoided touching her breasts, and that was for a reason. He said with rising excitement, "My, my... You certainly are a cute maid. I'm glad to see my mom got someone to help with all the cleaning up we need around here. All she seems to know how to do anymore is suck her son's cock all day long. What did you say your name was?"

Smiling from ear to ear, she replied, "Oopsie! Sorry sir, but I think there's been some kind of mistake. I was explicitly hired to help suck cock. I understand there's a TEN-INCH cock around here that needs to stay well drained. Oh, and my name is Susan."

She winked, pleased that she'd "straightened him out" about his "real" penis length again. "The big-titted mommy who lives here loves to suck it, but she says she needs help. There's just soooo much cock to take care of!"

He said with amusement, "Funnily enough, that's her name too."

"I know. She hired me, after all." She slid back and forth on his erection a few inches while still keeping it tight between her thighs, and squeezing it with them. "Mmmm! Now, it's true that I'm supposed to help clean up, but mainly by licking up all the cum you're gonna deposit on my face and chest!"

His heart started racing faster as he spoke his thoughts out loud about that. "Two Susans double-teaming on Alan Junior all day long, eh? The mind boggles!"

She pouted, while still assisting with his dry humping, "Not all day, unfortunately. Yesterday you made me go HOURS and HOURS without any son-cock to even nibble on a little bit. Meanie! That's why I'm wearing this uniform, to make sure you don't deprive me this time."

He joked, "Oh, so that's the real you after all. Glad to see you, Mom. Maybe you can help me out. I'm looking for a sex cow. I was told there was one around here somewhere." He continued to grope the backside of his obscenely bent over mother. He could feel her pussy juices running down his shaft, and that sent shivers up and down his spine.

"That's me! That's me!" She answered eagerly as she continued squeezing his cock with her thighs. "I'm your sex cow! Moo!"

He laughed, because she was just so cute. "Oh, good. Because it's time for your morning milking."

"Morning milking?" Despite her great arousal, she had the presence of mind to start experimenting on his thick pole with different thigh-squeezing techniques. She asked with a rising excitement in her voice, "Whatever do you mean by that?"

"If I've learned one thing recently, it's that your tits have NEEDS. Very important needs. They must be sucked, groped, pulled, yanked, and yes, even fucked, on a daily basis. In short, they must be milked every day."

"Fucking son of a bitch YES!" She threw her head back in exaltation. It was exceedingly rare for her to curse like that, but she was so thrilled that she was practically losing her mind.

She clenched his cock tightly with her powerful thighs while grasping her big melons with both hands. "That's the God's honest truth! CHRIST, you're a good son! Do it, Son! DO my tits in EVERY WAY! OWN my tits! Possess them! MILK them! They need you! Motherfucking MILK them! What are you waiting for already?!" She appeared to be on the edge of a climax just from his words.

Despite his talk, his hands had yet to move from her back and shoulders. They weren't even touching her ass, though she didn't mind that much since his erection was still steadily sliding right below her needy pussy, torturing her with its delightfully hot and throbbing feel. He said, "I'm waiting because I'm confused. Why is it when I milk your tits, the milk doesn't come out of the nipple, but flows out of your pussy instead?"

She thrust her ass further up and back, hoping to make more contact with his hands and somehow coax them to her stiff nipples. Her tit-need was so great that she did this even though it caused his erection to come free from the grip of her thighs. "Oh, Tiger, that's because your mommy is completely filled with milk. She's a sex doll filled with milk instead of air. It flows out of me everywhere!"

He said with increasingly heavy breathing, "Well then, maybe I'd better milk your pussy every day too. I'd hate to see all that milk build up and up until you burst. Would you like that, Mom? Would you like me to milk your cunt and tits every day?"

He gently touched her pussy lips with his fingertips and watched with amusement as her entire body shook with a tremendous orgasm.

She thrust her hands high in the air in total exultation, crying, "Fuck yes! Son, I've just GONE WHORE! My brain has been completely taken over by my tits and my cunt! They're in charge now, and demand that you fuck me! FUCK me! Any hole, just fuck your WHORE MOTHER! And for God's sake, touch my tits already! They're burning up!"

He was so aroused that he didn't even mind her use of the word "whore." In fact, he loved it. He took his hand away from her pussy and grasped both of her tits firmly, lifting them and the rest of her up from the counter she was bending over.

As a result, she screamed and her entire body shook like a jackhammer.

He had never seen anything like it: her entire body was shaking in an almost inhuman fashion while she went through what must have been the mother of all orgasms for her.

Chapter 752 First Anal Sex With Susan!!!

After all the moving about, Alan's burning erection was pressing up against one of her ass cheeks. He was so aroused that he needed an even more profound and intense sexual satisfaction. He didn't think at all but just acted. With his hands still mauling her enormous boobs, he pulled his lower body away and then swung it back in, hoping to hit a hole.

His erection landed directly on her anus, and that suddenly made everything clear to him. YES! I'm going to fuck her ass! Right now! Fuck, yeah!

The urge to simply plunge in was nearly overwhelming. However, Suzanne had been trying to educate him about anal sex, and he knew that he could seriously damage his mother if he wasn't careful, especially since his cock was lacking lubrication. So he shouted, "Quick! Where's a condom?! A condom?!"

Misunderstanding, she wailed unhappily, "Oh, Son! We can't! We can't!"

"No, I don't mean that. I'm going to fuck you now, but in your ass! We need a condom for that too!"

Her heart skipped a beat. Suddenly she went from a near shout to an awed whisper. "My... my... ass?!" bender

It occurred to him that Suzanne had insisted that he keep condoms on him at all times, and he'd been trying his best to be prepared. That meant that he should have a condom in the pocket of his shorts. He looked around frantically for his shorts, only to feel rather silly when he realized they were still around his ankles.

He bent over, fumbled around in a pocket, and found the condom. While he was down there, he stepped out of his shorts to give his legs more freedom to maneuver.

As he frantically tore open the condom, he watched his mother's ass humping back towards him. She was so horny that she could hardly breathe, so she gasped heavily as she said, "Son, I don't know! The ass? That seems so... well, naughty!" But it was clear from the way that her ass was wildly humping the air that she was possibly even more eager than he was.

He breathed a sigh of relief when he slipped the condom on. But then it occurred to him that he still needed adequate lubrication. Shit, shit, shit! Anal sex is such a hassle. Where the hell am I... Oh, wait! I know: the olive oil! Remembering that Susan kept a bottle of olive oil near the stove at all times, he quickly found it and poured it all over his shaft.

All the while, Susan's ass was wiggling with need while her erotic "mmmm" moans grew louder and louder. She couldn't see what he was doing, and she thought he was teasing her as a show of willpower. (Needless to say, this only aroused her even more.)

Finally, he thrust his hips forward. His cockhead again prodded directly into her anus, with most of it going inside before he even realized what was happening.

The rush he felt from penetrating his mother's asshole was tremendous. He yelled, "Take this, whore mother!" and pressed deeper.

"Oh my GOD! Tiger, not the ASS! It hurts!" she screamed. Then she began wailing incoherently. Her anus had never been penetrated by anything so large. The olive oil helped, but he needed to go slower, because her anus and rectum had never been stretched that wide before and there was no natural lubrication there.

He was hit with another surge of pleasure as he realized, I'm finally fucking Mom! I am! Oh God! Oh God! Unfortunately it's her ass, not her cunt, but this is fucking!

That was so startling to him that his legs nearly gave way. It seemed like he could feel every single nerve in his body tingling at once.

His cockhead pushed all the way in, and then it kept on going. And going. And going. His cock went in a good six inches before it finally stopped.

Neither Alan nor Susan could believe that he'd gone that far that fast, not to mention that he was in her ass in the first place. He grunted as loud as he could manage, while she was screaming loud enough to alert the entire neighborhood.

Tears came to her eyes. The anal sex was so painful that she didn't know if she could take it. But she gritted her teeth and forced herself to endure. UGH! GOD! UH! Dear Lord, please! Please! Have mercy! UGH! Please Lord, I don't know if you approve of this, but... HNNNG! It just... Oh! Phew! It... it means so much to me!

Help me! Lord, help me! Help me be a good fuck for my son! I don't ask for much, but help him fuck my ass!

Slowly but surely, he pushed in deeper.

She screamed loudly and incoherently with a mixture of both pleasure and pain.

She hoped against hope that it would get better, because it was so much more painful than she'd anticipated. Without realizing it, she continued to scream loudly.

He stopped pushing deeper in response. But he was afraid to pull out, because he worried that might only hurt her more. Thus he had to maintain his position, with his erection lodged most of the way in her ass.

Slowly but surely, her screaming died away as the pain lessened. However, she continued huffing and puffing, desperately gasping for air.

In her thoughts, she turned strangely aggressive. Lord, cut me some slack here, please! You're not exactly helping. I suppose You don't approve of a son fucking his mother's ass, but what do You expect? You made us this way! You've given me a body that's built to please and serve my son. And you've given him a powerful and needy cock that demands satisfaction. Would you rather he fuck my... unmentionable?

She suddenly decided on a different approach. The Lord helps those who help themselves. I need to relax! I'm going to stop worrying about the pain. I'm going to give myself fully to being a vessel for my son's sexual pleasure. If it doesn't feel good for me, at least I'll get some pleasure knowing he's getting his pleasure. I need to focus on that great big cock of his, pumping in and out, squirting cum all over my face and tits.

Aaaah... I feel better already. Yes... Relax... Just take it easy...

He noticed that she'd rapidly gone from screaming to contented purring. So he asked, "Mom, are you okay?"

"I'm better than okay. I'm ready! Fuck me good!"

"Are you sure? I was about to pull out all the way."

"DON'T YOU DARE!" She briefly tensed up as she said that, but then forced herself to relax again. She could feel the difference in her ass as she alternated squeezing tightly and then relaxing around his shaft.

After a few more heavy breaths, she said, "Seriously, do it! Don't wait. DO IT!"

Her voice was so insistent that he resumed moving his hips. Since his boner was already embedded almost entirely within her, he pulled back out almost all the way, until he was in danger of popping completely free. Then, slowly and carefully, he pushed all the way back in. In fact, thanks to his mother's newly relaxed condition, he wound up pushing in even deeper than before.

She felt shivers run through her body as his cockhead pushed into virgin territory. It felt incredibly strange, but she couldn't deny that by this point she was feeling more pleasure than pain. That was an unexpected bonus, since she'd been willing to go through with it no matter what.

Slowly and carefully, he pulled almost all the way back out, then again pushed all the way in. His physical pleasure was immense, and the knowledge that he was fucking his mother (at least in one way) increased that even more. However, his joy was tempered by the worry that she might be suffering.

Thus he breathed a sigh of relief when he heard her familiar sexy moan. "Mmmm... Like that, Son! Mmmm... So good!"

He was slowly pulling out when he asked, "You like it?"

"I love it! I'll admit... it hurt at first, but now... MMMM! YES! Grab my tits! I'm not made of glass. Fuck me harder!"

"Really?" He started speeding up a bit as he pushed back in.

"UGH! AAAAH! DO IT!" It was clear from her voice that she was in ecstasy. Then he reached around and grabbed one of her big tits, causing her to cry out loudly again, but this time with pure joy.

In fact she was still feeling some pain, but it was swamped by so much pleasure that she didn't care. It occurred to her that the pain was somehow actually heightening the pleasure, perhaps by providing such a stark contrast.

Katherine was in her room making herself sexy for Alan when she heard the screaming. It had taken her a minute or two to get semi-presentable, but she finally ran to the kitchen to see what all the fuss was about.

She was staggered by the sight that greeted her there. Alan had one hand on his mother's boobs, four fingers of the other hand up her pussy, and his erection was pistoning in and out of his mother's asshole with very long and deep strokes.

She didn't recognize her mother at first, because of the maid's uniform and all the long hair that had fallen down over her mother's face. Her first impression was that her brother was fucking some new, and obviously extremely voluptuous, hired help.

But Susan's huge, swaying jugs quickly gave her away. Katherine knew of only four women with tits that big, and their different hair styles removed Suzanne, Xania, and Brenda from contention.

"Mom! Are you okay?" Katherine yelled over all the loud panting and moaning.

"Woooo-hoooo! Yeeeeesssss!" Susan screamed. "I'm very okay!" That certainly was true. Alan was now pumping in and out of her butt with a regular and profoundly penetrating pounding, and although there was some lingering pain, she hardly thought about it anymore.

Already forgetting her embarrassment over being discovered like this, she screamed, "I'm FANTASTIC! Tiger! You're an ANIMAL!"

Katherine just stood and stared, unblinking, at the sexy scene in front of her. Her heart pounded and her nether lips grew wet.

"Ah-Ah-Alan... Yes! YES! Alan surprised me, is all!" Susan screamed, barely able to put a short sentence together. "YEEEESSS! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me! Yes! Tiger is fucking meeeeeeeeeee!"

He continued to pound into her mercilessly. She'd only been clutching onto the edge of the counter with her hands, but his body slowly drove her forward along the counter until the front of her thighs rammed against its side. His driving erection forced her hard into it. He slammed her over and over again.

They both continued to yell and scream, although neither said very much. Alan did speak from time to time, but about all he said were things like, "I'm fucking you, Mom! Fuck you! Fuck you up the ass!"

Variations of that drove her to further screams and further heights of ecstasy. Susan tended to just say, "He's fucking me! Fucking me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" and the like, over and over.

That sounded to Alan like he was fucking her pussy, and that was the ultimate taboo and tempting sex act for him. The fact that he was really fucking her ass was great, but thinking it was her other hole drove his arousal completely off the charts.

Katherine's alarm rapidly turned to arousal. Suddenly, she had a great urge for Alan to fuck her ass, so she could be as ecstatic as Susan obviously was. I can't believe it! I'm actually watching Brother fucking Mom! True, it's the wrong hole, but it looks almost the same as doggy style. He's slamming into her, over and over and over! Oh CHRIST, that's hot! That's a sight I'm gonna see a lot from now on, I'm sure!

As she played with her pussy lips, she asked Susan, "Is it really that good, Mom?"

Susan turned her head towards her daughter and her eyes bugged out as she tried to express the strength of her emotions. "So good! So GOOD! At first I thought not, but then... OOOH! MMMM! Oh God! Mmmm, YES! Like that, Son!"

Katherine stopped asking questions, realizing she wasn't going to get coherent answers at this point.

Alan kept on steadily fucking Susan for a few more minutes. Then he began pumping his semen into her ass without warning. He let out a banshee scream as his cock began to shoot. It seemed that time slowed to a crawl and he shot rope after rope, forever.

But time was going too fast for Susan. "Wait! Wait! No!" She yelled, suddenly fighting to get her ass free from being further impaled by his stiffness. "Your precious sperm! Don't waste it into a damn condom! In my mouth! Mouth is better!"

But there was no way for her to get off from being speared by his big pole, then instantly turn around, remove the condom, and suck him off before he started cumming, especially since his dick seemed permanently lodged up her tight rear hole.

He continued to pound his seed into her ass, filling the condom. "Sorry, Mom, too late! Maybe next time!"

The two continued for many long, mutually satisfying moments until he was all spent, literally and figuratively. She flopped her chest down onto the counter, where he continued to cup and fondle her tits with both hands until his dick shriveled up and eventually popped out of her rear hole.

"What a way to say good morning! Phew!" Susan groaned, pure lust dripping from her voice.

Alan's hands had finally stopped groping her, but she grabbed them and encouraged them to keep going, even though the two of them were momentarily exhausted. She just didn't want the fun to end.

Katherine stood by, still just watching and touching herself. She was fascinated and extremely turned on, but also fuming with jealousy. Not for the first time, she was annoyed at how curvy Susan was in all the right places. I've been getting myself all pretty for Brother, and he hasn't even looked at me yet! How the hell can I compete with not only that body, but that outfit? Where the hell did she find that obscene maid outfit, anyways? The set of a porno movie? Grrr!

Alan finally looked at his sister and smiled. He tore himself away from his sex bomb mother and staggered to the refrigerator, propping himself up by leaning against it. "Man, that was good," he mumbled, lost for words. He mostly stared off into space with a shit-eating grin.

"Sorry Angel," Susan said to Katherine, as she slumped down onto the kitchen floor in total exhaustion. "I didn't mean to surprise you like that, but Tiger surprised me. Hooo boy! Did he ever! I had no idea he was going to do that. I mean, one minute he was just running his hands all over my exposed butt cheeks, taking full control of his big-titted sex toy mommy like he always does, and then... BAM!"

She clapped her hands together for emphasis. "His huge cock was deep in my ass!"

She began to put her maid suit back into some semblance of order, and even put on an extra optional piece that covered the shoulders. She could tell Katherine was feeling neglected, and she wanted him to devote more of his attention on her. That was as covered up as she could get, but it wasn't very much. Her nipples looked liable to pop back out of her top at any moment.

"I had no idea I was going to do that either!" Alan exclaimed, still exhausted. "But Mom, when I saw you in that maid outfit, I lost all control. And then the dry humping and everything. Geez! It was almost total luck that I fucked you in the ass and not in the cunt. Maybe I had your ass on my mind at the time because you said your tits and cunt had taken control and I was wondering if your ass had a say in things too. Funny thought, that."

He remembered that he still had the condom on. He removed it, half inverting it in the process to trap any transferred anal material inside, then tossed it into a nearby trash can. The condom reminded him of how aggressive and spontaneous he'd been. "I'm really sorry. I shouldn't have done that without even asking. I kind of lost my mind."

Susan smiled. She didn't mind how he'd fucked her ass so unexpectedly, since it worked out in the end. It had been one of the greatest times of her life, without a doubt. She also was unperturbed her son had almost fucked her other hole. In fact, in some ways she was disappointed that he hadn't.

She said, "Oh, don't be. All those hormones surging through you shows you're such a big, healthy boy. You may have crossed a boundary or two there, but I'll let it slide this time, so to speak."

That was a joke (and a play on words) because it was clear that all boundaries were pretty much gone now.

Alan smiled, "Yeah. A lot of sliding. We definitely need it to slide quite a lot."

She grinned and commented, "I actually got that one."

She went on, "Tiger, it seems we're going to fuck soon. And by 'fuck,' I mean you pounding your big fat cock into my tight little pussy. You know it and I know it. Angel, me, all your women - we have to have all of our holes ready to be impaled by your raging fuck rod at any moment. That's just a fact. I'm glad it didn't happen now though, because my cunt is SOOOO SORE from yesterday. I wouldn't have properly enjoyed it."

He smiled from ear to ear, happy to hear her confirm that. The way she kept waffling on the issue, he needed a lot of reassurance to know that she was fully behind the idea. But he just said, "I know! Last night was so intense. And then so was this morning. I can't handle this much intensity. My meter for intense sexual experiences is on overload. I have no idea how I'll be able to go to school after that."

Susan asked, "Who says you have to go to school? My cunt is in bad shape and you just destroyed my ass too. Oh God, my son-fucked, sperm-filled ass! I think I need to stay in bed all day and recover."

She looked at him with puppy dog eyes. "Stay at home and play with me? Please? You could be my 'nurse' and take care of me. And by the way, even though my pussy is wrecked, my mouth and my cleavage still work just fine."

She licked her lips ostentatiously, then pushed her tits together, creating an extra deep line of cleavage. Clearly, she was pointing out that even though her cunt and ass were off limits at the moment, she could still keep him buzzing all day with plenty of blowjobs and titfucks.

"Mom, I'd love to, but you know I can't. School. Tests." He hated saying that, but felt that he had to. He also didn't want to piss off Katherine, who was looking increasingly annoyed.

Susan seemed not to hear him. She closed her eyes and shivered suggestively as her fingertips delicately stroked between her thighs. Then her hands ran up her stomach to her chest and she pushed her boobs together again. She licked her lips with a hunger. "But what about my mouth and tits? Are you going to go to school leaving them all unfucked? They'll feel so left out. My tits are sad and neglected. They could use some fat and thick company."

She winked seductively at him and wiggled her shoulders ever so slightly. That set her heavy breasts gently swaying. Running with that idea, she bent forward and jiggled her huge melons even more.

Alan felt an urge well up inside of him to plow some more of her holes, especially since her slowly rocking nipples continued to poke in and out of her uniform, even as she tried to hold herself back some to mollify Katherine. The cut of the dress was such that her nipples couldn't remain covered for long unless she stayed as still as a statue and refrained from breathing. Not only was she not doing that, she deliberately let her fat tits spill completely out of her top again.

Susan's attempt to hold back so as to not steal all the attention from Katherine was only partially successful, at best. She was wired with energy after the great ass fucking.

Alan staggered over to a stool and sat near Katherine. He felt totally blown away in some unexplainable way, much more than just his "typical" sexually intense experience. He felt like he'd just machine gunned down a crowd of people or woke up from a thousand years of sleep.

But he slowly came back from some weird place to the here and now of the kitchen. Eventually, he reached out and poured himself a glass of pineapple juice, then downed it.

He knew Katherine was there, but he still hadn't fully digested her presence. Now he sat down on a stool next to her then turned and truly looked at her for the first time that morning.

Chapter 753 Fucking Katherine

Katherine tried to act normal, but she was nearly ready to cry. She felt really out of it, like she'd just missed a once in a lifetime experience.

Susan lifted up her naked butt a bit so she could rub her now very sore ass. (At least, that was her excuse - she carefully angled herself so her son would get a great view.)

That immediately captured Alan's attention, even though he was trying to focus on his sister.

Susan's maid uniform certainly didn't get in the way of her ass groping. Her cum was leaking from her pussy, so she reached between her legs, scooped some up and tasted it. "Yummy!" she moaned happily.

That made Katherine only more frustrated. She wanted to pout, but realized that was too immature.

Alan was still mostly focused on Susan. "Mom, how is it that you took my dick in so easily?" He wasn't aware of her morning routine.

She smiled. "I've been waiting and hoping you'd do that for some time now. Remember, Angel, what I said earlier: we have to be ready to be taken in any hole at any time. Any good looking, busty woman who knows you needs to be that accommodating. Every morning I've been lubing up my ass as part of

my morning routine, hoping and dreaming that today would be the lucky day you would at long last claim my ass with your sperm gun. I had an especially good feeling about today, since it's a Tuesday."

She did a double-take as an important thought crossed her mind. "Oooh! You know what? I need to make some calls to all the other women you own. Now that you're getting into assfucking, all of us need to be properly prepared at all times!"

He asked her, "Mom, isn't that going too far?"

"Nonsense! In fact, there ought to be a town ordinance that all women deemed Alan-worthy, married or not, have to keep their asses lubed at all times or face a fine. Just in case Tiger's in a mood to fill them up." She smiled endearingly at him. She was still so horny that she half meant her words.

Katherine was trying to make her displeasure known with a sour look. But she was so aroused by Susan's idea that she couldn't help but ask, "But how would they be checked to see if they're in violation?"

Susan replied matter-of-factly, "If Tiger were within eyesight, they'd have to take off their panties, bend over, and present themselves to him for inspection. How else? And young lady, that includes you too!"

Alan found those ideas very arousing, but he tried to stay cool, and asked, "But Mom. If you wanted it that bad, why didn't you just plainly say: fuck my ass now?"

Susan answered wryly, "Tiger, women very rarely state anything so directly. It's true. I've told you this before: when it comes to women, you need to know what you want and just take it for your own. I don't want my son to turn into a rapist, but I know you and know you'd never rape anyone. But if you get incredibly aggressive and then pull back with your amazing self-control if you keep getting bad vibes, there isn't a woman you won't be able to fuck."

He considered that. "Mom, that's some serious and weird advice. I'll have to think about that."

Alan still felt a little spaced out, but Susan was noticing her daughter's mood. "Tiger, that was beyond great, but I think you should look after our sweet Angel. It looks like she's feeling neglected."

"I am!" Katherine blurted out, finally getting Alan to direct all of his attention to her. "Brother, I can't compete with Mom! I don't have an outfit like that. I don't have an ass like that, or a body like that. There's no way! How can I compare?!"

Katherine was wearing a whitish, see-through nightie that was even sexier than the ones she'd worn in the days before. In most any other situation, even in a crowd full of sexy women, Alan or any other heterosexual man would have been drawn to her like a magnet. But it was true: Katherine couldn't compare to Susan this morning. Nobody could. She began to cry.

The counter stools were close enough that Alan was able to reach out and embrace his sister without leaving his stool. "Don't cry," he said soothingly. "I think you're amazing. You're totally sexy. You're so fuckable. You're the best! Really. Don't cry!"

But his words just seemed to make her cry even more.

She reached out and hugged him tightly, bawling into his shoulder. "You're just saying that," she said. "Between Mom and Aunt Suzy, there's just no way. They could be and should be movie stars. And Amy's your girlfriend now. She's getting so big and sexually experienced. I swear, her tits are growing bigger every day... You don't like me! I'm so far down on your list!"

She threw herself onto him, crying on his shoulder even more. "I'm your number four fuck toy, at best!" Then she whimpered, "Gaawwwd, that sounds so ridiculous."

He put his hand on her chin, and lifted her head up until his eyes locked onto hers. "Listen to me. I can't say I merely like you, only because I love you. I love you as much as anybody in the world. In truth, I love you and Mom more than anyone else in the whole wide world, and I love you two equally. Today I got extra horny for Mom because of the maid's uniform and everything, but tomorrow you'll do something that will turn me on just as much. You will! Didn't we have a great time yesterday?"

She conceded that with a tiny nod.

He continued, "Yeah, Mom is hot and she has big boobs, but you're amazing too! You've got a totally hot body too. Who is more attractive than you in our entire high school? Heather? Amy? Maybe to some, but you have more smarts and personality than either of them. And I think you're the hottest of them. It

really hurts me to say that, because I really love Aims and I think she's incredibly great, but she's only my girlfriend and you're my sister."

That helped, but Katherine pouted, "What about Christine? She's hot AND really smart!"

"True, but I've never heard anyone call you 'Katherine, the Ice Queen.' (He pronounced it 'Kath-er-eeen'.) Hey, it even rhymes."

Katherine sniffled, but smiled. "No, I suppose not."

"Sis, you're MY movie star. I love you!" bender

"Oh Alan! Brother! I love you too!" She leaned forward and they began kissing passionately.

Alan felt a new and deeper bond with his sister as they kissed. He meant everything that he'd said, although he exaggerated his opinion on Amy somewhat to make Katherine feel better.

She eventually pulled away from his mouth to say, "Big Brother, I'm so sorry. I don't mean to be jealous, but sometimes I just can't help it. I love you. I promise I'll be better. I don't care if you fuck Mom, or Aunt Suzy, or Amy, or anybody, as much as you like, just so long as you say you love me."

Alan turned towards Susan sitting in the stool behind him.

The busty mother was wiping tears of joy from her face. "That was so touching, you two. I love you both, so much! You make me so proud."

"We love you too, don't we, Sis?" asked Alan.

"You know we do, Mom," Katherine said enthusiastically. "You're the best mom ever, Mom! Ron can go screw himself for all I care, 'cos just having you is better than having two parents."

"Don't forget Suzanne," Susan pointed out. "She's like your second mother in all but name."

"Yeah, and we love her too, but you're number one." Katherine got up and hugged Susan, and then began kissing her on the mouth.

After their long lip-lock ended, Susan said to her, "Darling, I'm especially proud that you don't mind if he fucks anyone else as much as he likes, because of course that's exactly what's going to happen. He is the 'cock of the walk' in this town, and we're just his fuck toys. We can stew in our jealousy, but we certainly can't try to stop him from fucking whoever he wants!"

Katherine rolled her eyes. "Mom, believe me, I know. I do get jealous, but of course he fucks who he wants. That's his right!"

"Good. I'm glad you understand." Susan French kissed her again.

Alan didn't know what to say about that line of discussion. He decided it was safest not to say anything at all. So when their latest kiss came to an end, he stood up too and said, "It's corny, but let's have a group hug."

The three of them all ended up standing together, kissing and hugging each other tightly. Susan's top was soon way down her waist, almost to her hips. Alan didn't want to give her body much attention after all he'd said to Katherine, but Katherine had no such hesitation and freely fondled up and down her mother's body. Alan's penis was pretty much left alone since it was in a flaccid and sensitive state.

Finally, they all let go and went back to their seats.

Susan didn't bother to pull her outfit up, since she much preferred being topless anyway.

She commented, "Wow, I had no idea this would be such an emotional morning. I'll have to be careful with this maid's uniform. It's like an attractive nuclear weapon for my cutie widdle Tiger!"

She hefted up her big breasts for his benefit and wiggled them around. Then she suddenly turned motherly. "Do you two want to have your breakfast? I was making some oatmeal, but I'm afraid it's gone cold."

Her two kids nodded.

Then she asked, "And Angel, can you tend to your brother's penis while I cook?"

Katherine proudly saluted in response to that suggestion. "You bet!" She would have started immediately, except that she could see he was still flaccid and recovering.

"Mom, you ARE number one," Alan said. But he quickly turned to Katherine. "And you're number one too. You're both tied for number one." He grinned sincerely, because he loved and lusted after both of them so much. "But Sis, that still technically makes you my number one fuck toy."

"Brother!" She was all smiles as she gave him a satisfied hug. That term, and having it really mean something, was extremely important to her.

Alan turned back to Susan. "Breakfast is fine, but I have something more important to do. I need to give Sis a special experience like you and I just shared. I know it won't be the same; lightning can't be made to strike twice, but I'd like to at least try to do what I did to you just now, to her. It's a way to show she's just as important to me."

Susan replied, "Oh, poo. Shoot. But go ahead. I must admit I get a little jealous thinking of you fucking your sister in the ass and filling her butt with all that lovely yet nasty sperm in your balls, but it's your right, and her duty."

Susan remembered her fantasy from a couple weeks ago, in which Katherine was naked and bent over the dinner table while standing on the tips of her toes while Alan stood behind her slowly feeding inch after inch of his seemingly endless erection into her straining butt hole. In the vision, Katherine screamed out in both agony and ecstasy while Susan herself stood in the kitchen wearing just her apron, looking on like the proud mother that she was.

The idea still drove her crazy with desire (and even more so now that she knew how good anal sex could be). She further imagined lying on the kitchen floor in front of both of them, sticking her ass up in the air, spreading her ass cheeks, and saying, "Now, you two, don't forget to tend to your mother!"

She blushed at the thought that such a fantasy now stood a very real chance of becoming reality. Hastily composing herself, she continued, "I certainly won't stop you since she has a vital role in keeping you drained of all that nasty sperm buildup. A big job like this has to be a team effort, and of course all of our asses belong to you."

As an aside more to herself than Alan, Susan commented, "I swear, the more I give up control to you and become a sex toy for you to do what you will, the more and greater orgasms I have. If only more mothers accepted ALL of their mommy responsibilities..." She sighed with sadness for others, but with deep satisfaction for herself.

Katherine was feeling better and chimed in, "Not to mention sisters with their sisterly responsibilities."

Focusing again on Alan's face, Susan nodded and said to him, "True, but that's a two way street. Tiger, Angel needs some special affection right now."

Alan asked his mother, "Can I ask, who's in control of you now? Your rational brain, or your tits and pussy duo?"

Susan thought. "Hmmm. A little bit of both, I guess. I don't think tits and pussy will ever completely release their hold, now that they've kicked the door down and successfully stormed my brain." She giggled and added, "In fact, I think my tits have been generally in charge this morning ever since your 'morning milking' comment."

She turned to her daughter and spoke in a gentle, loving voice. "Don't mind me or my crazy ramblings. What Tiger did to me will keep me satisfied a long time. As an aside, Son, I'm so glad that you shot your load up my butt instead of in my mouth. There's something deeply satisfying having you cum in my ass. I dare say I love it as much as sucking your cock!"

Her eyes bugged out as she said this, to show how surprising that realization was for her.

She added, "I can't wait until you do it without a condom. Maybe it's just my imagination, but I can swear I feel it sloshing around in there." She sashayed her hips back and forth, as if testing whether she could hear and feel her son's cum splashing about inside of her.

He knew that had to be her imagination, since he'd shot his load into the condom, but he didn't want to spoil her fun by pointing out that fact.

She spread her legs, showing off her bare ass. "All day long I'll be able to enjoy the sense that you filled my ass with hot sperm. So you two go and have your fun." She wiggled her ass, proudly displaying the dribble to her children.

Then she turned back around to face her daughter. "And Angel, it feels a little painful at first, but I promise you'll love him going up your back door. Remember that he's going to be doing that a lot from now on, since he literally owns your ass, and mine, but your first time will always be extra special."

She closed her eyes and smiled endearingly, as if she was talking about some nice academic achievement that made her proud, and not her son fucking her daughter's virgin asshole. Her typical suburban soccer mom housewife credibility would also have been boosted if she didn't have both nipples hanging out of her erotic French maid's uniform and wasn't wearing a silly maid's headband, while also tenderly rubbing her exposed ass.

Alan nudged Katherine, "What do you say, Sis? Should we go to your room and take our time?"

"Totally! That would be great, Big Heat-Seeking Missile Brother. But what about school?"

He suggested, "Good thing we started early. If we skip breakfast, and maybe just grab a bite to eat on the way out, we'll have at least half an hour and still make it to school in plenty of time."

The two of them hustled off to Katherine's room.

He briefly stopped by the bathroom to wash his penis with soap, since it had been in Susan's ass.

Katherine fully expected to be fucked in the ass, but once Alan lay on top of her, he whispered to her, "The ass is good, but it won't be so special to me to do that right now after just having that amazing ass ram with Mom. We can do that later, tonight maybe. Why don't I fuck your pussy? Won't that be great? We've never done it in your own bed."

"But what about Mom?" Katherine whispered, her face suddenly filled with excitement and concern. "Won't she know? She still has issues about that, even if she says she doesn't. And if I know her at all, she's certainly going to be listening in at least part of the time."

"No. That's the great thing. Thanks to the locked door, you can scream 'Fuck me!' at the top of your lungs, and she'll just think you're talking about getting fucked in the ass. Just throw the word 'ass' in there from time to time, and she definitely won't suspect a thing."

Katherine playfully punched his arm and giggled. "You're soooo baaaad."

He grinned. "What can I say? I'm good most of the time, but I figure this is a no harm, no foul kind of situation. Here, spread your legs so I can stick it in your 'ass.'"

She giggled. "Oh, right." Lying face up on her bed, she pulled her knees up near her face. "Brother, Big CN Tower Brother, I just gotta say that I've never been happier than since I've become your number one fuck toy, even if I know that I'm not always the number one target for your heat-seeking missile. I was so worried that you'd-UH!"

She had to pause as he pushed into her.

"I was so worried-OH!"

She had to pause again as he stuffed her deeper. "Damn! That's full! Anyways, I was so worried that you'd move away at the end of the year to some faraway college and we'd kinda drift apart from each other. Before long, we'd just be sending Christmas cards to each other once a year or someTHIII-WAA!"

She had to cry out yet again because he'd suddenly pulled back and rammed forwards.

"That's what I think of that idea," he joked.

She sped up her talking, knowing that soon she wouldn't be able to talk at all. "But you're not just my brother, my lover, and my master - you're my best friend! Even as little kids we never really fought, we were just close pals. I'm not happy just 'cos I get to be your sexual slave, but 'cos I'll get to be with you forever! If you'll let me, that is."

He was starting to hit a good fucking rhythm. "Sis, you ain't goin' nowhere. Don't worry. You're my best friend, too. I love you!"

She was overcome with emotion and love. "Oh God, Brother, fuck me so hard! Fuck me like a wild beast! Take me again and again and again!"

So Alan and Katherine had a good, hard, long fuck. They both screamed the most obscene things.

As they'd guessed, Susan did listen in on them, but she never was the wiser to what they were really doing. Furthermore, she gave them a lot of leeway as far as time went.

He fucked Katherine for her pleasure much more than for his own. He wanted to give her a fucking she would never forget.

In so doing, he proved the saying that the more you give, the more you receive. They both ended up having a great fuck. It was made all the better because of his resolution not to bother wearing condoms when with her anymore.

He shot his hot seed deep into her as he huffed and puffed with great exertion.

Katherine simply screamed with total abandon. She loved the idea of Susan listening in. In fact, she was so loud that there was no way her mother could miss the screaming, no matter where she was in the house.

Katherine said, once the two of them had recovered a bit, "I know exactly what Mom means when she said how good it feels to know your cum is sloshing around in there. What's even better is that we're

going to school in a little bit. I'll have to put something there to trap it in so I can walk around school all day knowing that my brother's potent little baby-makers are filling me up!"

He thought to himself, That sounds pretty good to me too. What's even better is knowing that I've filled up my mom and my sister. I can sit in my classes smug with the knowledge that my semen is sloshing around inside both of them. That's what I call a productive morning!

In fact, it was such a good fucking that both siblings agreed it was their best time together so far. But one result was that they ended up in Katherine's room for forty minutes, not thirty.

That meant that they didn't have time to take showers. Katherine was left wondering if her classmates would actually be able to smell her brother's pungent cum on her skin.

But that gave her a great idea. Later, she broke out her diary and quickly wrote:

Dear Diary,

Let's talk about Brother's incredible cum! His cum doesn't smell like most guys' cum. It's too sweet. What if I start working it into my perfume? Then everyone will take the smell for granted and not suspect a thing. I'll be able to literally wear his cum with pride right through the school day! Of course I'll only be able to do that with the cum under my clothes, which is a shame. Fuck. I'd just die of joy if I could stroll into school proudly wearing his cum all dripping down my face and chest. To have it on me AND in me at the same time, that would be the best! "Yes, I'm one of Alan's fuck toys. In fact, I'm his favorite!" All my friends would burn with jealousy. Well, maybe not, but only because they don't know what sex with him is like, or what his cum tastes like.

Take that, Heather! He said I'm a better fuck than you in any case, so go suck donkey's balls! I'm his number one fuck toy, even if admittedly I'm tied with Mom on that score. What are you, Heather? Number six maybe? At best?! Ha!

Shoot. I'd actually add his cum to my perfume too, except that Heather and the other cheerleaders would know the smell for sure. And if Heather knew that, she could really turn into a nightmare. I have to be careful. So I guess that idea gets the axe. Damn. At least there will be times I can secretly enjoy the fact that his cum is sloshing around deep inside me.

Chapter 754 My Sweet Mom Just Told Me To Smack The Head Cheerleader's Face With My Dick

Alan thought he could get some humor out of Susan's claim that her tits had taken control of her brain. Returning to the kitchen with his backpack ready, he said to Susan, "Mom's Tits, you know, the greatest thing about you taking control of Mom's brain is that I don't have to feel bad staring directly at you instead of up into her eyes."

But Susan didn't take the joke too well, and only mildly chuckled. In fact, she looked troubled afterwards.

He thought about that response for a while as everyone got ready to get in the car so Susan could drive them to school. He was concerned that he'd offended her somehow.

As soon as they all assembled in the car, he said, "Mom, I've been thinking about calling you 'Mom's Tits' just now. I hope you took that in the right spirit. I know that there's SOOO much more to you than just your body. In fact, I would love you just as much even if you were a female Quasimodo. When you say things like your tits have conquered your mind, you're just trying to express how lusty you're feeling at the moment. But we shouldn't go too far to make it seem like there's nothing more to you than a great body."

He continued, "I was also thinking about why you're so completely willing sexually. It's because you've always been willing to do anything and everything it takes to make me and Sister feel happy and loved, so this is totally consistent with how you've always been. You're the same great mom as ever, it's just that we're all having so much more physical fun now. We know how much you care. That's why she and I love you so much, and would do anything to make you happy. Right, Sis?"

"Definitely!" Katherine sat in the back seat and gave his shoulder a supportive squeeze.

Susan smiled, but it masked a deeper unease. "Tiger, that was so beautiful. But you shouldn't apologize. I should, for going too far with both my language and actions. The fact is, I really DO feel that way sometimes, that my body's lust has completely taken over. I'm worried that I go too far and that's why I've always tried to put up limits. Usually unsuccessfully, I might add. I worry that I say and do things that will cause you two to lose all respect for me and that you'll treat me like nothing more than a common slut."

He couldn't resist but point out, "You mean like when you shouted that you'd 'gone whore?'"

Susan grimaced, and then nodded. "Exactly."

Alan realized now the problem wasn't with his one comment, but that Susan was going through one of her post-orgasmic regret phases. "Mom, that's why I never want you or Sis to use that kind of word, because I know you're two incredibly sexy and sexual women, not whores. There's a huge difference, despite what people sometimes say at the height of passion. There's nothing to be ashamed about. You still have all of my respect, and you always will."

Katherine chimed in with, "Me too, Mom."

Blushing, Susan said, "Thanks, but... I mean, I know part of my motherly duties now involve daily cocksucking and generally giving my busty body to you, but do I have to enjoy it SO MUCH?! It's embarrassing! It's all I can think about these days, because it's just that good."

Katherine patted Susan's shoulder with understanding. "Mom, it's okay. You're not alone. I'm in the same boat. This morning, when he was fucking my, uh, ass, I got to thinking: how lucky am I to have such a great brother who totally loves me, AND he has a perfect big cock AND he knows just what to do with it? I mean, how much better does it get than that?"

Susan smiled and admitted, "I overheard the two of you talking a little bit. It really warmed my heart to hear you both say that you love each other so much. It's a parent's dream come true."

Katherine joked, "Believe me, my heart wasn't the only thing he warmed. My pussy was on fire!"

Alan nudged her, since they were supposed to have had anal sex.

"And my ass, too," Katherine adroitly added. She lied, "You were so right about how good it feels to have him cum deep inside your ass."

"Did he make you wear a condom too?"

Katherine nodded. She felt bad about lying, but she didn't see another way out.

Susan smiled from ear to ear, and much of her worry faded away. "I was right, wasn't I? Mmmm! Feels so good! I can still kind of feel it in me now."

Katherine continued, "And Mom, you're just as lucky as I am. Frankly, I'm proud of you, that you're such a great mom all around. And the way you help Brother and his cock with such great enthusiasm just makes me love and respect you even more than before. I mean, when I suck Brother's cock now, I look to you as my role model and inspiration. I try to put half as much passion into it as you do."

Susan showed off a heart-warming smile. "Thanks." She proudly boasted, "I was complaining just now, but the truth is, serving his cock is pretty much a full time job, and one I take very seriously. From exercising religiously, to learning tips from Suzanne, to practicing my jaw exercises, there's just so much to do. Passion is part of it, but so is a lot of hard work!"

Alan loved hearing about her dedication. His penis would have grown erect from this kind of talk except that it was totally worn out from the two fucks.

Realizing that she was getting a bit carried away, she asked, "So, Angel, you're not ashamed of me?"

"Are you kidding? Shame? There's no shame. Just pride that I have such a great mom!"

Susan's smile widened. "Thanks. It means a lot to me that you two will love me no matter what. Nothing else matters, because we're a family and we're in this together. Right?"

Katherine and Alan cheered at the same time, "Right!"

Then all three of them held hands in the middle of the car and shared a loving moment.

Susan added as their hands pulled away, "The problem is, if you had some injury that required me to do a procedure over and over, I'd do it, no matter what. Changing bandages or whatever. And I know you

two would do the same for me." She made clear with her eyes that she was speaking to both of them, and not just Alan.

Katherine enthused, "You know it!"

Susan continued, "But the problem is the procedure here is pleasing Tiger's cock. A LOT. And it's so much fun! Now that I've started, I get these ... desires. These needs, even. And that makes me feel so irresponsible, to always give in to these feelings. When I say my tits have taken over, you'd be surprised how literally I can mean that. Sometimes it's like my tits are crying out to have Alan Junior slipping and sliding between them while my mouth is crying out to be stuffed to the brim with cock-meat and my body is at war with itself."

She sighed, but also squeezed her thighs to repress arousal. Refocusing, she continued, "But Tiger, you're not the only one with real world problems piling up. I haven't been paying the non-essential bills nor doing much of anything else lately. The house looks like a disaster. If it wasn't for Suzanne helping me out with shopping and errands lately, I don't know what I'd do. Let's all help each other be strong and still have fun. Find the right balance. Okay?"

They all agreed to that with happy nods.

Susan finally started the car. "Unfortunately, this wonderful sharing of feelings has probably made us late. If it wasn't for Tiger waking up extra early we'd be in real deep doo-doo. But even as it is, we'll really have to hurry."

She put on a determined face and said mostly to herself, "Giving myself completely to my children isn't enough - I also have to be responsible."

As she pulled the car out of the driveway, Alan said, "Hey Mom, that reminds me. Last night and this morning were great, and I wouldn't change them for the world, even though it means I might fail another test today. But I really, absolutely, utterly, need a break from these emotionally and physically intense events, one right after another."

He went on, "I may not look that bad on the outside - maybe some black circles under my eyes, and at least I woke up feeling refreshed after a long night's sleep - but thanks to the events this morning, I totally feel like an undead zombie that had my spirit sucked clean out of me."

He paused, knowing this next part wasn't going to go over well. "Mom, I know that it's a Tuesday, but I have a big favor. Can we please cancel the rest of our Tuesday tradition, just for today? We had a lot of special Tuesday fun this morning. I seriously have to just work, work, work all afternoon and tonight."

Susan pulled her minivan onto a larger road and said in a sad but resolute voice, "Sure, Tiger. I understand completely. This will be a good test for me to be more responsible... But can't I just suck your cock a little bit, here and there? You don't want to go completely cold turkey, do you? And how about those stealth strokings? We can all help you with that and you won't even notice us, just like we did yesterday morning. That was pretty successful, wasn't it?"

She continued with growing vigor, "Oh! And the Boy Scout trip! Remember that, coming up this weekend? You have to keep your six average up, and then some."

She paused, and then laughed. "You see, there's my lust talking again."

Alan considered all that as he watched the cars going by. He imagined the looks on the faces of the other drivers if they could hear his mother's words. He looked back at his mother, who was looking down the road calmly and serenely, dressed like any other mother driving her kids to school. She did not look at all like someone who'd just pleaded with her son for permission to suck his cock more often.

He somehow kept his head from exploding from the weirdness, saying calmly in return, "Lust is good. By all means, don't kill the lust. And yeah, that idea's okay, but just a little please, scouting trip or not. Also, please tell Aunt Suzy that it's stealth stroking only this week. It's going to have to be like this for the next few days I'm afraid; at least through Friday. I was so irresponsible yesterday. Things went a bit overboard."

He thought for a moment, and then said, "Actually, you and Aunt Suzy with your morning exercise and nude sunbathing routine - why don't you two sate all your sexual urges with each other today while we're at school? Then I might actually get some work done."

He turned to Katherine. "Same goes for you, Sis. Now that lesbian lovemaking is such the popular thing around the house, get your ya-ya's out with Amy and everyone else so you'll all be too tired to even touch me. I'm desperate. Seriously! I have a TWENTY page paper due this Friday, and that's just one thing I have to do before then."

They all agreed to that plan.

However, Susan noted, "I'll try, but I think that'll only help so much. As soon as I see you, I just want to engulf your cock in my mouth and start bobbing on it! It doesn't matter how tired I am. My mouth starts watering on its own."

She added with extra enthusiasm, "Especially after this morning! Son, you finally did it! You fucked me! True, it was my ass, not my pussy, but still, it was real motherfucking! Do you know how excited that makes me?! I was soooo worn out yesterday that you wouldn't believe it. Suzanne really wore me out. But that didn't make much difference except that my pussy was sore. I just get so excited that I don't care! Being a big-titted mommy pet is an endless thrill ride!"

"Well, try your best," he said. School was coming into sight and he didn't have time to say more.

Remarkably, they arrived at school right on time, thanks to Susan's fast driving.

Susan typically dropped them off at the same street corner whenever she drove them to school.

But as the car got near that spot, Alan said to the other two like a character in a spy movie, "Don't turn your heads and keep driving, Mom. Keep driving!"

Susan kept driving. "I can drop you off around the corner. How's that?"

"Fine." He slunk down in his seat some.

"What is it?" she asked, suddenly filled with motherly concern.

"It's Heather. She was standing there looking at the cars even while everyone else was hurrying to class, and when she saw ours she started forward. Obviously she wants to talk to me about something, but I just can't deal with that right now. Whatever it is, I'm sure it's not good."

Susan's car quickly rounded the corner and she parked it. "Okay, here you are. Tiger, you'll have to tell me about your Heather problems later. I'm sure you'll put that big-titted bitch in her place and make your mommy proud."

Katherine said, "I saw her face. She's just after Brother's cock."

Susan smirked. "That figures. Give her a hard face fucking to remind her who's boss. Slap her cheeks and forehead with it, for good measure!"

Her face suddenly morphed from combative to blissful. "Good luck you two, in everything you do. You know my love goes with you, and God's love does too. Kisses!"

Her kids received chaste kisses and then they hurried off to class.

As Alan ran to his class, he thought, How can it possibly get more intense every single day? But it does. My sweet Bible-thumping mom just told me to smack the head cheerleader's face with my dick, and she expects me to do it!

I pray to God that I'll make it alive to see midnight, given that it's a Tuesday. Geez! That's almost not an exaggeration! Starting right now, I'm turning a corner. No cheerleaders anymore. I'm gonna cancel the next S-Club meeting even though Kim has been such a great host.

Stealth stroking. Homework. Rest. That's it. Make it to Friday and then give Mom the fucking of her life as my reward for being good. Now there's a motivational prize worth working for!

Speaking of fucking Mom, I just have to tell someone that I fucked her in the ass! But who can I tell? I wish I had even one male friend who knows all my sexual secrets...

Hey, I know! I can tell Amy. Good ol' Aims! She's the one person I can tell who's more likely to be happy for me and won't get all psycho and jealous. I can't wait to find her! God, I love her! ... And Mom. And Sis. And Aunt Suzy. And Glory. And...

Chapter 755 Susan X Suzanne

Alan could look forward to a sexual respite, of sorts, thanks to the school day. For Susan the sexual pace was much more relentless, especially now that her son had given her a mandate to wear herself out.

As per usual, Suzanne came over not long after all their kids had left for school. She'd brought something special to wear in a bag, but walked right past the underwear cabinet without changing into it.

She found Susan in her bedroom and stood there admiring her for a few minutes, until Susan noticed her friend's presence.

Susan was once again dressed in the French maid uniform she'd worn earlier. That was helping her reminisce as she mentally reenacted the anal fucking Alan had given her earlier in the morning. She frantically fingered her asshole on her bed while rhythmically rocking her hips.

She also had Tigger, her vibrator gift from Brenda, in her mouth. She was lightly sucking on it.

She was having such a good time that she found it hard to stop for Suzanne, but at long last she managed to get up and properly greet her friend.

"God, you look so sexy in that," Suzanne said between long kisses. "Just let me change first, and then we can really get down to business. Let's play dress-up!"

Suzanne quickly threw her clothes off, and then, instead of staying naked, pulled out the change of clothes from the bag she had brought and put them on. It was a full, formal businesswoman's suit, but she opened up the front to expose her chest somewhat, and pulled down the skirt to expose her pussy.

While Suzanne was changing, Susan pulled Tigger out of her mouth. She was reluctant to do so because she was working on her cocksucking stamina, but she couldn't talk otherwise.

She commented, "By the way, Tiger actually ORDERED us to play with each other until we're completely exhausted so he can do his homework later without interruption. What do you think about that? Isn't that great?"

Suzanne was surprised. "He did? That is great, although that was my plan anyway."

Susan laughed.

But Suzanne thought, Too true. That really WAS my plan, though it was to get Susan too tired for intercourse with Sweetie and had nothing to do with his homework. But it's amazing sometimes how my schemes just seem to take care of themselves. She finished changing and stood up straight to show herself off.

Susan took one long admiring look and then began cupping her friend's pussy and boobs. "Nice! Very nice! I like the easy access to the best parts." She wasted no time in starting to fingerfuck Suzanne. She was a bit puzzled though why her friend had put on so much clothing.

"Look who's talking! You've got even better access," Suzanne replied, as she took advantage of Susan's open maid outfit to play with her friend's butt and suck her hefty globes.

"I'll bet Alan really went for your look this morning," Suzanne added between sucks, wiggling her eyebrows.

"You don't know the half of it!" Susan said excitedly. "He was so turned on he literally couldn't control himself! As soon as saw me, he attacked me like a wild man and fucked me in the ass. The ASS! What a great son! Suzanne, I've been fucked by my son! He's an official motherfucker! Isn't that just the BEST?!"

Suzanne chuckled at Susan's enthusiasm. "It sure is."

Susan's enthusiasm rose higher still. "I tell you, my life is never going to be the same! I'm his big-titted mommy slut, now and forever! Always ready to take his cock in any hole, even my naughty ass! And it feels so GOOD! It was so hot and intense, and it's all thanks to you!"

Susan added that last part because Suzanne was the one who had gone out to the sex shop and bought the maid outfit, and then all but given it to her. Susan, for all her slutty sucking and licking at home, really hated to do that type of shopping because she found it too embarrassing.

"You'll have to tell me all about it," Suzanne said while moving her head up and licking Susan's neck.

Susan said enthusiastically, "It was soooooo great! So, so great! I can't even tell you in words. When I think that I've given my anal virginity to him... Ooooh! Goosebumps! When I think about him plowing my ass... MMMM! It's so RIGHT, you know what I mean?"

Suzanne said, "Start from the beginning. Did he get stiff from your French maid look?"

"You betcha! VERY stiff! So hard and thick and yummy! But what's weird is that I totally get off on this outfit, too. I just love the idea of serving my son, and this is the perfect service uniform. Look at me:"

She pulled back slightly to give Suzanne a better look. "I'm so horny that I can't stop fingering myself everywhere even though my cunt is incredibly sore and sensitive, just from how often Tiger has me cumming. And my ass! Oh God, I can't even tell you how sore it feels. Now I know what his cock must feel like sometimes after it gets overworked. Yet if I even start to think about sucking his cock, my hands start groping my body and it's all over. I'm cumming again!" Her hands were running all over her outfit and ass cheeks as she said this.

Suzanne was a bit taken aback by Susan's intense ardor. "Wow. I'm already a bit bummed I didn't keep that uniform for myself. It seems he's really into costumes and role-playing. Speaking of which, take another look at my outfit." She leaned back to show herself off.

Susan licked her lips. "Mmmm, I think I will. If there's one thing that can take my mind off of Tiger's big ass defiler, it's these babies." She got up and starting sucking Suzanne's tits.

"But where have I seen this ensemble before?" Susan asked herself out loud about Suzanne's garb between sucks. "Wait a minute! It's what the psychologist Xania wore the other day!"

"Now you get it. I thought we could play psychologist and patient."

Susan grinned wickedly. "You're really twisted. I like it! Where did you get it? And how did you even know what she was wearing?" Susan's mouth latched onto one of Suzanne's nipples again while she rolled the other nipple with her fingers.

"It was real easy. I called up Xania and asked her what she wore for your session. She even pointed me to the right store so I could buy an exact duplicate."

In actual fact, it was the very same outfit Xania had worn when Susan visited her. Suzanne had borrowed it from Xania and brought it back from L.A. for use in this kind of role-play.

Suzanne further said, "I thought it would be fun if we could do a little role-play where I play the psychologist and you play the patient. You could tell me all about your unnatural lust for your children..."

Susan mumbled as she suckled, "I like it! And...?"

"And I could offer some unorthodox therapy. For starters, you could suckle my nipples to calm your mood. Unfortunately, we can't move up to that 'cos you're doing it already." Suzanne chuckled. "But I don't want to give the rest of the plan away. And you have to admit Xania is pretty hot." She preened, stretching out like a cat as she pretended that she was Xania.

"Yeah, she's very much like you, when it comes to your body. Except I think you've got even bigger tits."

"I do, Susan, I do. Hee-hee. Though it's a close call. Would you like to suckle on her nipples if you saw her again?"

"Oh yes!"

"So would I. She's a hottie. And smart as a whip." Suzanne said this while ostentatiously licking her lips.

"Definitely. I'd love to feast on her lovely nipples.. But only if I can fondle and caress her boobs too." Susan realized what she was saying, and gasped. "Listen to me! I sound like such a bisexual slut."

"And that's a bad thing?" Suzanne kidded.

"Mmmm." Susan was latched back onto Suzanne's exposed chest again. "I'm realizing that I'm a very boob-focused person, and a top quality rack like Xania's must be treasured and constantly fondled until it squirts out all its milky goodness."

Susan squeezed her own tits with one hand as she said this, as if a good squeeze could cause her milk to flow, while her other hand did the same to one of Suzanne's.

"Fair enough. But remember, I'm Xania now. Tell me all about your unnatural desire for Alan while I let you nurse from me."

"Oh doctor, it's bad! Did you know he fucked my ass this morning?! He did! He just up and stuck it in for the first time! But what's worse is that I loved it! I want my son to fuck me up the ass lots more. Exactly like he did this morning, only without the condom!" Susan resumed sucking a nipple each time she stopped talking.

"Is that all?"

"Of course not! That's just for starters. I want Angel to kiss me and ram a big dildo up my cunt while Tiger takes my ass from behind. I want to be in the middle when my children make me the filling in a fuck sandwich!" (She didn't mind having a dildo in her pussy in her fantasy, because she imagined it took place well after Alan started fucking her there.)

Suzanne played dumb. "Hmmm. This ramming with dildos. I'm afraid I'm not sure what you mean. Let's go to your bed and you can show me what you mean exactly, so I can make a proper diagnosis. Can one eat this 'fuck sandwich' of yours?"

"No, but don't worry, I'll show you something you can eat. It's hot and dripping and conveniently located between my legs!" Susan giggled with glee.

"Ah. All this psychology is hard work and gives me an appetite. I could use a snack, and I really like hot sandwiches."

"I warn you, Xania, you might find more than a few hairs in your meal." Susan chuckled at herself, pleased that she was developing an ability to make sexual jokes.

"Oh well, I'll do almost anything to help with your diagnosis."

"Suzanne, I mean Xania, I don't know if we should." Susan said this as she practically attacked her friend's body. She asked facetiously, "Don't you think we should do important, responsible stuff? Like pay bills or vacuum? Or do the dishes? Or would you rather I stick this big dildo in you? Wouldn't that be a violation of the rules?" She'd completely forgotten her earlier resolve to be more responsible, and in fact now mocked the idea.

"I vote for the dildo. And I think we need a rewrite of the rules. As your doctor, I prescribe an extra dose of fucking every day with your friend Suzanne." As Suzanne spoke, she giddily jumped into Susan's big bed and pulled Susan down with her.

Susan held up the strap-on and looked at it doubtfully. "Are you sure I should use this? I mean, I want my pussy to be as near-virginal as it can be when my Tiger finally pokes me."

"Hey, you'll be fucking me, not the other way around. That has nothing to do with your pussy. And you'll be fucking me in my ass, so it has nothing to do with my pussy either."

"True." Her frown faded and turned into a smile. "Okay! Let's do it!"

The first thing Susan did was fuck Suzanne in the ass with a big strap-on dildo, trying to experientially demonstrate her encounter with Alan earlier. It was the first time she'd seen a strap-on before, much less used one.

Then they switched roles, and Suzanne fucked Susan in her very sore ass. However, there was a key difference: she used a small hand-held dildo instead of the strap-on because she didn't want to lessen the impact of Alan fucking her there more in the future by getting her used to a strap-on first.

They were still in their costumes, more or less, and Suzanne tried her best to continue with the psychologist role-play, but they were too busy moaning to have much of a conversation.

It was a good thing Susan lived in such a big house with large yards and few neighbors, because the way they screamed together as they reached climax would normally have inspired neighbors to call the police.

After the mutual ass fun, they took a shower together, rested up a bit, and stayed naked. Susan cleaned her new dildo, given to her by Brenda, and used it for some oral fun with Suzanne. They practiced jointly licking and sucking it. That might not have been fun for most women, since it was only a dildo, but Susan's cocksucking enthusiasm was so great that she made it fun. It helped that she liked to talk as much as possible, given all her licking and sucking, to keep a spontaneous story going to make it seem more real.

Then they went downstairs to the homemade basement gym to do their morning workout.bender

The workout took twice as long as usual, because while one woman would pump her body back and forth on a machine, the other woman would generally finger the pussy of the one exercising, or play with nipples, or something similar, depending on the access the equipment allowed.

But all this sex play was tiring, and the workout took the last of their energy. They both went back to Susan's bed and napped for an hour or so.

Chapter 756 Susan X Suzanne Continued !

As soon as Susan and Suzanne woke up, they were ready for still more sexual playing around. Susan in particular was on an endless high from her first ass fuck, and her attitude was infectious.

They went out to the backyard pool and did another hour of nude sunbathing. As usual, they sat beneath umbrellas and wore so much sunscreen that they weren't likely to get any tan at all, but it had become part of their daily routine, and another excuse to get (or stay) naked and play with each other's bodies. They were still sexually drained, relatively speaking, but not so drained that they didn't both continue to pleasure themselves with dildos or fingers. Susan started out in something of a philosophical mood.

"You know, Suzanne," she said as she idly brushed a vibrator across her pussy lips, "I've been living a complete life of denial. Not just my sham marriage with my husband, but my whole adult life. I was

taught to be modest, and I've always denied just how beautiful I am. I've covered myself up with heavy, binding bras, loose fitting shirts and sweaters, and nerdy glasses. The list goes on and on. No matter how many guys tried to hit on me or compliment me, I've never admitted to myself that I'm beautiful. But I am, aren't I?"

"You're so beautiful it frightens me," Suzanne admitted. "I've only let my feelings about you truly flow lately. But now, just thinking about you, I lose all interest in men. You even make me forget about Alan sometimes. You have a complete hold over me."

"Thanks! I feel the same, minus the Alan part."

They both laughed at that.

Suzanne continued, "Besides, who cares what people think? Sweetie thinks you're a total knockout, and that's all that matters, right? It so happens that everyone else thinks you are too, but fuck them! You don't want to flaunt what you've got for others when you go out, do you?"

"Oh, goodness no! And you're so right. The most important thing by far is that Tiger thinks I'm sexy and beautiful, and he does! I get so much confidence from that. It's like the wind that fills my sails."

Suzanne smiled to hear that as she rubbed a dildo over her clit.

Susan continued, "I'm glad I'm getting down to my true feelings and overcoming all my pathetic denials. I've been living in denial of my big tits, in particular. I can't count how many times guys have asked to photograph me, offering me money even, saying I should be in Hollywood, yada yada yada. And it's the same with you, I know. Maybe us really big-busted women, maybe we flock together for protection."

Suzanne nodded at that. She did that sometimes, and it was probably a big factor in why she became friends with Susan in the first place.

Susan went on, "I'm still scared about all that attention from strangers, but around the house it feels so great to just let those fears go and flaunt it! I'm PROUD of my big tits, and I love flaunting them for my cutie Tiger. Don't you think? Like, I could never go back to wearing clothes all the time again. Could you?"

In response to all this boob talk, Suzanne began rubbing suntan lotion on her own boobs, and sucking her nipples. "No, I couldn't. You feel like that too? It's like you're reading my mind. I've been in denial too, but I think I've just been more subtle about it."

"You?! You're an extrovert."

"Well, not about flaunting my body, but more in general. For instance, I've denied my true feelings towards you for years even though I was supposed to be the sexually liberated one. I was much more sexually active than you, but in retrospect I feel like I was dead until Sweetie started his treatment. The sex was all with people I didn't even really like, which made it feel so terribly shallow and hollow. Now I feel so free, so alive and everything in my life feels good! A happy woman is a freshly fucked woman."

"Yes! Exactly! That's exactly how I'd describe my life too," Susan said enthusiastically. She'd been rubbing a vibrator against her clit and pussy lips for the past few minutes, and continued to do so. But she did it in a very languid and relaxed manner, and she was careful to never actually slip it in her slit.

She added, "It's like I'm just starting to live. I too have to admit my true nature. I'm a goddess of beauty who deserves to fuck and to be fucked. It's what I'm made for. God gave me big boobs so they could be constantly manhandled. Or womanhandled, nudge nudge, hint hint."

Suzanne reached up from her prone position next to Susan and began playing with her friend's perfect tits. "But Susan, listen. I know you've been in denial, and to be honest I kind of snickered a little bit when I saw how prudish you used to behave. But I've been in even greater denial, and my forms of denial are so insidious that I'm still completely caught up in it while you've nearly cured yourself of your prudishness."

Susan asked, "What on Earth are you talking about? You've always been the epitome of sexual liberation, what with all your affairs and everything."

"Yes, but I've never really completely let myself go, especially emotionally. And you know what? Last night I completely let myself go. For the first time ever! I have to confess: I wanted to get fucked so bad by Sweetie that I couldn't take it anymore. When I went up to his room - you remember that? I begged and begged for him to well and truly fuck me, but still he said no. Finally I got down on my hands and KNEES and crawled around for his pleasure. I mean, I've been naked and crawling on my knees for him

before, but this was different. Before, it was just role-play, just fooling around. We both knew that. This time, I was his SLAVE!"

Susan gasped loudly with pure lust. A chill of pure lust raced down her spine. She thought, YES! That word! Such a powerful word. I try not to even say it or think it. Suzanne feels its power too!

Suzanne went on, "I was a slave to Alan and a slave to my needs! A slave to his cock! I crawled because I couldn't think of anything more abject to do to please him, but I would have done anything to get him to put it in me. And you know what?"

"What?" Susan asked breathlessly. She started pressing the vibrator against her clit more firmly.

"After all that, he STILL said no! Does he have inhuman willpower or what?"

"He's so strong!" Susan said swooningly. "We can't compete! We can't resist! We ARE his slaves!"

Normally that kind of language didn't affect Suzanne much, if she tolerated it at all. But even though Suzanne rationally knew that Alan was much luckier than he was extraordinary, she found herself completely agreeing with Susan's praises of him. She mentally registered disapproval with the "we are his slaves" comment, but in her current state, especially with a vibrator on her clit too, it only added to her arousal.

It took her a bit to gather her wits and continue, "So then I tried to leave his room and go downstairs, but I was so drunk with lust that I could barely walk. The air felt so thick with sex that it felt like I was suffocating inside a torrid sauna and I couldn't open the door to get out and save myself. I didn't really want to be saved!"

"Oh boy, do I know that feeling lately!" Susan pumped three fingers in and out of her pussy while continuing to use the vibrator against her clit. She was getting close to a great climax.

Suzanne was masturbating herself up to a peak as well. "Yeah, me too, but it was more intense than usual. I was more aroused walking down that hallway, all alone, than I've ever been in all my affairs. THAT'S the giving into my passions that you're so good at and I've never been able to do. I'm always holding back so I can keep my poise and stay in charge. But there I was, the proud and controlling

Suzanne, down on my knees, begging for it! He was in charge, and I was his puppet on a string, and I didn't care! In fact, I LIKED it! Can you picture that?"

"I can!" Susan squealed with joy. "That's just SO HOT! Tiger totally tamed you!" She tossed her dildo away for fear that she wouldn't be able to stop herself from plunging it inside herself. It clanked on the tiles as it skidded away.

Suzanne panted as she pumped away with her vibrator, "It felt so great just to give in!"

"It does! Give in and let your desire control you! So what happened next?!" Susan pounded her fingers into herself.

Suzanne paused to consider how to continue without giving away that Alan had eventually fucked her downstairs.

She frowned as she thought, You see? This is the problem. Keeping all the lies straight is one reason why I have to keep some control and can't just totally give in, no matter how much I'd like to. I can't blurt out right now that he and I already fucked - Susan has jealousy issues over that and she'd be especially upset that we both lied to her. And the ultimate lie - the whole six-times-a-day lie - what if I let that one slip? She's so honest; she doesn't need to worry about that kind of stuff and can just let her mind go wherever it wants.

Suzanne collected her thoughts (which was increasingly hard to do, given what her vibrator was doing), and pressed on. "Oh, I went downstairs and saw all of you getting it on with your sexy spanking. Naturally, that only got me MORE aroused. Thank God my Sweetie came over and fucked my ass crack and gave me the massive orgasms I so desperately needed!"

"YES!" Susan shouted while she assaulted Suzanne's pussy as vigorously as she could. "Tiger gave it to you! He always delivers! My son! My sweet ass-fucking, pussy-taming son!"

The two of them huffed and puffed and used the vibrator on Suzanne until they reached a mutually timed, shattering climax.

Their bodies dropped from temporary exhaustion and they lay sweating and panting for some time.

Suzanne was the first to speak. "You see what I mean? I'll bet you just totally gave in to your lust right there with that climax. I could see it on your face. You always do."

Susan still wore a shit-eating grin. "You know it. It makes me so glad to hear what you said. To do anything else but be fucked by any loved one who wants to fuck me any time they want to fuck me is a waste of my body and a tragic shame. And it's the same with you. What's so wrong with being creatures of pleasure? If God didn't want it this way he wouldn't have made our orgasms feel so indescribably good."

She continued with more passion, "I mean, is it even fair for big-titted women such as ourselves to HAVE free will? I say NO!"

Suzanne laughed at that.

But Susan was semi-serious, at least when it came to sexual submissiveness. "Why do I, or you, or Angel or Amy for that matter, have such big tits in the first place? I say it's all part of God's plan. We should accept our roles as cum sluts and fuck toys for our children, and each other... while remaining responsible. Of course we can't forget that."

In fact, Susan just barely managed to remember to obligingly add the part about responsibility, mostly thanks to the earlier discussion with Alan in the car. But responsibility was close to the last thing on her mind right now. She was riding a tremendous high from Suzanne's revelations, on top of her constant buzz of her morning ass fuck.

Suzanne countered, "Are you serious?"

"Of course! I say it's not just coincidence that all four of us are so busty and sexy while Tiger ends up having this medical problem REQUIRING us to guzzle down his tasty sperm every single day! Don't you see a divine hand in this? It's all part of God's plan. And don't even get me started on Brenda. She's the proof that big-titted women are here to serve naturally superior men like my cutie!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes. She considered batting that idea down, but she figured letting Susan believe that could help speed along her full sexual liberation. "Whatever. Getting back to my story, while you were doing that, I was still holding back. I mean, sure, that was intense and I loved it, but even as I was

reaching climax a part of my brain was somewhere else, thinking and worrying. I didn't give in all the way. Last night was the first and still the only time for me I gave in completely. And it felt like my IQ dropped a good fifty points in the process, while it lasted, and THAT worries me. You see how deep my issues are? Maybe I just think too much."

Susan put some suntan lotion on her own hands, and began rubbing the lotion on Suzanne's back, arms, and chest. Not surprisingly she mostly focused on Suzanne's great globes, which lightly heaved up and down. Their nude sunbathing was primarily an excuse to apply lotion on each other's naked bodies and today they were so worked up they were likely to go through a whole bottle.

She said playfully, "I think you just need a lot more practice. And I'll be more than glad to help you right now."

Suzanne giggled like a kid.

Susan continued, "But I can tell you're making progress. You were always fantastically sexy - even I could tell that through my filter of foolish prudishness. But you were high-strung, like a powerful business woman scheduling fifteen minutes of sex between important board meetings. Now you're relaxing and changing. Look; you just admitted your natural role as a cum-hungry fuck toy for our kids. That's a big breakthrough for you."

"Now just a minute," Suzanne countered. "I'm not necessarily agreeing with everything you said. Certainly not your free-will idea."

She thought, When I started my scheming with Sweetie, I never would have imagined that I could feel so good. I'm falling victim to my own scheme, and I don't really care! Now Susan is playing my role! How ironic. She's corrupting ME!

Susan prodded, "But, you have to admit that you're completely under Tiger's thumb, aren't you? The very idea of so much as kissing another man fills you with revulsion, doesn't it?"

She picked up the vibrator Suzanne had been using and started running it around Suzanne's pussy lips. She figured that the more aroused Suzanne was, the more likely it was that she'd agree with her.

Suzanne lay back, lifeless, and let Susan continue to work the vibrator on her while pondering the idea of being one of Alan's "fuck toys." It's odd, but she's right: the idea of kissing another man has become disgusting to me. Not just that I don't feel like it, but it would really bother me. I feel like I BELONG to my Sweetie, and that thought fills my heart with joy. I never even felt that way about Eric, back when we were in love!

Maybe Susan's right and I really am becoming something like a sex slave to my Sweetie. Scary! Or is this what true love feels like? Thankfully, I think it's the true love factor.

Luckily, her relationship with her husband had grown so frosty and distant that it had been ages since they'd kissed on the lips. They were like two strangers living in the same house, pretending to be civil to each other for the sake of their children.

Susan had the vibrator in Suzanne's pussy and was slowly stroking it in and out.

Suzanne finally spoke. "I disagree that I'm completely under his thumb. However, I will agree, generally speaking, that I have a role like that, what you call a 'fuck toy,' although I don't like to think of myself as a fuck toy. I mean, at least I'm not like Brenda, thank God. She makes you seem calm in comparison. Or perhaps we should call it just being very sexually active and devoted. But leave Brad and Amy out of this, for me anyway. They're my real flesh and blood."

Susan responded, "Brad... okay. That idiot is so lost in his own world that he doesn't deserve your body. There just isn't a click there. And of course we have to dedicate ourselves just to Alan and no other man, so it's a moot point in any case. But Amy. Come on! She's so in need! She's just like us. She wants to fuck and be fucked all day long. Are you going to deny her that? I saw how you touched her yesterday during the spanking."

"That was an accident!" Suzanne said defensively. However, the reminder of the incident caused her to lean forward, bending her neck to slurp at one of Susan's dangling tits.

Susan opined, "I think that she's hot for you. And believe me; you really have to try doing it with your own offspring. I can't tell you what it does to hear Tiger call me 'Mommy' as he slams me in the ass. Oh! Oooh!"

To Suzanne's amusement, Susan paused in her vibrator thrusting long enough to shudder and moan. After the orgasmic moment passed, Susan resumed what she'd been doing, but at a more relaxed and languid pace.

"Did he actually call you that?" Suzanne asked while Susan repeatedly ran her lotion-soaked fingers all over her face. "I've never heard him use that word."

"No, darnit, though I keep dropping him a million hints. He's only done it a few times. But 'Mom' works nearly as well. He screamed that as he fucked me this morning. God, I love just saying that: 'he fucked me this morning.' ... And you know what? He came so close to fucking my cunt for real this morning!" Susan said this with a dreamy gaze into the distance.

She added, "He told me afterwards that it was just bad luck that he stuck his hard son-cock in my ass instead of my special hole."

"Wow. Then it's just a matter of time until he does," Suzanne pointed out. Inwardly she breathed a sigh of relief that her scheme to keep Alan's dick out of Susan's pussy was holding on, though just barely. However, she doubted that it was just luck, and wondered what really held him back. She decided to ponder the issue some more later, and maybe even ask him about it.

Susan gushed, "Yes! It's been such a long time coming. But the longer we wait, the more I'll enjoy it when it happens. I've gotten over the moral qualms, thanks to the visit with Xania. The only thing that's been holding me back lately is Tiger's desire that I keep some dignity, and my one claim to fame for actually having some restraint is stopping him from entering my pussy. But he and I had a really good discussion today, after the assfuck and just before I took him and Angel to school."bender

"What'd he say?"

"He promised me that he'd respect me no matter what, and I believe him. It's all a matter of attitude. He knows I consider myself his big-titted mommy pet, as well as one of his personal cocksuckers. I believe he's come to accept that. Yet, even though he loves to dominate and embarrass me, he does it in a way I love too, because I know he still loves and respects me in a fundamental way, just as much as he did before. Do you know what I mean?"

"I think so," Suzanne said.

"I know it's strange," Susan admitted. "But he could point to me and said, 'Drop to your knees, crawl to me naked, and suck on my cock!' And of course I would, gladly, because even though he'd be looking down on me physically, he wouldn't be looking down at me emotionally. He's kind and loving at heart. There's no meanness in it. You know?"

"I definitely can agree to all that," Suzanne said.

Susan went on, "That's key. And liberating. I can act like a slut for his cock and that's okay as long as he doesn't think of me as a slut, in the bad sense of the word. As he's explained to me in the past, there's a big difference between being a bad slut and being a slave for his cock. A bad slut has sex with just anybody, and I'm clearly not that. I proudly consider myself his PERSONAL slut, totally dedicated to serving just his cock. So we're good."

She added, "Angel says she still respects me too, and that's just as important. So now when it happens and Tiger slides his meaty shaft into my vagina for the very first time, I'll be able to enjoy getting fucked to the fullest, instead of feeling somewhat guilty. I can completely let go in the same way that you let yourself go last night. I'm totally at ease with my role in his life."

Susan ran one of her hands up and down and all around Suzanne's belly. Her fingers finally ended up tweaking Suzanne's clit while her other hand continued to slowly pump the vibrator in and out.

Suzanne still felt lazy and didn't physically reciprocate. She thought, Let's cut down on the lies. It's time to get Tiger fucking me out in the open.

She asked, "So, your period is starting soon, right? And you want the first time to be perfect and not a mess, so you have to wait until that's over, right? Plus there's all that homework he has to do."

"That's right."

Suzanne suddenly got bashful. "Would you mind if I keep his cock in shape with a little bit of fucking before you two go at it?"

Susan withdrew her vibrator from Suzanne's hole and just kept it buzzing on her inner thighs. She smiled. "Suzanne, Suzanne, Suzanne. What do we have here? ... I don't know... I really don't know. The homework situation works the same for you, you know."

Suzanne blushed. "I know. It's just that... I want it! Really badly!"

Susan bit her lip as she pondered that suggestion. "I should say yes, but... I mean, you're so good at sex. If you go first, he'll be really unimpressed with me." She frowned with worry.

"NO!" Suzanne said with an insistence that even surprised herself. "I promise I'll be really bad. I'll just lay there and take it. I'm holding back all kinds of tricks and techniques from him as it is."

"Are you really? Like what?" Susan resumed probing Suzanne's pussy with the vibrator, as if she could sexually torture the truth out of her.

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Suzanne explained, "I am. For instance, I haven't told him one of the great sexual secrets of all time. As much pleasure as he gives us now, he's all about delaying his own orgasms and making us happy through his sheer endurance. He doesn't really need to think beyond that since his endurance is so great. But he could be even better! He knows nothing about delaying women's orgasms and just tries to give women as many orgasms as possible, as soon as possible. Once he learns that fewer but more intense orgasms are much better for a woman, we'll all be twice as addicted to his cock as we already are!"

Susan was surprised, but not in the way Suzanne expected, because she thought back and realized that Alan had most definitely used that method on her already. She smirked knowingly, and said, "Wow, interesting."

Suzanne cocked an eyebrow, because Susan's reaction wasn't what she expected. She looked at her suspiciously. "What?"

Susan innocently asked right back, "What?"

Suzanne laughed. "Girl, you're such a bad liar! 'Wow, interesting' is an obvious dodge. You know something. What is it? If you don't tell me, I'm going to have to tickle it out of you."

Susan grinned at the tickling idea. She realized that she had no chance of keeping her thoughts from Suzanne on this, because she was such a bad liar. "Okay. I have to admit... I'm sure he used that technique on me, and to great affect! He's such a stud!"

Suzanne sat up straight, suddenly very interested. "Wait. Really?! How did I miss this? I thought you always tell me everything when it comes to your adventures with Alan Junior."

"Not everything," Susan said. She stopped actively using the vibrator on Suzanne so she could reminisce. "At least not in great detail. I do have many wonderful sexual adventures, every single day. But that means that some of them slip through the cracks, or I only get to tell you what happened in a general way."

She explained, "For instance, exactly one week ago, I was with Tiger in the kitchen. I remember the day for sure because it was a Tuesday. My favorite day of the week!"

Suzanne laughed. "We all know."

"I was getting breakfast ready in a see-through nightie - you know the purple one? But it went all the way down to my feet. He didn't like that, and one thing led to another, and my clever son somehow outsmarted me yet again. Before I knew it, I was totally nude, and his huge cock was rubbing against my ass!"

She went on, with a big smile due to the fond memory, "I said something about how he was making me so hot that I was worried I was going to cum all over the place. Then I remember his exact reply, because it was so startling and arousing. He said, and I quote, 'Don't worry, that won't happen. Starting right now, you're not allowed to cum until I say so.'"

Suzanne was knocked back with surprise. "Wow! That sounds exactly like the orgasm denial technique."

"Yeah, it was! He proceeded to rub his stiff cock all over my ass, including exploring my ass crack with it, totally driving me wild! I wanted to cum so badly, but I couldn't!"

"How did it end?!"

"I was getting hotter and hotter. Unfortunately, Angel unexpectedly walked in on us, breaking the mood. I even put the nightie back on."

Suzanne stared off into space. "Hmmm. That story sounds familiar. Maybe you did tell it to me. I don't remember the orgasm denial part though."

Susan shyly admitted, "I might have skipped over that because it was kind of embarrassing. I mean, he was playing with me like I was a puppet on a string! Controlling me. Outsmarting me. Goodness gracious, it was SO HOT! I sure hope he does a lot more of that to me!"

Suzanne kept on staring into the distance, pondering. "Hmmm. I wonder... Was that just a one-time fluke, brought on by your comment about how you were worried about cumming, or is that something he knows how to do and uses regularly?"

She went further in her thoughts. I wouldn't be surprised if he knows and he's been using it on his other women. That would help explain his great success with the cheerleaders, since that's pretty much all him and not due to my scheming. I know he's read a fair amount of Internet porn. Maybe he picked it up there? Or maybe he just stumbled onto it.

I can understand how he hasn't used it on me yet though. Even with all his sexual bravado lately, I'm pretty sure I'm still somewhat intimidating to him. He's not used to giving me orders, like telling me not to cum. Which is a shame. We could reach even greater sexual highs if we BOTH let go of our inhibitions.

Susan let Suzanne be while she was clearly busy pondering. She figured the question Suzanne asked out loud was rhetorical. But she finally spoke up to ask, "How does the technique work, in your experience? If you explain it in detail, I could tell you if he's done it to me other times. Is it more complicated than what I just described?"

Suzanne refocused back on her best friend. "Oh, not really. It's quite simple. Surprisingly though, very few of my lovers ever seemed to know how to do it, or at least do it right. Just imagine that you're all ready to cum due to something he's doing, and then he stops, but he teases you just enough to keep you on the edge. You ask him to cum, but he says no, not yet. And then you're reaching a higher level and he stops you right on the verge again. You're begging, pleading to cum, but he says no again. Eventually, you're in desperate straits and practically dying to cum, but he STILL says no! So you somehow hold back, against the odds, struggling with all your might to hold out. It just keeps ratcheting up and up until he finally lets you go and you both explode into the greatest mutual climax of your life!"

Susan was impressed. "Oh my! Oh my word! That sounds... incredible! He started to do that to me, but unfortunately he didn't get very far. I can't wait until he takes me all the way to the end!"

Suzanne chuckled. "Yeah, well, don't wish for it quite so much. It's great in the end, but it's torturous getting there. It's not something you'd want every day, believe me. But on a different note, you seem to still remember what happened to you a full week ago in surprising detail. You even quoted him exactly. Do you remember all of your sexual encounters that well?"

Susan replied, "Pretty much. It helps that I make a point to remember the details, so I can tell you all about what happened later. Plus, lately I've been telling Brenda most everything, and sometimes Angel and I share too. But that's not all. I have so much time on my own, as you know, especially when the kids are at school. To help pass the time, you'd be surprised how often I like to replay some of my favorite sexual encounters with him in my mind."

Suzanne asked, "So you have your 'greatest hits?' The extra special times that you can't stop thinking of?"

"I do, for sure. But I don't want to overplay those, or they'll lose some of their charm. Luckily, I have so very many great memories to choose from already, with more new ones coming every single day. It's such a heady time, being a big-titted mommy slut! And yeah, sometimes the details get foggy after a while, but that's okay because I can fill in the gaps with my imagination. In fact, sometimes I go off into fantasies of how I wish the scene would have gone, and that's even better!"

Suzanne chuckled. "You're so adorable. I love your enthusiasm. Maybe I should spend more mental energy savoring my past experiences with him."

"Oh, definitely! Don't you have fun sharing your experiences with me?"

"Sure. I treasure our new daily storytelling tradition."

Susan frowned as something occurred to her. "Speaking of sharing, I thought we shared everything. Why are you keeping important sexual secrets like that from me?"

Suzanne answered honestly, "I wasn't keeping that secret from you, I was keeping it from him. It's something he would have to initiate for it to work right. You couldn't tell him, 'Now, order me not to cum.'"

Susan chuckled. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

"Furthermore, keep in mind that we've started down a very long road. In my future vision, I see us being sexually intimate with him for years to come. Don't you?"

"Oh, definitely! If he'll have us, that is."

"He will, don't worry. He's no fool. But my point is, you don't want or need to learn absolutely everything the first week or month. It's good if there are new firsts and little surprises along the way. Also, it's usually more fun when you learn things on your own. I could empty my sexual bag of tricks right now and tell you absolutely everything I can think of mentioning. I'll be glad to do that if you want, but do you really want me to?"

Susan carefully considered that. She said, "I see what you mean. I guess not. If you'd have asked me that a couple of weeks ago, I would have said yes, because I worry about not being talented enough for him. For a while, I was running almost entirely on sheer enthusiasm. But I'm mostly over that worry. I don't mean to boast, but I think I'm getting to be a pretty talented cocksucker."

"You sure are," Suzanne replied with a smile. "It's amazing how quickly you've improved. Now, you have technique AND passion. Before long, I'm going to have to struggle to keep up with you!"

They both chuckled at that, because it was so very unlikely. If nothing else, Suzanne had a built in advantage Susan could never have: her exceedingly long tongue.

Susan basked in Suzanne's praise of her cocksucking skills. Now that serving her son's cock had become such an important part of her life and her identity, that meant the world to her.

Suzanne went on, "So I think you're in agreement with me that sharing tips is nice sometimes, but it's good to leave secrets to be discovered later too. I hope that, ten years from now, we'll STILL be learning new things to do with him."

Susan nodded. She broke into a big smile, picturing herself and Suzanne jointly sucking on his cock in ten years' time.

Suzanne then said, "As for why I kept that particular secret from him, it's complicated. I guess it's partly what we're talking about, not using up every surprise so fast. But for that one, it's mostly because, I guess, I'm still afraid. I'm afraid of losing control, as well as giving in completely. What happened to me last night was an accident. It's a very submissive thing, giving him control over when you cum and when you can't. It rankles me to know how much I desperately need him already."

Susan said, "I understand how you feel about that, because you're you, the mighty Suzanne. I think of you giving orders, not taking them. But as for me, it sounds nothing but wonderful! How do I give him a subtle hint that he needs to tell me not to cum more often?"

They both chuckled.

Suzanne said, "We'll work on that. Maybe I can drop a hint to him on your behalf."

"Please do!"

Suzanne nodded. Then something occurred to her. "Hey! Now that I think about it, you can't exactly say I never told you about this. Remember a few days back, I think it was last Thursday. I was using orgasm denial on Brenda, but I had to leave and I had you take over."

Susan thought back. "Oh yeah! I told her, 'I have permission to let you cum, but only... eventually.' That was fun!"

"See? I'm not trying to keep anything from you to maintain a sexual edge. We're best friends, and we're united in our love for our special guy. When these things come out in a natural way, it's better than trying to force them. But let's get back to the real question: me and him fucking."

Susan removed the vibrator from Suzanne's pussy long enough to up the setting to a more active twitching, then plunged it back in. "Give in, Suzanne. Give in to him completely, body and soul. You won't regret it. He may just be a teenager, but he instinctively knows how to keep all of his women happy. That's why he deserves such a large harem, and that's why he draws big-titted, fuck-hungry, sexy babes to him like bees to honey."

That reply made Suzanne extremely squishy, but she tried to deny the connection between the words and the moisture between her legs. She was especially annoyed at how exciting it sounded to be just another big-titted fuck toy in Alan's harem.

She tried to change the topic, but before she could, she had a vision of being naked on all fours before Alan once again, only this time there were chains between her ankles, more chains between her wrists, high heels, and a dog collar around her neck. More disturbingly, there were many other females decked out exactly the same as she was, and Alan paced back and forth in front of them all, trying to choose who he'd fuck next. Her main emotion was pride: pride at the large size and high quality of his harem, and pride at being worthy of inclusion in it.

She immediately pushed the disturbing vision out of her mind, and thought, I'm NEVER going to let that happen to me, so help me God! This talking with Susan is warping my mind, like talking to a bunch of cult members. The only problem is, I started the cult and now, ironically, it's coming back to bite me in the ass. Talk about a scheme being far too wildly successful.

After a very long pause, Suzanne figured out how to spin Susan's response to her advantage. "Getting back to my question, if I give myself to him completely, doesn't that naturally include my pussy too?"

"All right, I'll tell you what. I'll let him fuck you, but only if you let yourself completely let go. Emotionally, physically, everything. Forget all about dignity and fairness. Let him fuck you just like you're his personal fuck toy!"

"I can do that," Suzanne said excitedly. "At the very least, I'll try my best! I swear it!" She actually liked the idea of completely letting go, even if she had issues with the "fuck toy" language.

But Susan added, "Oh, and one more thing. You can have your try just as soon as you fuck Amy. We can even make it a double header, one after the other."

Even though she tried to hide it, Susan had a certain amount of competitive jealousy towards Suzanne, not to mention possessiveness towards Alan. So she created conditions that she knew Suzanne would find difficult to meet.

Suzanne was shocked and disturbed. "But she's my flesh and blood!"

Susan left the vibrator in Suzanne, but pressed herself closely to her so their nipples touched. "So what! If Tiger wants you to do it, and wants to watch it, are you going to ignore his wishes? Will you deny him anything? The man who lets you suck his cock so often?"

Suzanne consciously decided not to attempt to answer those questions, even to herself. She vaguely remembered how cocksucking was supposed to be more pleasurable for the man on the receiving end than the woman doing all the work, but in her current horny state she had a hard time imagining how that could be possible. It seemed to her that sucking Alan's cock was just about the highest honor and privilege she could be given, short of actual intercourse.

She found herself losing control, like she had done the night before, but this time she was frightened by the realization. She fought back by recalling their mundane, suburban existence, focusing on the details of the vegetation around them, trying to mentally name as many of the plants as she could.

That helped somewhat. She also turned her attention to their conversation, saying, "Anyway, it shouldn't be up to me. Amy is his official girlfriend, so the two of them need to agree to it first."

Both women were mashing each other's boobs by this point, pressing them together, sliding them around on the suntan lotion coating, and rubbing nipples against other nipples. They were intensely excited by all the talk about the possibility of getting fucked by Alan. Suzanne practically forgot that she was already fucking him and was merely looking to be able to do it openly.

Susan replied, "Two can play that game. In that case, you need to get Amy's permission before he fucks you. Since she is his girlfriend."

"That shouldn't be a problem," Suzanne thought out loud. Somehow, the urge to lose all control passed, though she remained remarkably aroused.

Susan remained oblivious to Suzanne's inner battle. She privately wondered if Amy might not try to get something in return. However, she kept this thought to herself and said, "Well then, soon he'll be fucking you. And then things will be a bit closer to how God planned it."

Suzanne found herself nodding, even though she didn't buy the God mention, and replied, "Well, soon he'll be deep inside you too. Like I said, once he puts it in you there, he'll never take it out again. He'll have to go to school dragging your naked ass in front of him every day. His thick cock will be permanently stuck in you! I can just see him saying to his tennis coach, 'Um, coach, can I get an exemption from playing tennis today? As you can see, my rock-hard dick is still stuck in my mother's cunt.'"

Susan cried out, "That's so sexy! Ooooh, it makes me so squishy. Kiss me!" She grasped the still-buzzing vibrator lodged most of the way inside Suzanne's slit and resumed manually thrusting it in and out while her tongue dueled with Suzanne's.

Needless to say, Susan and Suzanne had another very fun morning. Alan would have been glad to know that they fucked each other to complete exhaustion.

But somewhat surprisingly, even though Susan both licked another woman's pussy and had her pussy licked for the first time yesterday, with Akami, she still hadn't done either of those things with Suzanne, and she still didn't initiate them with her yet, even though they had so much sexual time with each other.

Susan was looking forward to it, very much, but she felt the time wasn't right. She wanted their first time doing that to each other a special memory for the ages. The main problem was that she still had her first ass fuck so prominently in her mind that she worried she couldn't be completely in the moment with Suzanne.

Suzanne knew what happened with Akami, and she was eager. But she figured it was best to let Susan set the pace. So she didn't mention it at all or try to get something started.

However, Susan felt increasing pressure anyway, because she knew her period would be starting soon. She calculated that her "glow" from the anal sex would fade as the day went on, and the ideal time for them could be before the day came to an end.

Chapter 758 Temptress Heather

Alan sat through his first-period physics class feeling extremely impatient. Class seemed insanely boring after the morning fun he'd grown accustomed to. Plus, he was very excited to tell Amy that he'd fucked Susan in the ass before school. In fact, the incestuous ass fuck and telling Amy about it was more on his mind than the looming third-period test he felt he was bound to fail.

Christine kept giving him odd looks. Clearly, she could tell he was in a weird mood, completely spaced out most of the time. She was certain from the silly grin permanently etched on his face that his mood was caused by some sexual success, but she was too shy about such things to ask him about it.

He was so out of it that he barely noticed her looks.

As soon as his first period was over, he caught Amy in the hallway and rushed her to a safe place to talk. There was a ladies' bathroom not far away, the so-called "stinky bathroom." It was notoriously little-used thanks to a strange smell it always had. He hustled her into there.

"Amy! Guess what I did this morning?" he whispered in excited, conspiratorial tones. He kept an eye on the door and also tabs on the time since the breaks between classes were only five minutes long.

"What?" Amy replied just as excitedly.

"I fucked Susan in the ass!" He said Susan instead of "Mom" or "my mom" on the off chance that someone could somehow hear them.

"You did? Oh wow!" Amy was more surprised than anything. Then pangs of jealousy hit her. But she quickly rebounded and attempted to be happy for him. She smiled, though it was a bit forced, and said, "That's super! How was it?"

But before Alan could answer, he looked up and saw that someone else was coming in. Since he was in a woman's restroom, he didn't want to be seen. He rushed into an open stall and closed the stall's door before the door to the ladies' room fully opened.

But to his surprise, his stall door opened before he thought to lock it. Heather stood there, looking at him with a mixture of annoyance and amusement. He'd been trying to avoid Heather, but he was at least glad it was her instead of someone like a teacher wondering why he'd gone into a ladies' room.

"Heather? What are you doing here?"

She laughed and replied, "I think I should be the one asking you that." She turned to Amy. "I've got to talk to Alan about some private things. You mind?"

"No. That's cool," Amy answered without moving.

Heather spoke more forcefully. "Amy. Please leave now. I want to speak to him alone."

Amy stood behind Heather so she could look Alan in the eyes. She would have been more than willing to stand and fight if that's what her boyfriend wanted. But seeing him nod that it was okay for her to go, she said, "Oh... M'kay." She left, though very slowly and reluctantly.

Heather watched until she saw Amy close the door. Then she turned back to Alan.

She wore a plain white shirt that showed off a nice amount of cleavage. But what caught most of his attention was the slogan written right across the peaks of her breasts, and he read it out loud: "Make me wet."

She grinned wolfishly. "Good. You can read. That's my not so secret message to you."bender

He shook his head in disbelief. "Man, how do you get away with that kind of thing? Won't people snicker that you're slutty?"

"I am slutty." Then talking more to herself than to him, she said, "Two minutes gone by already. Not good. I'm going to have to speed things up." Standing right in front of the stall Alan was in, and blocking his only way out, she rapidly began taking her clothes off.

"What are you doing?!" he asked frantically. Despite himself, he found his penis rapidly stiffening.

"Just getting more comfortable." While a striptease would have been more arousing, she knew time was of the essence, and took off her bra, panties, and everything else within seconds. "You've been ignoring me. This way you can't ignore me."

He was stunned into silence. He staggered back and sat down on the toilet seat (luckily, the lid was down). His heart pounded as he wondered what might happen if someone walked in. More alarmingly, he imagined someone walking in but keeping the door to the hallway wide open behind them. Although the bathroom was almost never used, the hallway was certainly busy enough. Hundreds of students might be able to look in and see Heather stark naked if she continued to stand right where she was.

But Heather seemed completely unperturbed by the situation or by his obvious alarm. She posed seductively with her arms up around her head, and said, "Now tell me again that you don't have time to fuck me. Aren't I attractive enough?"

"Jesus Christ! You are. But what if someone comes in here? I'll be in so much trouble! Stop this insanity!"

"You'll be in trouble? What about me? You'd better answer me quickly, or do you want me to ask you again out in the hallway looking like this? I don't take no for an answer."

"All right, all right. What do you want from me?"

"Tell me that you can't resist this body, this incredible hard body. Tell me how you long to pull my knees open wide and spear me! Tell me how you'd pry open my tight ass cheeks with both hands and-"

"Christ! Yes, already! Yes to all of that. Is that all you want me to say? 'Cos I've got a class to go to."

"Hold on, big boy." She brought her arms down and ran one of her hands through his hair. "I want more. You and me. Some good time together. Alone. In private."

He looked around frantically. He could scarcely believe he was talking to a buck-naked Heather right in the middle of the school, but then he thought, Hell, we both fucked buck naked in the school parking lot once, so I guess this is small potatoes in a way. Dang though, she sure doesn't seem to mind being an exhibitionist!

He was already erect, in part from being near Amy and talking to her. He especially loved the strawberry aroma she seemed to often have, perhaps from her shampoo. Then when Heather showed up and took off all her clothes, his penis got even harder. Thinking about their sex in the parking lot and his fucking Heather into the hood of her Mustang had his erection so painfully hard that he was half-convinced it would burst through his shorts at any moment. He looked down to his groin just to make sure it wasn't going to do that.

Heather also had her eyes fixed there. She stepped closer, pushing her breasts practically into his face. She cocked an expectant eyebrow.

He knew what she was asking with that curious expression. With a pounding heart, he thought, She's saying, "Hey, you want to just screw class and screw me instead? Let's do it right here. Who cares who finds us? Take me on the floor of the dirty bathroom, take me over the sink, take me anywhere. The key is that you fucking take me! NOW!"

He might as well have been psychic, because those were very nearly the exact thoughts going through her mind. However, he didn't fathom just how aroused she was by the prospect of him following through. She'd come in with the intention of scaring promises out of him, but she already wanted more. She tried to step even closer, but she was blocked by the way he was sitting on the toilet seat.

He thought, Shit! She seems so tempting. Fuck it. Fuck it all. Just fuck her and screw the consequences! ... But no. I can't do that. I'm a good kid. An honors student. I'm not going to fuck away my future with some kind of siren or Medusa or whatever the hell kind of mythical creature she's like. A succubus. Yeah, definitely a succubus. I can't give in to a succubus, even if she is spreading her legs wider and wider... and wider. Damn! She's got that cheerleader type flexibility. I gotta be strong and resist!

Trying to disguise how labored his breathing was becoming, he said in careful tones, "Okay, fine. We can meet again at some point. But this week is really bad. I've got homework coming out of my eyeballs and you know that's the truth. I've got a twenty-page essay due Friday in Mr. Randall's class, and that's just one thing."

Heather looked crushed at first, but her expression quickly morphed and she ended up appearing more impressed by his willpower than anything. "That's too bad, but it's not my problem. I want you today. After school. You can't sit there looking at the most beautiful girl in the school and tell me you don't want to fuck me. I dare you to." She took one hand off his head and slowly stroked it down her breasts, over her taut abs, and on towards her pussy.

Just then, the bell rang, signaling the break was over.

Alan made to get up, but Heather was looming over him with one hand still running through his hair. He complained, "Listen to that! You've made me late! Can you get out of the way?"

"Not until I get a yes out of you. Just give me one chance. Maybe I've been too selfish with my lovemaking in the past. I promise you I'll be better. I can suck cock with the best of them. Let me show you. Right now, even. Let's make this all about you and your pleasure." She was somehow both pleading and proudly defiant at the same time.

Then she gulped, as if literally swallowing her pride, and dropped to her knees. She was obviously appalled at making more contact with the dirty floor, but her lustful desires were overriding her objections. Just as Katherine had surmised that morning, Heather had been looking for Alan because she craved his dick.

She reached for the zipper of his shorts as she said, "Don't you think you'd enjoy your next class more if you empty your balls into my mouth first?" A large part of her found the idea of cocksucking distasteful even as her body compelled her to do it, but then her face lit up as she got another idea. "Or better yet, pound my tits. Fuck my tits! You're late anyway already, what are a few more minutes?"

He looked around frantically. He hated being late to class, and he was getting later with every second. "Okay. Fine. I'll meet you, but just for a short while. And after school, not now! So put your clothes on. Someone could walk through that door right now, at any second!" He stood up.

She gleefully clapped her hands, but before he could squeeze past her and out of the stall, she lay both of her hands on the large bulge in his shorts. "Excellent! I knew I could talk some sense into you." She was beaming, triumphant with victory.

He groaned at how good her hands felt as she started to stroke his shaft through his shorts with one hand while struggling for his zipper with the other. "What are you doing?!"

"Look, it's not every day that a boy gets the school's future Homecoming Queen naked on the floor of a filthy and stinky bathroom and begging for cock. You're really late by now. Don't make me look desperate here." Unable to get at his zipper because his hand was firmly covering it, she tried a different tack and slipped a hand up his thigh and under his shorts from below.

He gasped as he felt fingers closing around his dick. He looked down and saw one of her hands stroking his erection through his shorts while her other hand was doing more stroking from the inside. "Damn you," he complained, helpless to resist her new approach.

She laughed. Even though her hands were separated by the cloth, they stroked rhythmically with a single purpose. She had never wanted to make a man cum as much as she wanted him to cum now. Not only was it fun, but she felt it would be a big victory in gaining control over him.

He looked up at her face and saw an expression of complete and desperate lust. He was incredibly tempted to give in, but was also frustrated at how she'd gotten him to cave in on meeting her after school. He didn't want to cave in anymore.

He thought, That feels incredible, but it would feel even better with Amy's hands. Somehow, this feels evil and wrong. "Heather, you can't just force people to do what you want."

Undeterred, she seemed determined to prove him wrong with her stroking.

He suddenly stepped all the way to the back of the stall, forcing Heather's hand that had snaked up into his shorts to let go.

Heather pouted, but she withdrew her other hand as well and stood up. "Last I checked, my methods seem to be working," she smirked. Though she'd given up on stroking his erection for the moment, she

knew that he had to get past her to get out of the stall, and she wasn't going to let that happen without a sexy fight.

But he said, "Look, you won, okay? You got your meet up later. So please let me go. Call me a nerd, but I have a thing about going to class. I have a test to take, you know."

Seeing that her moment had passed, she decided to take his advice, declare victory in her own mind, and let him pass. She walked out of the bathroom stall to the sink just in front of it where she'd left her clothes. "It's hardly torture to force you to make love to someone like me. Don't you think I'm beautiful?"

"Yes," he answered hastily.

She preened for him again, even as she quickly put her panties back on. "Am I the most beautiful girl in the school?"

"Yes, yes, yes. Whatever. Just get dressed!"

She smiled a naughty smile, and continued to put her clothes on. "Fine. Though I don't understand how you can turn me down like that. I didn't think it was even possible for a male to resist me while I practically pleaded for you to shoot a big load down my throat." She winked saucily at him. "It actually makes me want you even more."

He rolled his eyes. "Heather, you could stand to be a little more modest, not to mention less psycho. It's not cool to refer to yourself as the most beautiful woman in the whole school."

"Point taken. I know better than to say that to most people, but I figure I can be straight with you and throw the false modesty aside. After all, I work damn hard to keep fit and keep this all-over tan, and I think I deserve to be a little proud." She fanned a hand over her taut stomach as she said this, then pulled her top down over her breasts. "Or do you think there's someone more beautiful? Your girlfriend Amy, perhaps? Or would you rather sleep with someone even closer to home?"

That last comment was a not-so-subtle reference to Katherine. She didn't have any proof, but she wanted to test his reaction.

Alan caught the meaning just as he finally exited the stall and walked past Heather. Luckily he wasn't facing her, so she couldn't see the shock on his face. He tried to dodge her implication. "That kind of comment is the problem with you. It's so rude. Not to mention that you don't know what you're talking about. You're really beautiful, okay? Yes, it's true. But your personality doesn't mesh with mine. As they say, the sexiest part of the body is the brain. I'd be a lot more attracted to you if you acted differently." He kept walking past her and towards the door.

Heather didn't know how to answer that, and didn't gain any further clues as to whether Alan's relationship with Katherine was physical or not. After a pause, she replied, "Hey, sometimes opposites attract."

He was already at the door to the hallway. "Look how late we are already. Don't you worry about getting caught?"

"I'm never caught. I live a charmed life." She walked right up to him, fully dressed now. She leaned up into him, breathing her perfumed breath right into his ear. She again placed a hand on the bulge in his shorts, which still refused to deflate. "To think that I used to think of you as just some nerd. At least I get dibs on all this cum. Mmmm." She nibbled on his ear and brought her other hand to his balls. "I can't wait. After school, I'm going to fuck these balls dry. Or during lunch would be better. Or why not now, for that matter?" She finished by lightly nibbling on his earlobe.

He pushed her away a bit. "Heather, you're too much. You never give up, I'll give you that." He was amused and impressed at her brazenness, despite himself. He extricated himself from her grasp and hurried out into the hallway.

As soon as he walked into the hall he practically had a heart attack, because someone was standing there.

His heart leapt to his throat, but then he was able to breathe again because he saw the person standing right by the door was Amy.

"Good God, Amy! What the hell are you doing here?! You nearly scared me to death."

Amy had her arms crossed and seemed a bit peeved. "Just looking out for you. I didn't want to see you get caught with that-"

Amy suddenly stopped before she had a chance to describe Heather because Heather burst through the door of the bathroom and strode past them.

"Oh look who we have here. How touching. The loyal girlfriend standing by her man." Heather looked around to make sure there was no one else in sight, then said, "I'll have to remember that for next time. Alan, you can bend me over and empty all that boiling hot white goo into the depths of my ass while your girlfriend stands guard outside. How amusing. Or are you not THAT big on sharing, Amy?"

Instead of waiting for an answer, Heather dismissed Amy with a careless and airy, "Whatever." She laughed haughtily and strolled quickly down the hallway like she owned the whole school, which actually wasn't that far from the truth.

Amy was normally as easygoing as a girl could be, but at that moment she looked like steam was about to pour from her ears. She muttered darkly, "That... that... big meanie!"

Alan couldn't help laugh at Amy's feeble idea of a curse. "God, Amy, I love you." He hugged her. "You're just too cute and lovable. Looking out for me like that, too. You know I didn't do anything with her just now, don't you?"

"I know," Amy sighed. Her anger was draining away the longer he hugged her. "And I'm glad. But still, she's going to be completely insufferable at cheerleading practice today after squeezing that promise out of you. Grrr."

Alan was surprised that Amy had overheard that and that she didn't have any apparent objections. "Come on, Aims. We're probably five minutes late already. Any later than that and it gets really hard to find excuses. Oh, and my test. Shit!"

With quick pecks on each other's cheeks, they headed off in different directions.

Alan still had a painful erection, but it finally subsided by the time he reached the classroom.

Chapter 759 Xania To The Mix?

A couple of hours later, Suzanne was back at her house, which was a rare occurrence in recent days. She was doing laundry while waiting for Alan to return from school when she got a call on her cell phone.

She answered, and to her surprise discovered that Xania was calling. Even though she was home alone, she was intent upon complete security when it came to any sexual matters, so she had Xania call back a few minutes later. She quickly made her way to Susan's house so she could take the call on her cell phone there.

Suzanne didn't necessarily want Susan listening to a Xania phone call either (though the result if she did would be far less disastrous than if Brad or Eric somehow overheard), so she sat down on a lounge chair by the pool in the Plummer backyard and got very comfortable in a black bikini with a cocktail by her side. She spoke in subdued tones.

The line secured and pleasantries exchanged, Suzanne asked, "So, Xania, what's up?"

"Oh, not much. I just wanted to see how my patients were getting on. Or getting it on, to be more precise. I wanted to know if mother and son had done the deed yet."

Suzanne laughed. "Xania, you're not a psychologist. You only played one for a few hours. Did you forget that?"

"No, but it was some of the funnest hours of my life in quite a long while. And since you've known me so long, you can imagine the kind of stiff competition it was up against. It wasn't just the sex with Alan, though that was pretty good. I really loved the whole deception part. Here I am, an actress, though admittedly a pretty unknown one, and you gave me my greatest role yet, because it was reality. Can't I kind of bask in that, and see how they're doing?"

Suzanne laughed again. "Sure you can. I'm glad the 'appointment' worked out so well. By the way, this morning I dressed up in that suit you let me borrow, and Susan and I had a sexual role-play where I pretended I was you."

Xania laughed. "You didn't! No fair! I own the rights to the whole psychologist thing. If you do that again, I demand at least a video of it in compensation! Better yet, it's only fair if I get to dress in your clothes and pretend to be you with her."

Suzanne laughed some more. "A-ha. Now I see what your real motivation is. You're just angling to get your hands on Susan's hefty breasts after she flashed them for you all day long."

Xania kept laughing. "Okay, you got me. But you're only half right. The top item on my phone call agenda is our victory fuck. Remember how you promised me that we'd get it on together once we completed the ruse? But then you come up here, return the furniture, and close up the office, without so much as even a friendly strap-on pussy bang. And you don't call. What kind of friendship is that?" she asked, honestly somewhat miffed.

Suzanne laughed yet again. "Sorry. My bad. I had some urgent things down here. This intrigue with Alan is taking all my time and energy. But I still owe you, and I promise we'll get to that really soon. It's just that you live so far away." She basked in the sun and enjoyed the banter.

"Hey. I don't mind going down there, anytime. With any luck, you might let me bump into some of my newly favorite people. Speaking of which, you didn't answer my question yet: did they do the deed already or what?"

"Unfortunately for them, it's still in the 'or what' stage."

Xania sighed. "Not surprising, since you told me how you changed your mind on that. I think you're being pretty mean, keeping them apart."

"I know. I'm bad. But you know what? I don't think it's just me. Just this morning, Alan had a perfect chance to fuck her. He had her oinking like a squealing pig, ready for anything. He lined his dick up behind her ass, and she braced for it, and you know what he did? He stuck it up her asshole instead! He claims he wasn't thinking and just let things happen, but I don't buy it."

"What do you think happened, then? No! Wait. Don't tell me. I'm the psychologist, so let me figure this one out... Hmm. Could it be that on some level, they're afraid to fuck? Perhaps they've been having such a good time that they're afraid a major change could only mess things up. So it makes good sense to try anal sex first, to sort of test the waters."

"Wow, Xania, I'm impressed. How did you know that? That's exactly what I was thinking. They've been teasing each other at this level for weeks and have come to love it, and once they fuck they can never go back to this pre-fuck anticipation. Think of TV shows that rely on romantic tension, like 'Moonlighting', and once the main characters get together the show goes downhill. So they're drawing it out, but I don't think either of them realize what they're doing, at least on a conscious level. But I know them and their situation a million times better than your one day contact with them, so how did you figure that out just like that?" She snapped her fingers.

"You forget my vast sexual experience. Normally I'm not at all shy about letting a guy fuck me, but sometimes there are barriers and the tension builds. I remember this one guy in particular who was going to divinity school. The anticipation was so great that when we finally did it, the actual fuck was a big let-down, and not as much fun as all the flirting and teasing."

"Yes. You bring up another good point: the let-down of the act itself. I think they're both worried the reality can't possibly live up to the hype, so they keep pushing it off, waiting for just the right moment to make sure it'll live up to all the hype. That in turn just builds up the pressure even more."

"Hmmm. Problem. I hope they work it out. Are you going to help them?"

"Yeah, I feel bad. The guilt has been gnawing at me. Plus, my status with Alan isn't really changing so it's just cruel to keep them apart even longer. My scheming hasn't really been up to snuff lately, for some reason." She didn't add the fact that she wasn't thinking of scheming much because her mind was filled with fantasies of fucking Alan. "Susan's next period is starting any time now, but as soon as that's over I'm going to do everything I can to make their first time special."

"Good. How did Alan do with the anal sex, by the way?"

"Apparently quite well. He certainly passed the expectations test on that one. He's gotten Susan seriously hot to trot for more rounds of rump riding. I tell you, the kid's a natural."

"Well, that's good. But still, I worry about those two. I want them to be happy. I hope you're sincerely doing your best to help them now and you're not just thinking about your own needs."

"Hey, don't start analyzing me."

"Why not? I think I could be pretty good at this whole analysis thing. Okay, maybe not psychology per se, but sex therapy, definitely! I challenge you to find someone who has more practical sexual experience than I do. I 'do the do' in the triple digits every year. I don't think even you could hold a candle to that."

"You've got me there. Okay, fine. If you're so good, analyze this. I've been mentally holding back when having sex. You know how it is with me - I've got my schemes and analysis working in the back of my mind at all times. But last night, I just totally lost it with my Sweetie, and found myself completely in the moment. It was fantastic! But it was also scary. It almost happened again today with Susan, and that was REALLY scary, because I had all these visions about complete submission to him at the same time and the two feelings were tied together. I want to experience that total freedom and the greater joy that comes with it, but I don't want to become some kind of sex slave in the process! Susan's talking seriously about being his slave, and that idea really scares me."

"And did you have submissive visions or feelings last night? With Alan?"

"Yeah. I did. I actually crawled across the floor in naked desperation to get him to fuck me. How pathetic is that?"

"Oooh. Sounds sexy!" Xania purred. "I hope you'll give me a visual demonstration of that later so I can better diagnose your problem."

"Very cute. But to top it off, he actually turned me down. ME! Can you say 'frustration'?"

"Yikes! That is pretty hard to believe," Xania said sympathetically. "Sorry. Anyway, I've got a therapeutic edge on diagnosing you, because I know you from your college days and I'm sure you're not the submissive type. In fact, you're very domineering."

"I know, but it's Susan! She's corrupting me. You should see the way she carries on. Katherine, too. They go on and on about submitting to Alan, talking about it like it's the greatest thing since sliced bread. It's positively infectious, even though I know he's really just a kid and not the sex god we all make him out to be. Buttering him up is fun, but after a while even I start to believe the hype. Yet the whole submission thing doesn't feel right for me." Suzanne sighed.

Xania replied, "It isn't for you. But here's the thing. I know what you mean about completely letting go. And as you know, I'm a dom too. Not that I'm into S and M, but insofar as that kind of issue comes up, I wanna be in charge, just like you. But I let myself go sexually all the time without somehow turning into a submissive or even a slave. You don't have to be submissive to Alan to completely submit to your desires. Your mind is just confusing things because you're new to it. Trust me, I know, because I've experienced it all myself. Submit to your desires, but not to him."

"Wow. Really? Xania! You ARE great at analyzing! That's the best advice I think anybody's ever given me. You really do have a talent for this. But how do I do it? I don't know how to let myself go emotionally in the first place, much less do it and stay in a certain frame of mind."

"Practice, my dear, practice. You need to have sex with someone outside your little social circle and practice letting go emotionally until you get it right. Do you know anyone from out of town sexy enough and skilled enough to make you lose your mind, who, oh, I don't know, has a name that begins with the letter X?"

Suzanne laughed. "You devious devil! As a matter of fact I do. It just so happens that I've got this other girlfriend who lives in L.A. named Xylophone-ica. She's hot."

Now Xania laughed hard. "You could at least make up a more believable name than that... How about ... Dammit, there's no other X names. How about Xavier-ella?"

They both laughed even more. When they stopped, Suzanne said, "Okay, you got me. Susan was telling me earlier that he wants to keep things cool for a few days because he's got all kinds of big tests coming up. But my hormones are still raging and a visit from you might just fit the bill. When can you come down?"

"Now it's me coming there? What happened to you coming here?"

"You're a tough one. I like that. Xania, I've forgotten just how much I like you, and how similar we are. Why did we ever fall out of contact in the first place?"

"Suzanne! You have a lot of gall to ask that! Don't you remember a certain wonderful man named Jeffrey? And how I thought he was 'the one,' until I found out you were sleeping with him? My own roommate stabbing me in the back? And then we had that big fight and I swore that the next time I'd

see you it would be in hell?!" Xania got increasingly heated and angry as her bad memories came flooding back.

"Oh. THAT Jeffrey. Oopsie. Are you still mad? We've seen each other lots of times since then, so I thought that was ancient history." Suzanne wasn't thinking too well because the talk of Alan fucking had sent most of her mind into fantasy mode.

Xania was peeved but controlled. "'Oopsie?' Suzanne, I could strangle you. Yes, I'm still mad, but only because you brought it up. Truth is, I'd completely blocked it out of my mind. But now that you've reminded me, you owe me, big time."

"God, I feel so horrible."

"Enh, don't get that worked up about it. With hindsight, he clearly wasn't 'the one.' We were too young and green to last. It seems I'm too changeable and unfaithful to ever keep a relationship longer than a year or two, anyway. And time heals all wounds, and it is ancient history by now. But that doesn't completely let you off the hook. You seriously owe me. We can start with that promised victory fuck."

"You're right. I'm game, and the sooner the better. When's good for you?"

"How about tomorrow night?"

"Tomorrow? No. We've got this weird sexual card game thingy going on at the Plummer house. I can't miss that. What about Thursday?"

"Wait a sec. 'Sexual card game thingy?' With Susan, Katherine, and Alan? And you didn't invite me? I'm hurt!"

"Xania, we haven't talked for ages until recently, so you can't have such expectations. Besides, how can you maintain your role as family psychologist if you attend a card game orgy?"

"Orgy? Even better! I'm definitely going to that. Excellent! I get to don my nerdy glasses and play a psychologist again. I love it! You've just invited me, like it or not, after what you did with Jeffrey. Not to

mention all my great advice. We can warm up with a victory celebration of our own that afternoon or the morning after. And as for my cred, I dunno. I'll go as a case study observer or something. Who cares? That's your job, to think up good cover stories. Wouldn't you agree the sex scam credibility bar is extremely low when it comes to the Plummer family?"

"You've got a point there," Suzanne reluctantly agreed. "They're all so naïve and trusting when it comes to what I tell them, even Alan, who normally knows better. I figure he doesn't need to question things too critically if he's getting so much pussy out of the deal. It feels cruel to lie to them, although admittedly I rarely let that stop me. I do ultimately have their best interests at heart."

"Okay, so tell me all about this card game and what I need to bring, and who's going to be there and everything! This is going to be fun."

Suzanne sighed, disappointed to have yet more tough competition with Alan, given that Xania's body was a near clone of her own and Xania's tongue was even longer and more dexterous than her own already very long one. But her mind was too far into a sex fog to come up with excuses to keep Xania away, and a part of her wanted Xania there as another sex partner. She remembered a lot of sexual fun from their college days. So she began to explain, "Well, it all started when I was at a party a few weeks back and I met this woman named Brenda-

Xania interrupted, "Oh, wait. Before you get started, I've got one more thing I should remember to mention. You know your worry about submissiveness and letting go?"

"Yeah?"

"You're going to have to overcome those kinds of worries if you want to easily let go and fully enjoy sex, in the way Susan obviously now does. She practically lost her mind in my office when I merely asked her to fantasize about fucking her son. Embrace your role as a natural dominant and feel secure in that. Then, from that safe position, you'll be able to have the occasional submissive fantasy or experience and let go in that way, and then return to your natural personality."bender

"Really? I can do that?"

"Suzanne, for someone so sexually experienced, you can be awfully naïve too. Sure you can. You know, it's funny how little people change. You still are always getting the scoop on everyone else but don't

really know yourself. Most doms have a little bit of sub in them, and vice versa. It's healthy to let the other side come out and play every now and then. People like Alan will understand and won't think any less of you. That's just some more good Xania advice that doesn't cost you a dime. Though I do take strap-on fucks as tips." She chuckled.

"Xania, in all seriousness, from now on, you really ARE my adviser. There's no one else I could even begin to talk to like this. Thanks so much. I'm so glad that we're friends again."

"Me too. Now tell me all about this Brenda character?"

So Suzanne went into a great explanation about the history of their card games and all she knew about Brenda, plus more on the other participants.

Xania probed to learn more about Amy and Suzanne's relationship with Brenda, but that was the one topic Suzanne gingerly avoided.

Chapter 760 Christine

Christine was distraught. Her feelings for Alan were a jumble, and last night things had only gotten worse.

She'd had a very intense erotic dream about him. In the dream, Alan had taken her on a date, just as he had in real life three times already. Only this date was very romantic and sensual from the very beginning. They savored a leisurely candlelight dinner in a dark and expensive Spanish restaurant. She wore a daring strapless dress that just barely reached up enough to cover her nipples. Soft guitar music strummed around them.

The two of them were constantly touching, joking, and generally acting with giddy happiness as if they were already lovers.

But they were not. So in the dream, Christine said to him, "Alan, my dear, I feel guilty being here like this, with you. What about Amy? It feels like we're cheating on her even though we're only holding hands."

Alan replied, "To tell you the truth, I just broke up with her."

"You did? Why?"

He leaned across the table towards Christine. "Because I can only think about you. If it wasn't for your research, I would ask you to be mine. But I can't distract you like that, not when you're so close to a cure that will save all those children. And the most important thing is that you get that Nobel Prize..."

(Christine's dream had some unrealistic elements, as dreams often do. In this dream, Christine and Alan looked much the same, although she wore her hair a different way, showing that the time was not the present. By this time Christine was apparently a famous scientist.)

Christine protested, "Forget all that. I would throw away all the fame and prizes for true love. But for all your helpers, your many lovers, who knows what could be."

"Forget them too!" he said with theatrical emotion. "I've left them all. The only woman I want in my life is you. They were just a desperate attempt to help me forget about you when you turned me down, but it didn't work. I only have eyes for you. Will you have me?"

"Oh Alan! Yes!"

The rest of the dream continued in this melodramatic and clichéd manner. Naturally, a big kiss followed, which curled their toes. Somehow, the restaurant faded away and they ended up in Christine's bed, necking and fondling. But just as Alan was about to make love to her, in fact, just as he was lining up his erection with her pussy, she woke up.

She was very frustrated by that. She was even more frustrated in knowing just how unrealistic the dream was. Alan still had Amy as his girlfriend, not to mention all his "helpers," as Amy had put it the week before, and he'd made clear in their last "non-romantic date" that he wasn't going to give any of that up if he could help it.

Furthermore, Christine had kept an eye on Amy at school when she could in recent days, and it was clear that Amy was even happier than usual. Certainly things were going well in their relationship. If Amy allowed Alan to sleep with other women, why would he want to rock that boat?

Christine wanted Alan badly, but she didn't know what to do about it. She wasn't the type to steal him away from Amy, especially since she had explicitly promised Amy that she wouldn't interfere in their relationship. She had given the matter a lot of thought, so much so that her studies were suffering.

She'd only become romantically interested in Alan after his change from a scared "nerd" to a self-confident young man, and then she found herself sexually interested in him after hearing of his great sexual prowess, and finally had fallen in total lust with him after her emotionally shattering experience with him on their third "practice" date. Christine had to admit that her body had its own agenda and it was perfectly clear that it wanted Alan in a bad way. She even thought about completely swallowing her pride and joining in as one of his "helpers," if only to give herself some relief. The trouble was, the thought of swallowing her pride like that made her gag.

She had very strong emotional and romantic feelings for him. She had known him for three years, so even though they had started to do things outside of school only recently, she was surprised at just how much he meant to her, once she'd been honest enough with herself to really confront her own feelings. To merely have sex with him without all the deep emotional connection of a real romantic relationship would be a very bitter pill for her to swallow.

She decided the best thing to do was confront Amy about it and speak mostly honestly with her. She found Amy at lunch and talked her into having the two of them sit alone, far from everyone else.

As soon as they were seated at a remote table in the cafeteria, Amy huffed, "Boy! That Heather. She sure is a meanie, don't you think?" Amy wasn't usually concerned about school politics, but Heather's behavior in the "stinky" bathroom was still on her mind. She knew there was no love lost between Heather and Christine, so she figured she'd have a sympathetic ear.

Sure enough, Christine rolled her eyes. "What did she do this time? Tell me all about it."

After they'd bitched about Heather for a while, Christine steered the conversation around to what she really wanted to talk about. "Amy, I have something to say to you. This is painful to admit, but upon reflection, I think your arrangement with Alan isn't so bad after all."

Amy was quite pleasantly surprised. "Really? Cool! Actually, sometimes it does bum me out a little bit, but then I have to remember it's the only way. I feel better though if you're all okay with it. Everyone kind of looks up to you as, I dunno, kind of the voice of moral authority or something."

"Thanks." Christine was chagrined though, because being seen as "the voice of moral authority" only made what she was about to propose even more difficult to say. She was eating crow after criticizing Amy for allowing Alan to have other lovers only the week before. "Um, the thing is... Before I say anything, can you promise to keep what I'm about to say a secret from absolutely everybody?"

"M'kay. Sure."

She averted her eyes, and said bashfully, "Good. You see, when it comes to sex, I'm still a virgin."

"Nooooooo." Amy said that in a very sarcastic and mocking voice, and then giggled.

Christine was mortified. Her virginity was a very sensitive and painful subject.

But Amy saw Christine's reaction and said sincerely, "Oopsies! Please forgive me. That was very rude. I should know better than to joke because I was a virgin too until just a few days ago. I know how it's a really embarrassing thing to be a virgin when everyone else isn't. But I couldn't help saying that because you come across like you hate even the idea of sex. I mean, when a guy tries to flirt with you, you look at him like he's trying to throw poop in your face. Oops! I'm sorry again. I must be acting way too forward."

Christine sighed. "No, it's okay. To be honest, I really appreciate it. No one ever tells me that kind of thing. I guess I kind of scare everyone off. I'm glad I don't scare you... Um, God, I can't believe I'm asking this... Talk about being forward, but since you just had sex for the first time, was it everything you hoped it would be? Is it really all that great? I know it's none of my business, but I want to know what it's like so badly and I don't have anyone to talk to about things like that."

Christine suddenly felt very despondent, almost on the brink of tears. Most of the time she put on a brave face, telling herself that the only thing that mattered in high school was getting good grades, so the fact that she had lots of acquaintances but no really close friends was of little consequence. But every now and then the loneliness of her "Ice Queen" position would hit her, and she'd feel as if a bottomless chasm of loneliness would always be her fate. This was one of those times.

Amy was a very empathic person and she could tell right away that Christine was having trouble keeping it together. She reached out and put her hands over Christine's in a supportive gesture. "Are you okay? Can I help?"

Christine was touched, but she suddenly pulled herself together and faked a smile. "Thanks, but I'm good."

Amy didn't believe that, but she let Christine have her space. "Oh. M'kay. If you ever want to talk to me about anything, I'm cool with that. But anyhoo, to answer your question, yes! It's great! You know, I've been talking with some other girls lately, especially since I've been de-virginated, and I gather that usually first times aren't that great. But Alan made mine totally super special. Like, double woverrificallyfantabulistic! You should have seen all the flowers and candles everywhere! He was so romantic and gentle."

Inwardly, Christine melted with satisfaction. She smiled as she imagined herself in Amy's place, and recalled her dream of Alan being the ideal Don Juan lover. "That's nice," she purred.

But then Amy continued, "You don't know the half of it! He started off all gentle to make sure he didn't cause any pain when he went in for the first time. But then after a while I got used to it and he started going faster and deeper. Before long, it was like WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!" Amy smacked her hands together with each "wham."

Christine was shocked out of her reverie by Amy's completely unexpected loud voice and smacking hands. "What? What happened?"

"Oh, I'm just trying to describe for you what it's like. That's what it was like after a while. It was like, WHAM! Over and over. Alan was like some kind of human pile driver. He just kept fucking me, over and over and over. And over!" Her eyes went really wide, like she could hardly believe it herself. "So hard. So deep. So good. So big. God, he's so hung! It felt like I was getting impaled on a baseball bat, but I mean that only in the bestest, most pleasurable way. You know what I mean?"

Christine was shocked, not to mention suddenly aroused. "Amy, please!" She looked around and confirmed that no one was listening. "You don't have to be so graphic."

"Sorry. I'm just trying to explain what it's like since you asked. And gosh! You wouldn't believe how long he can last! He's like the Energizer bunny guy. God, he just fucked, um, sorry, he uh, penetrated me with his thingy, for hours! At least it seemed that way. And then we woke up in the middle of the night and did it even more! I was so overwhelmed that I yelled out 'Take me!' I know that sounds cheesy, but that's how I felt. It was like he tamed me with his big, uh, thingy. Sorry for being so graphic, but I don't know how to talk about it otherwise."

"That's okay." Christine was wistful now. "It sounds so good. I wish... Well... Amy, you know, I've been the biggest fool. I've been completely ignoring my sexual needs. Maybe that's one reason why I'm so cranky with everyone all the time. I want what you have."

Amy replied enthusiastically, "Totally! You should totally do it! Sex is great. It's better than great, it's super duper amazoultrawonderificallyfantastic! With your looks, you should be able to get just about any guy in school. The only thing I'd recommend though is that you should ask him out yourself, 'cos of your reputation as the Ice Queen and all."

"Thanks." Christine sighed. "The only problem is, the guy I want is already going out with someone. I'm speaking about Alan."

"Oh! Uh-oh. He's going out with me. I'm his official girlfriend, you know."

"I do know." Christine couldn't help but roll her eyes a bit at Amy's stating of the obvious. "However, you were telling me about how he has an open relationship. You know, all his 'helpers.' So I was thinking: would it be..."

She started to blush and stammer. "Well, what I'm trying to say here is... Could it, er, would it be totally impossible for, uh, for him to have two girlfriends? Er, what I mean to say is... Um... If he needs that much help, that is? I mean... I'm just kind of brainstorming here. I don't want to go around your back, so I thought I'd ask your permission before I talked to Alan about that." She dropped her head and avoided eye contact, ashamed by the words she was saying.

Amy was very cautious in responding to that. She was well aware of the way that Alan had pined for Christine for most of high school while he'd largely ignored Amy's attempts to interest him in herself. Like Katherine, she was very open-minded about Alan's other lovers in general, but knew the threat posed by Christine, both because of Alan's history with Christine and because Christine was so amazing at everything she did. It was very tough to compete against her.

There was a long pause as Amy thought. Christine's heart began to sink.

Finally, Amy said, "Um, that could be a problem. There can only be one Official Girlfriend, and that's me. I'm sorry."

Christine suddenly blurted out, "I don't want to remain a virgin forever! Amy, you seem so happy. I'm so miserable. I never realized it until lately, but I am!" She'd never been so nakedly emotional with people as she was at that moment, but she was so despondent and needy that she didn't care what she said or did. She felt like she was teetering on the edge of that lonely chasm.

Amy could see that Christine was about to lose it and start crying. Her heart went out to her friend. She put her hands on Christine's hands again. "Christine, I can imagine how you feel. Alan's a pretty special guy. Once you have him, you don't want the run-of-the-mill guys anymore. The problem is, there are a lot of girls who want him, and there's only one of him to go around."

"I know." Christine's strong self-discipline was reasserting itself and she was pulling herself back from the brink of crying.

Amy continued, "But since you're so bummed and all, and you and Alan are friends, well, it would be okay with me if you wanted to fool around with him a bit. But just every once in a while, m'kay? He's already pretty busy with that kind of stuff as it is. Really super busy, in fact. But I should warn you before you do it, it's like I just said: once you have him you won't want anyone else. All of us, Alan's girls, we're all hooked."

Amy's voice suddenly turned very serious, but also curiously gentle and understanding. "Are you sure you want to be hooked? 'Cause once you are there's no turning back."

Christine was touched. "Oh Amy. That's so nice of you. I imagine that's not an easy thing for you to say, 'cos you're probably scared of me. Hell, everyone's scared of me. I'm really not that scary. I just... need to learn how to open up and deal with people a little better... The thing is... Thanks for your offer, but I don't think I could just be 'one of his helpers.' He means too much to me. Once I opened my heart to him like that, I think it would be more painful than anything to only be able to see him and be with him every once in a while. Maybe it's better for everyone if I just remain friends with him and I just keep seeing him on these non-romantic practice dates we're having... God, Amy, I was such a fool! If only I'd said yes when he asked me out!"

Amy tried her best to commiserate, but she didn't know what to say. She had many reasons for preferring that Christine not get physically involved with Alan, but she figured it wouldn't be smart to voice any of them. Instead, she just squeezed Christine's hand to show her support.

Christine wanted to be alone to feel sorry for herself. So she said, "Thanks. Thanks a lot, Amy. You're such a giving person. I can see why you would turn down my 'two girlfriends' idea; it's probably completely unworkable. For one thing, I'd never live it down at school. I don't know what I was thinking. It's just that I want to be with him so bad. You make it sound so wonderful, not to mention incredibly pleasurable. I wish there was some way I could turn back the clock before he had all these helpers, but now it's too late for me. Please don't tell him we had this talk, okay? I still need to think this through and figure out what I want. I especially don't want to ruin the platonic fun I'm having with him right now."

"M'kay. Don't worry. It'll get better, I'm sure. You're such an amazing girl; wow, I couldn't even imagine being all smart and hard-working and talented and everything like you. Not to mention so beautiful. I'm sure you're totally gonna find some super wonderful guy of your own real soon."

"I hope so. Thanks again for listening to my crazy ramblings. I don't want to fight you over Alan; I'm not that kind of person. I've got to go." She stood and hurried out of the cafeteria.

A few people, including some of Heather's spies, had witnessed the encounter from a distance and wondered what the obviously emotionally-intense conversation between two girls who were only remote acquaintances was all about. But no one was close enough to hear, and neither Christine nor Amy was willing to give a hint to anyone else about what they'd discussed.

Christine wandered the school grounds alone for the rest of the lunch period, not bothering to eat. She really wanted to break down and cry, but her strong self-discipline, not to mention her pride, blocked her from having that emotional release. Deep down, she felt that she'd already permanently lost any chance with Alan, and Amy's obvious romantic happiness and great sexual satisfaction only made her personal sorrow that much more painful.