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Chapter 791 Heather X Simone

Alan continued to lie in bed in the nurse's office. He was basically left alone and forgotten, so he tried to get some sleep. However, even though he was tired, between the pain and the excitement of the confrontation with Rock he couldn't get to sleep. He laid there with his eyes closed since he had nothing else to do, not even a magazine to read, but he just tossed and turned.

After a while, the nurse let in another visitor and then returned to the adjacent room. To Alan's surprise, his visitor was Simone. Even though he hardly knew her, he was so bored he was thrilled to have any visitor at all. "Hey! Simone! What's up?"

"What's up with you?" Simone looked back and confirmed the door was closed, so she could speak freely. "Sorry about what happened. I just came by to see if you had a branding iron."

He tried to figure out what she meant by that. Finally, he grinned. "Ah. I get it. A branding iron so we can brand Heather's ass."

"Exactly." Simone sat down on the edge of his bed.

"Don't arouse me with that kind of talk. Unfortunately, my body's not too happy right now."

"Yeah. I can see that. Again, sorry. Rock is such a loser. I told Heather time and time again not to have anything to do with that guy. But did she listen? NoooooOOOooooo! All she could think of was that having him as boyfriend would make her a shoo-in for Homecoming Queen. I swear, she'd crawl over broken glass to get that damn title."

That got a smirk out of Alan. "Thanks for coming. But I must admit I'm surprised to see you. We never really spoke to each other before yesterday."

She grinned. "And yesterday we did a lot more than just speak, didn't we?"

"That's true."

She continued, "But I know what you mean. Actually, I'm not here for me so much as to give you a message from Heather. She wants to arrange a meeting with you after school."

"I can do that, I guess. But why couldn't she just ask me herself?"

"Ah. You see, she sent me to pave the way. She fears you might be mad at her, since Rock wouldn't have done what he did if it wasn't for her."

Alan waved a hand dismissively. "Nah. I get mad at her for a lot of things, but not that. It's something I kind of brought upon myself. I was trying to do the right thing by having her break up with him, since I didn't want to be a cheater. But it didn't look so noble from his point of view, obviously. And to make matters worse, I wasn't careful of the rumors swirling around about me. I kinda feel something like this was bound to happen sooner or later."

Simone said, "Yeah, I can see that. And Heather will be glad to hear that." Her eyes widened with self-induced surprise. "She's so friggin' moony about you! It's crazy. I've never seen her like that. What's your secret?"

He wasn't keen to talk about that. So he asked, "Wait a minute. How is it that you can sit here and chat? Don't you have to run back to class?"

"Nah. Heather has a whole stack of blank hall passes, and she gave me one. I was reluctant, but nothing was happening in class anyway. I've got time. So don't dodge the question."

"Sorry. I honestly don't know what my 'secret' is. I mean, look at me. I'm not mouth-wateringly handsome."

"Kkklllgghh..." Simone hung her tongue out and made a funny noise while pretending to drool.

He laughed. "I said I'm NOT that way."

She smirked and pulled her tongue back in. "Oh. Sorry."

"No, really, I don't get it. Maybe you can tell me. You were there yesterday."

"I was?" Playing dumb, she reached down to her pussy mound and briefly rubbed herself through her clothes. "Is THAT why I'm still feeling so sore down here?"

He laughed again. "Seriously, I'd like to get your take."

She joked, "Is that the new lingo for it? If I give you my 'take,' do you promise to be gentle? I'm still a virgin!"

He laughed. Then, he said, "Um, I hate to break it to you, but no you're not. I think we prove that yesterday."

"Hmmm. Good point."

"But what's your opinion? Seriously, already."

She shrugged. "I honestly don't know. I especially don't get Heather's feelings for you. But, and I'm not joking here for once, I think part of it is almost like an infectious disease. Looking back, if it had just been you and me having sex, it would have been nice. Well, okay, a lot better than nice. But still just nice, you know what I mean? Not make me cum so hard that I was in danger of passing out, you know what I mean? But with the other three there, and especially seeing how you treated Heather, I got so horny that it was almost scary. At one point, with all that talk about you enslaving Heather, I seriously worried you'd end up enslaving me too!"

He said, modestly, "You know how silly that sounds?"

"I know. NOW it seems silly. But at the time, I was honestly scared. That's how intense it all was. It was like some kind of collective mood swept through us all, multiplying the effect of everything. And what's weird is that I've been in threesomes and moresomes before, and it was never like that! In fact, I'd thought that the more people were there the more awkward and unsexy the situation gets. You get this 'sex as sport' attitude that kind of turns things to farce. Yet it wasn't like that yesterday at all. True, there was no romance going on whatsoever, but the emotions were powerful and real."

He nodded. "I can see that. Maybe that's part of my appeal. I do tend to get emotionally involved. Even if I try for sex as sport, I tend to get emotionally bonded fast. But anyway, speaking of infectious diseases, I need to talk to you about Heather."

Simone laughed heartily. "I love that segue!"

He chuckled. "I didn't mean it like that. But there is a connection, because I'm worried about STDs. I must admit, I've gone from being a complete virgin at the start of the school year to having quite a few sex partners now. Again, I don't get it, but for some reason it's all happening to me. It's been a blast, but I worry that I'm flirting with disaster when it comes to STDs. I mean, let's look at you and me."

She rolled her eyes. "So now you want to play doctor." She looked around the room. "Although I suppose this is the right room for it." She flashed him a big smile. "Okay!"

He just rolled his eyes and then ignored that. "I was so careless that I almost forgot to use a condom with you. And it wasn't until AFTER we'd fucked that I found out you have a boyfriend."

"A non-steady boyfriend," she pointed out.

"True, but a boyfriend just the same. And since he's not exclusive with you, who knows who else he could be fucking? It's like I'm casting an ever-widening net, trawling for STDs. I'm not happy about it."

Simone nodded. "I must admit, I haven't been that smart either. I think it's because I'm around Heather so much. I swear, she's the luckiest motherfucker on the planet. She could walk down Main Street stark naked and she wouldn't get in trouble, as stupid as that sounds. She just has that kind of luck. So it rubs off and I start to think that I'm invulnerable too."

He thought, I'm the one who's the luckiest motherfucker on the planet. Soon, hopefully, that'll be true in a very literal sense! If Simone only knew half the things I get up to at home! But that's why I need to be serious about this, because of all my loves at home. I can't keep sticking my dick in any available hole, at least not as long as there's no plan about preventing STDs!

He said, "I can definitely relate to the invulnerability thing. Other smarter people have had to hit me on the head to make me even get serious about wearing a condom."

Simone couldn't help but joke, "Some of your friends have bad aim." She pointed at his crotch, knowing Rock had kicked him there.

He tried to joke back, "Actually, that was a good shot, because that's the head I've been thinking with lately. But seriously, I'm really glad you came by, 'cos I'm hoping you can help me out. For one thing, did you enjoy having sex with me? Would you want to do it some more in the future?"

"Yes, yes, and yes! Even though you only asked two questions, that deserves three yeses." She grinned impishly.

"Good. I feel the same way. But before that happens, could you get tested for STDs? I know that's kind of a weird thing to say, but better safe than sorry. I was just tested recently and was clean. But I can be tested again if you want."

"Yeah, I suppose I can do that. Heather has griped to me about how you made her get tested, so it's only fair if I do too. What about the others, like Joy and Janice?"

"Actually, I've been remiss there. But after what happened yesterday, it just kind of hit me: I'm the luckiest son of a bitch in the universe to have sex with four beautiful girls at once. But four! That's just asking for trouble when it comes to STDs. So I'm going to talk to ALL of my sex partners. I know it's a big downer, but there's going to be testing a go-go."

Simone nodded. "Fair enough. And to put your worries to rest, I was pretty wild a while back, but lately I've been settling down some. In these last few weeks, I haven't had sex with anyone but my boyfriend, Heather, and you, and I don't see that changing anytime soon."

Simone added, "Heather's been a bad influence." She chuckled.

"What do you mean?"

"In the past, we'd kind of goad each other on. You know, go to a party together, get drunk or get high, and have a good ol' fuck fest. But even before Heather met you, she'd been getting bored of that lifestyle. 'Been there, done that.' It would have been a very spectacular or socially important party for her to want to go, lately. And if she doesn't go, I generally don't go."

He pointed out, "It's weird that she's that jaded and she hasn't even finished high school yet."

"Yeah, well, partially that's because she's way more experienced than most her age, but also, she gets bored easily. I think that's a big reason why she's so interested in you, by the way. Because you're different."

"Yeah, I kind of figured that," he said. "It's not just that I'm a different kind of guy, being a 'nerd' out of her social circle and all. It's that I treat her totally differently. The fact that she's not going to parties so much anymore, does that mean she doesn't have as many sex partners?"

Simone replied, "Oh, that's gone WAY down. In fact, now that I think about it, since she's started having sex with you these last two weeks, she's hardly had sex with anybody else at all. Just you, me, and the other cheerleaders."

She stared off into space, thinking hard. "You know, I don't think she's had sex with any other guy at all! For two whole weeks!"

He said sarcastically, "Oh wow. Only a handful of sex partners for two whole weeks." Even though he had many sex partners, he knew just having a few sex partners was still way above the norm.

Simone said, "I know. That may sound stupid, but you have to remember that this is Heather we're talking about here. She has a big sex drive. No, make that a HUGE sex drive. She needs it every day or she gets, uh... cranky."

Before he could make a quip about that, she grinned widely. "I know, I know. You're gonna say something like, 'Then she must not have had sex for a couple of years.' Everything is relative. Believe me, if you think she's bitchy now, just wait until you see her go a few days without sex! As it happens, she still gets her daily dose. But now I'm the one who's been the target for most of her ardor. Which has been pretty nice for me, I'll admit. However, I can tell that half the time, at least, she's thinking of you."

"Really? How do you know that?"

Simone laughed. "She's not exactly subtle. The other day, when she fucked me with a strap-on, she got all angry and cursed under her breath, 'Fuckin' Alan! Thinks he's so fuckin' great! Well, fuck you!' That kind of thing. By the way, you don't mind me talking frankly about sex, do you? I figure, given what we did yesterday..."

"Please, go ahead. Just don't get too graphic, given that I'm a guy who was kicked in the balls earlier today."

"Ah. Good point. Just so you don't get the wrong idea, I don't mind the anger sex. That's fun. But what's annoying is when she has me fuck her with a strap-on, and she wants me to do it to her 'Alan-style.' She doesn't come straight out and say that, of course, but I could read between the lines when she started asking me to do new things like call her names. Then she'd complain that I wasn't doing it right. I must admit, it made me pretty keen to be with you yesterday, so I could finally find out what the hype was all about."

He sighed. "Man, I'm really not all that. Really. I'm mostly a guy in the right place at the right time, like her being bored out of her mind and then stumbling across me as something new and different. But anyway, you're seriously telling me I don't have to worry about her fucking half the football team?"

Simone pondered that. "Hard to say. She's done some wild things in the past, including literally fucking half the football team. But right now she's totally stuck on you. She's still capable of sleeping around with other girls, 'cos that's a totally different thing. But when it comes to guys, she thinks about sex with you and the others fall so short of the mark that being with them is just depressing. About two weeks ago, when she'd had sex with you once or twice, she did fuck a couple other guys, and all she did after that was bitch to me about how 'pathetic' and 'lame' and 'boring' they were."

He thought that over. "Hmmm. What I'm aiming for here is to reduce my risk. I just don't know if it's worth it to have sex with her at all. Risk vs. reward, it might not pan out. I've been thinking of giving her an ultimatum: 'if you want to have sex with me, don't have sex with anyone else.'"

Simone said flatly, "That's not going to fly, I can tell you that. For one thing, Heather is Heather. If you tell her not to do something, she's going to go out and do that thing ten times over just to rub in your face that you can't tell her what she can and can't do. But even putting that aside, her sex drive is just too damn strong. Not unless you were willing to have sex with her AT LEAST once a day. AT LEAST. But she complains to me over and over about how unavailable you are, so I doubt you could manage that."

"Nope. To be honest, not even close."

"Well, there you go. But I don't think you have too much to worry about, when it comes to diseases. Right now, the vast majority of the time she has sex, it's with me. We've been doing it pretty much every day after school. I spend half my free time hanging out in her room, it seems. And yeah, she has sex with some other girls, but it's basically a closed circle."

He said, "I don't have any problem with her having sex with you. None whatsoever. It's other guys that bugs me, especially new guys. Plus, most other girls, due to the STD problem."

"Ah." Simone explained, "Being Heather's best friend, I'm basically sitting in the control room of Gossip Central. I get to hear everything that's going on. And since I've been her best friend forever, I pretty much know the entire sexual history of everybody who's anybody. In a way, her awesome gossip network is the best protection against STDs. If some girl so much as gets a yeast infection, Heather finds out. To be honest, you're the first 'new blood' to come along in a while. And since you fuck around so much, if I were to worry about diseases, I'd worry about getting something from you!"

"Good point," he warily agreed. "Luckily, I did get tested recently, as I told you, and I can say I'm clean. And even though I have been sleeping around a lot, it's within a closed circle too. And the two circles have a big overlap area with the whole cheerleading squad, including Heather, so that's the concern. But still, like I said, I'm taking a 'better safe than sorry' approach from now on."

She nodded to that. "Wise. Like Yoda. But with less green skin and better grammar."

He smiled. "I hope I'm a bit taller too. And a bit better looking."

"True." But then she switched to a great imitation of Yoda's voice. "When nine hundred years old you reach, look as good you will not, hmmm?"

He laughed at that, pleased that she could pull up an obscure Star Wars quote like that. Knowing he couldn't top that, he resumed their serious discussion. "Can I ask you a favor?"

"What's that?"

"Can you kind of be the 'Spy in the House of Heather' for me? I don't mean in a bad way, like betraying her or something. I'm just talking about helping with the whole STD issue. The problem is, I don't trust her. It's kind of pointless asking her about her other lovers, 'cos she'll lie or get pissed off if I even bring it up."

Simone grinned. "Yes, she's very good at getting pissed off. In fact, it's kind of her specialty."

He was keen to ask Simone why she was best friends with such a bitch, but this was not the moment for it, not while he was explaining the favor. "Exactly. So that's why I'm hoping you can give me the straight dope on who else she's having sex with, as well as who else you're having sex with. And if you could find out about the others on the cheerleading squad, that would be even better. I don't care about the details, so long as it's within that closed circle you talk about. But if there's someone new outside of that, I'd like to know so I can possibly protect myself from danger."

Simone considered that. "Fair enough. But in return, I assume you'll tell me about your other sexual partners and any dangers that might arise there."

He thought, Uh-oh! Here I go with the hypocrisy again! I can't do that. There's no way! Even if I don't mention the incest, I can't tell her about Aunt Suzy. That would be a scandal in and of itself, fucking my girlfriend's mom. And I can't tell her about Glory. Bangin' the teacher! HUGE scandal! Hell, I wouldn't even feel comfortable telling her about Brenda. Brenda is just... Brenda. No.

He said, "I can kind of meet you part way there. The thing is, the people I'm talking about with you are guys and girls at school. We both know them, so names matter. But the other people I'm having sex with, they're not at school. You don't know 'em and you're never gonna meet 'em. They've sworn me to secrecy, so what would be the point of me betraying that by telling you some names that mean nothing to you anyway?"

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Simone pondered that with a hand on her chin. "Hmmm... It doesn't seem exactly fair, but... I guess I can understand that. You do seem to be getting serious about taking precautions, so I suppose I'll have to trust you. But if you're having sex with any girls at school, you'll tell me that, right?"

"Sure. That's easy. I can tell you right now that I'm having sex with everyone on the cheerleading squad, minus Katherine, plus you. And frankly, I don't see that changing. I've been propositioned by some other pretty girls lately, and I've turned them all down."

Simone grinned. "Yeah, I can see that. You went straight for the cream of the crop, so why settle for second best? Poor you, banging the entire cheerleader squad, minus your sister."

He quipped, "Yeah, well, it's a rough job, but someone's gotta do it."

Simone thought out loud, "To be honest, the only other girl I could see you having sex with is Christine. Hell, she's such a stone cold fox that you'd be a fool not to! And since everyone knows she's a virgin, there's no STD risk there. Besides, she's such a prude that it's highly unlikely she's gonna get it on with anybody."

He was startled. "It sounds like you're trying to encourage me with her!"

She tilted her head, thinking that over. "Well, maybe. Heather would kill me for even thinking about it, but she desperately needs to get fucked. But I'm just pointing out that it could happen. Since Heather's put you on my radar screen, I've been watching you. I can see you have a thing for Christine and she has a thing for you."

He decided to shut down that difficult line of discussion altogether. "Well, that's a moot point 'cos nothing's going to happen there. But anyway, it sounds like we have a deal. We'll both keep our eyes out and watch for incoming STD dangers."

He happily shook her hand. When they were done with that, he said, "Oh, and one other thing. When it comes to Heather, can you kind of encourage her not to sleep around? Outside of yourself and the usual bunch of girls, of course."

A look of shrewd realization came across Simone's face. "Aaaah! You're the possessive type, aren't you? You don't mind if she's having sex with girls, but you don't want her to have sex with other guys! And yet you're having sex with lots of other girls. Sounds like a double standard to me. Hey, here's an idea. What if you don't have sex with any other girls but Heather - and me, of course - but have sex with all the guys you want?" She smirked.

He rolled his eyes. "Some deal. No thanks." He continued, "Look. It's not a jealousy thing. Okay, maybe there's a little bit of that in there, but just a little. I don't mind if she has sex with other guys, as long as it's the right guy."

Simone gave him a very skeptical look. She knew he'd essentially said the opposite earlier in the conversation.

Seeing that, he explained, "Really. In fact, I'm trying to get a male friend of mine to up his sex skills so he can have sex with Heather too. It's kind of still on the drawing board at this point, so I don't want to mention his name just yet, but the idea is to get him to do the same kind of stuff I do, so if she can't have sex with me, she can get the same satisfaction with him."

"Ah," Simone said knowingly. "Alan and Alan Lite. The low calorie diet version. Or should I say, tastes great versus less filling?"

He just rolled his eyes and groaned. "Something like that. But I guess there's a difference between that and having her sleep around with lots of guys. Not only is there the STD danger, but it's kind of a turn-off to think of her slutting around in gangbangs and all that jazz."

Simone smirked again. "How deliciously ironic. Yum! You find it a turn off to think of her as a major slut, and yet in the heat of passion you love calling her all kinds of slutty names. And she eats it up."

He admitted, "Yeah, well, I guess that is ironic. But it is what it is. And... to be honest, I guess I'm being a bit possessive about it too. I hardly know you, but I'm being honest with you about this."

"I can see that, and I thank you for it. I know she's a bitch, but she's still my best friend. Speaking of getting possessive, she's MY bitch, if you know what I mean. I'm trying to look out for her best interests, and mine too. I think she's been far, far too cavalier about STDs, so that's why I'm so willing to help you out there. I'm even willing to use all my feminine wiles and charms to limit her partners. And I benefit from that directly too, since lately she and I have been fucking each other half to death!"

She paused, looked around conspiratorially, even though she knew they were alone in the room, and then she whispered theatrically, "You see, it turns out I have a pretty high sex drive too!"

He chuckled. "Color me surprised."

Grinning, she continued, "I see this as a win-win thing all around. If you limit your partners, and she and I limit our partners, that's just smart. Quality over quantity. Plus, hopefully that'll mean there will be more chances for you to have sex with me, either with Heather there or not. I'm over my fear that you'll turn me into some kind of mindless sex slave. Turns out you're just a normal guy after all. But you're a guy who makes fucking fun and damn entertaining! In fact, I'd especially like to have sex with you with Heather there, since half the fun for me is seeing how you treat her. That's a total LSD trip."

He was all smiles. "Yeah, that is kinda fun."

That concluded their discussion about STDs. But Alan knew that if she left he'd just lie there bored out of his mind. And Simone wasn't in any hurry to leave, at least not until the bell rang and it was time for her next class. So the two of them hung out and got to know each other a little better.

Due to Alan's recent injuries, Simone was careful not to tempt or tease him in any way. Or at least she tried. She was such a joker that she couldn't turn her joking off, and since she knew Alan in a sexual way, a lot of her joking with him was of a sexual nature.

But Alan didn't mind, and in fact he encouraged it. He had no problem with it just so long as he didn't get an erection, because he feared that could increase the pain. But Simone's sexual joking was just playful, rather than being arousing.

Chapter 792 Heart Of Gold ?

Later, when Alan was alone, he found himself thinking, Simone is cool. I like her a lot! If I were able to turn back the clock to when I was a virgin and all the awesome stuff that's happened to me since then had never happened, it would be pretty cool to have her as a girlfriend. Of course, there's no way that could happen now. For starters, not even Simone could beat Amy in my book. But still, Simone is someone I could have great fun with both in AND out of bed. Who cares if she's black? That's just an exotic bonus as far as I'm concerned, and screw what other people might think.

I don't get why she's best friends with Heather though. She openly admits that Heather is a major bitch. Yet she doesn't seem to mind in the slightest. Weird. I do know they go way, way back to when they

were little kids, so maybe that explains it. And they are lovers too, so that could put a whole different spin on it. Love makes people do strange things, to say the least.

Maybe Simone could help me with more than just the STD issue. Dealing with Heather is like dealing with a ticking time bomb. Simone could be key in understanding her and even defusing her. Especially now that Simone and I have fucked, that opens up all kinds of possibilities. Hmmm...

Sweetness!

To Alan's surprise, he had to go back to class a couple of hours later. His wounds weren't serious enough to merit being sent home. He'd gotten quite lucky and had little serious damage despite all the hard punches thrown at him.

Lunch with Glory turned out to be another mostly wordless cuddle session. Alan again lay next to Glory and held her tight while she held him. Both of them were naked, enjoying the feel of each other's bodies, but because of his wounds he wasn't up for anything more.

At one point, he thought to himself, In the greater scheme of things, this isn't all that bad. It was a wake up call. I've been getting so full of myself, and this brings me back to reality. Yes, Alan, a lot of girls think you're a super fucker, but life can still kick you in the balls. All too literally. Ouch. I just want to go home and get this lousy day over with. And the homework still hangs over my head. Fuck! What a lousy week. At least I have fucking Mom to look forward to. Just a couple of more days...

And tonight, Brenda AND Xania are coming over. That's nice. I can drown my sorrows in Brenda's fluffy tit-pillows if nothing else. At least, that is, if I'm feeling better by then.

He recalled where he was, in Glory's arms, and thought, If only Glory could hear what I'm thinking, man, would I be in trouble. She'd probably kick my ass even worse than Rock did. I have a feeling there's more trouble brewing, and this Glory situation is going to explode. What can I do to stop that? This time, I have to be smarter and stop whatever happens before it happens. All the cheerleaders know about Glory and me now, and that's far too many people in the know. Word is going to leak and leak, until finally, bam!

I really should talk to Glory about it. She doesn't even know the threat against her. We need to work out a joint strategy, especially against Heather. I feel like this humiliation I went through today is just the tip

of the iceberg and a lot more shit like this is about to hit the fan. This fucked up society I live in simply will not allow someone like me to break so many taboos. The backlash is beginning. But I just don't have the mental energy to discuss it today. I'm going to go home and drown my sorrows in tit-flesh and just fuck away the blues, and then try harder tomorrow.

Alan still didn't know about Heather's confrontation with Glory the day before. Had he known, he wouldn't have wasted any time doing something about it. Heather was busy marshaling her allies to be called on to assist if needed while still deciding the best approach to take. But there was no doubt she planned to "take out" both Amy and Glory sooner rather than later.

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He had one thing to do before he left school: his meeting with Heather in the theater room immediately after school.

Alan was with Katherine since they were going home together, but Heather insisted that Katherine wait outside until they finished. She wore the same short cut-off Levi's and turquoise tank top she'd worn all day.

Alan explained his wounds to Heather, and then said to her, "That's why I'm coming to you. I was hoping you could help somehow, and get the football players off my back. Even if Rock is expelled, there'll be others. In fact, they'll hate me more for getting him expelled and kick my ass just for that."

Heather seemed moody. "Oh, so now you're coming to 'Cunt Girl' and asking for help, huh? Whatever happened to 'Cunt Girl' being too stupid to walk or talk?"

"Heather, that's just talk to spice up the sex, and you know it. Do you want me to treat you like that during sex, or what? Just tell me to stop and I'll stop."

Heather walked up and stroked a finger on the underside of his chin. That made him uncomfortable - it was literally like she was toying with him. "I didn't say stop. But you can hardly call it talking during sex when you fucked Simone instead of me! That makes me mad. And a mad Heather is not a helpful Heather."

"Heather, I'm sorry, but that was your idea to invite her and offer her to me. Can we focus here? I know you can help. What do you want in return for helping?"

Suddenly she turned on the charm. "Want? Now, why would I want anything? I'll do it for you just because we're friends."

"Heather, come on. We both know you want stuff from me."

She spoke surprisingly tenderly. "As a matter of fact I do, but most of all, I want you to like me. Is that so hard? To maybe even consider me for a girlfriend if you and Amy should somehow break up? That's all I ask. And if you should fuck me more often, I sure wouldn't mind."

"Heather, I'd love to, but I can't anytime soon with this twenty-page paper over my head."

Heather pouted and griped, "Twenty-page paper this, twenty-page paper that. That's been your excuse all week. I'll get the boys off your case no strings attached, but what if I get rid of that nasty homework assignment for you too? Don't you think I'd deserve some extra special something for that?"

Alan laughed. "YOU? You would write my paper? Heather, you don't even do your own homework..." A slow dawning hit him. "Oh, I get it. You'd outsource my paper to one of your nerdy admirers. Clever."

Her face was now inches from his, and she breathed her minty breath onto his cheek. He was sure that the way she leaned forward, causing her heavy tits to dangle in the tight tube top in front of his face, was no accident. Her nipples stuck out almost as obviously as if they'd been Brenda's ever-erect projectiles, and it was clear to Alan that Heather wore no bra. He once again pondered how she managed to flaunt the school's dress code so openly.

She said, "Now you get it. What if you spend the time you would have spent on writing that fucking me instead? Isn't that a fair trade? I have certain... needs. Especially anal needs. Would it kill you so much to help me out with them? I mean, I'll probably have to kiss some total nerd on the cheek for a twenty page paper. Talk about disgusting!"

"Hey. I'm a nerd of sorts."

"Maybe I should assign you to do the paper then." She thought about that and laughed at the absurdity of the idea. "And let's make it just you and me next time. Sharing didn't exactly work out. We can get started right now."

She stepped back and slid her Daisy Duke cutoffs down so he could see her blonde bush. She knew he was a breast man, so she cupped her tits and pushed them out towards him as well. "So. What do you say?"

Alan had never cheated on his school work before, and he considered the paper "outsourcing" cheating. He knew he'd feel guilty about it, but felt he had no choice. He felt that it would be wise to extricate himself from Heather altogether.

Furthermore, after talking to Suzanne the night before about the danger of sexual diseases, he'd prepared an ultimatum: either Heather stop having sex with anyone else, or he'd stop having sex with her. But looking at the haughty beauty standing there cupping her boobs with her shorts down to her knees and a desperate gleam in her eye, there was just no way he could say no to partaking in more of her body. He wasn't even willing to present the ultimatum, because he was almost certain that she'd refuse. Besides, after talking to Simone, he wasn't so sure if an ultimatum was the best idea at this time.

So he said reluctantly, "I'll take that deal. But I'll have to pay you back tomorrow. Look at my wounds. I have to go home and tend to them. I'm hurting all over and everything is sore. And Katherine's waiting."

Normally she would have pushed to get her way, but he had a very good excuse with his wounds. So she said, "Fair enough. I was afraid you'd say that. Those do look pretty nasty. Pay back tomorrow, and the next day, and beyond. Agreed? Just keep me on your regular fuck list. Your ASS fuck list, especially. And I'll get rid of those nasty football players. You should realize that I'm really your best friend. Could Amy do the things I do for you? No. Think about that." She pulled her cutoffs up and down comically as if they were eyebrows and she was repeatedly wiggling them.

That gave Alan a strong urge to rip them off and stuff her slit. Then he thought that he'd prefer to give her a solid assfucking. But he kept his resolve and said as calmly as he could manage, "Heather, maybe I misjudged you. I still say you're a bitch, but maybe you're a bitch with a heart of gold in there somewhere."

She really liked that comment, and they parted on good terms.

But inwardly, Alan thought, "Heart of gold?" I'm really laying it on thick. I don't think she has a heart, period. But if that's what it takes to get Heather's help, I'd better do it. Considering that she's already fucked half the football team, she can get them to do anything by denying or offering more nookie. She doesn't do anything for anyone out of the goodness of her heart, no matter what she says. Once Friday is over I'll be a free man without this homework cloud over my head, and I'll be able to deal with her better, on more even terms. And hey, if I have to fuck her more often, like she said, it's not exactly going to kill me.

I can't believe she'd seriously think I'd even consider ever being her boyfriend though! What chutzpah she has, I'll give her that. I mean, she's hot, there's no doubt about that. Had she toyed with her ass and bent over to show me her naked ass, I would have lost it altogether. But her heart is so black. No way!

Meanwhile, Heather thought, Okay. I'm starting to change Alan's perception of me and proving myself indispensable to him. I've got to keep doing nice things. "Nice." I'm capable of nice. I really am. Meanwhile, knock Glory and Amy out of the running without leaving any fingerprints. And how to use my blackmail material without losing the nice image I need to get him to willingly be my boyfriend? Maybe blackmail those around him, so he'll never know. Yes! For instance, use the incest evidence on Katherine instead of on him, and in a subtle way.

This unexpected assault on him plays right into my hands. I can say, "Look, Kathy, you wouldn't want more harm to come to Alan, would you? What if those guys found out what you and he are doing with each other? He'd be lucky to get to jail before they kill him! Don't you think you two should just lay low with each other for a few months, and let me handle things?" It's perfect!

Then doubts began to hit her. But what if I fail? I never fail, ultimately, but I'll admit that I've had some bumps in the road lately when it comes to him. "Sharing didn't exactly work out" - that's an understatement! I really thought that if I couldn't compete with the emotional closeness he has with his sister, and maybe Glory or Amy too, I could make up for it with sheer quantity of quality pussy. But that sure backfired. Now Simone's all hot for him and I don't have a good feeling about that.

Just who is he sleeping with behind my back, anyways? Are there others beyond those three and the rest of the cheerleaders, and if so, what exactly are they doing to each other? I thought I was the only one with the skills and contacts to arrange an orgy, but maybe orgies are old hat for him, for all I know.

I need more information! I hardly know the guy at all except for the all important fact that I must have him as mine. He could have some fetish or passion that I could totally use to my advantage. I need to snoop, and dig up more dirt. I can't have another setback. If he finds out about my blackmail plan

especially, my whole "nice girlfriend" plan will be ruined and then some, and then where will I be? Without a steady supply of quality fucking, that's where!

I mean, it's not like there aren't other guys, and no one can expect me to be loyal to just one man, even if it's Alan. But why are so many guys in this school such utter losers in bed? Fucking them gets so routine, and about the only plus to it is it's better than no fucking at all. Five minutes and out. "A female orgasm? What's that?" I'd rather be with true girls than those girly-men. At least they know how to go down and lick.

Now, Alan, he's in a whole different class. He really knows how to get me going. God, my ass! I can still practically feel his thick tree trunk up there. No one else even seems to know what anal sex IS, but he fucks my ass like he was born to do nothing but fuck it! He's slipping away from me with this "gotta spend more time with Glory" crap, and meanwhile my ass is so unfilled. It's been DAYS since he last fucked it and meanwhile all I'm left with to fuck are these losers like Rock. Spare me. Puh-lease!bender

I couldn't even keep up the pretense anymore with that king of losers. Thank God that ordeal is over. I don't care if I don't win Homecoming Queen if it means I had to spend another month trying to get Rock's pathetic little noodle at least semi-hard. Too bad Alan didn't knock him on his ass. Anyways, I'll find another way to be the school queen than going with the star quarterback. I always win. Always!

Except for these damn setbacks with Alan. He's mocking me the way he fucked Simone right in front of my face yesterday, and it pisses me off. Nobody mocks me. I can't lose him. Period. I never lose, because I have the guts, the brains, and the looks. And most importantly, Lady Luck absolutely loves me. I don't care what it takes, but he is going to be all mine!

Chapter 793 Talk With Suzanne

When Alan came home accompanied by Katherine, there was a big scene.

Susan fretted over him like a mother hen, and immediately called Suzanne over from next door.

Suzanne fretted in a similar fashion, and then Amy came over and fretted too.

Suzanne especially stared at him like he'd been repeatedly run over by a car and was on life support. Even she was surprised by the intensity of her reaction. At one point, she exclaimed, "Don't you ever, EVER get hurt! You might even get killed if you're not careful! I simply REFUSE to let that happen! What would I do without you?! How would I live?! Don't even make me think about that!"

It looked like she was about to get teary-eyed, but she suddenly rushed out of the room for a couple of minutes to recompose herself.

He thought, Wow, Aunt Suzy really loves me! And not just as my auntie. She's IN love with me. I can't get over it, because she's such a goddess. She could do so much better than me. But I guess there's no explaining love.

There wasn't much any of the women could do, because in fact Alan's wounds were superficial. He had some bruises to the face that would last a couple of days, but other than that, he was fine.

Of course he was obliged to show his penis and balls to everyone, since he'd been kicked there.

Many hands checked to make sure it was still okay despite the kicking it received, and that it could get just as hard as usual. His balls were fondled extensively to make sure they were okay.

He complained, "Do you all love me, or just my dick?"

Suzanne responded while stroking his dick back to semi-hardness, "Oh, Sweetie, don't be so sore. Of course we all loved you dearly long before your medical treatments started and any of us even touched Alan Junior. But of all the body parts to injure, why did it have to be this one? Can you blame us for having a certain special fondness for it?"

Susan suggested, hopefully, "Perhaps a blowjob or two could help it get better?"

Alan just rolled his eyes. "No, Mom. It just needs time."

With everyone reassured, he went to take a nap.

However, Suzanne followed him upstairs. As they walked up the stairs together, she said, "Don't worry, I know you need your rest. But I just wanted to find out how it went with presenting your ultimatum to Heather today?"

He dropped his head. "It didn't. I wimped out."

Suzanne huffed with dismay, "Sweetie! Come on. Don't let me down. Don't let all of us down. Fucking someone promiscuous like her is like playing Russian roulette!"

He groaned. He stopped, because they'd reached the door to his bedroom. "I know, I know. I'm sorry. But it's complicated." He proceeded to briefly tell her about his conversation with Simone while they both stood by his door.

After Suzanne heard all that, she smiled and ran her fingers through his hair. "Well, at least there's some progress there. I'm glad that you're taking the STD issue seriously. But still, I think you need to deal with Heather more directly. Maybe not an ultimatum. Now that you mention it, I think Simone is right that that could backfire, given Heather's personality. Instead, present it like this. Tell Heather, 'Hey, I'd have sex with you more often, but I'm concerned about the STD risk if you're sleeping around with lots of other people. The more you cut that down, the more I'm likely to have sex with you.'"bender

His face brightened. "Hey, that's a good idea." He gave her a hug. "Thanks! Aunt Suzy, you're so clever. I'll definitely give that a try. I love it!"

She gave him a friendly squeeze back, but she was careful to keep it merely loving and platonic, due to his need for a nap. "No worries. I understand how you're feeling overwhelmed, especially after getting harassed by a bully. But don't forget that we're here to help. We all love you and we're standing by you."

"Thanks. I love you too!" He gave her a kiss, but again it was just an expression of love and not a sexual invitation.

He went into his bedroom alone.

Suzanne had to fight the urge to cry. She tended to get weepy whenever she heard him say "I love you." She was pissed at herself that she merely told him "we all love you" instead of directly stating "I love you."

She started to walk away, but then she changed her mind and followed him into his bedroom.

He was already in bed and obviously ready to go to sleep right away.

But Suzanne sat down on the edge of his bed and took his hand in hers. "Sweetie? I know this might not be the best time to talk. You're tired, and you've got a lot on your mind. But I have kind of a pressing issue, an important issue. It may not seem pressing to you, but it's something I feel I need to resolve one way or another, fairly quickly."

"Okay. Hit me with it. But please make it quick; I'm fading fast."

"It's about Brenda. I have kind of a wild idea. And keep in mind it's just a wild idea at this point. I haven't discussed with anyone yet except Susan. What would you think if... in addition to Brenda having sex with you, she were to have sex with her son Adrian too?"

There was a very long pause. Then Alan replied, "Okay."

"What? Really? That fast? Are you SURE?"

"Sure I'm sure."

"I was not expecting that at all. Why are you so quick to agree to that?"

"A couple reasons. First, I am soooo tired. And I don't just mean I'm dying to take a nap right now kind of tired, although there is that. I'm tired in a larger sense, every day, because I've way over extended myself. I'm stretched thin till I feel like friggin' cellophane. Mind you, I love every minute of every day. Love it, love it, love it! I wouldn't change one minute for the world. But I know it can't keep going on like this. I'm gonna collapse of exhaustion before too long, literally! There are just too many wonderful and beautiful women in my life. A total embarrassment of riches."

He went on, "I hate to be cruel about it, but tough choices have to be made. I have to decide who I really want to spend my time with. And I don't have to think about that for more than a second. The women I really love are you, Mom, Sis, and Amy. Not in that order, mind you, 'cos there is no order since I love all of you more than one can measure. And Glory. I have to admit that Glory is in there too."

"That's five women right there!" He opened his eyes wide, as if he just realized that for the first time. Obviously, he knew that already, but it stunned him all over again from just thinking about it. "Five amazing, heartbreakingly lovely women. If I can somehow hold on to all five of you, that would be some kind of epic achievement to write ballads and poems about. Brenda is great. She's sexy as hell with her curvy and cute body. But my life will go on just fine without her. I can't say the same about you, or any of the other four."

He went on, "Funnily enough, earlier today I briefly thought about... what if I let Sean have sex with Brenda? And I rejected that idea right away. I guess I'm feeling kind of possessive about her already, and I have to be aware that I'll probably feel much more that way as I get to know her better. But the fact that Adrian is her son changes everything. He's the one guy I would approve of."

Suzanne just nodded.

He grinned impishly as he added, "And Hell, I have to admit it, I'm a horn dog. This way, maybe I can have my cake and eat it too. Hopefully, I could still have sex with Brenda from time to time, but probably not all that often if she's got Adrian, since she lives with him and all. You told me she's only supposed to come here a couple of times a week anyway, due to Mom's jealousy of her boob size and all that. So it wouldn't be fair for me to force her to refrain from all sex outside of that. This would be safer than having her dating random guys."

Suzanne said, "That's what Susan and I are thinking, that we could get back to the original idea with her, with her coming to the house a couple of times a week. You know, poker parties and fashion shows and the like."

His smile widened. "Cool. Sounds like a plan. But I also have my second reason, which is probably even more important."

"What's that?"

"Aunt Suzy, I'm blessed. So damn blessed. And lucky as hell. My whole life changed for the better thanks to that six-times-a-day diagnosis. Things are so great for me that it's pretty much beyond belief, even if I am stretched thin. How I wish every guy my age could have a fraction of my good luck. Obviously, that's impossible. For one thing, there aren't nearly enough bombshell beauties like you to go around. But maybe I could spread the joy to one other guy: Adrian."

Alan's smile widened even more as he pondered that. "Geez, can you imagine? That would be so cool. I've talked to Brenda about Adrian some, like that day you, her, and me were hanging out in your backyard, before Mom came back from church and busted us. You remember that?"

"But of course."

"I got the impression that he's a pretty sad and lonely kid. Kind of like how I was before, only times ten. And I'm sure he's totally in lust with his mother. How could he not be, with a mom like Brenda?"

Suzanne said, "I'm sure you're right on both counts. Of course I was paying attention when you talked to her that day, and I've talked to both Susan and Brenda about Adrian on other occasions. In particular, this morning I talked to Brenda at great length about all kinds of things to try to feel out if this idea of mine could work. Adrian is a sad and troubled boy. Brenda, unfortunately, means well, and she loves him, but she's been a terrible mother. Her parents spoiled her and she was basically raised by a maid, so as so often happens the cycle repeats and Adrian has been spoiled and basically raised by a maid. The same maid, as a matter of fact. Maybe I'm looking at things through rose-colored glasses, but my gut feeling is that having sex with his mother could make him into a new man, just like it did for you."

Alan said brightly, "Yeah! I could believe it, for sure! Aunt Suzy, you don't know the deal. Incest is AMAAAZING! Actually, I'm sure that in most cases it sucks, 'cos it's usually bad stuff like a creepy parent forcing his or her way on an unwilling child. But where it's a mutual feeling, bathed in love, like what happened to me? AMAZING! And that's how it would be between Brenda and Adrian, I'm sure. It makes me all excited thinking about how happy we could make both of them by doing this. It's like handing someone a \$100 million winning lottery ticket, only better! Seriously!"

Suzanne squeezed his hand. "That's all good. I'm proud to see you show such a giving spirit. But if we were to do this, problems are bound to arise. From all I know of you, you're just not good at sharing your women."

He was quick to reply, "True. But Brenda's not one of 'my women.' If it were you, Sis, Amy, Mom, or Glory, forget it. No way! Not in a million years. I know I'm a hypocrite, given all the sexual partners I've been having, but that would break my heart. I love all of you too much."

Suzanne squeezed his hand again, and smiled. She didn't want to say anything in response for fear of getting "too mushy."

He went on, "But I can deal with sharing in other cases. For instance, Heather. It's true I'm not keen on sharing her with others, but that's mainly because of the sexual disease issue. We've worked out a sharing deal where she can sleep with a limited few others. And that's because I don't love her. I'm not close to loving her. And I like Brenda a lot, definitely much more than I like Heather, but I'm not close to loving her either."

Suzanne pointed out, "You say that now, but you've only known her a short time. Relationships evolve. It's inevitable. Knowing you, odds are you'll get to like her more and more, the more you get to know all of her and not just her extremely fuckable body."

"True. You're probably right. Already I get that she's a really nice person. It's just that she's a little spoiled from all her money and her good looks. But I really, really doubt I'll come to love her even half as much as I love you. And if that starts to happen, we can rethink this arrangement. But here's the bottom line. I can do without Brenda. Easily. I mean, she's nice, and VERY sexy, but I barely know her yet, much less love her. Whereas I'm almost certain that Adrian needs her sexually even if he and Brenda don't realize it yet."

He concluded, "I'm trying to grow up, and do the right thing. It's tempting to just say: mine, mine, mine! I seem to have some kind of sexual charisma, and I've fallen in bed with more remarkable and totally gorgeous women than I can shake a stick at."

Suzanne couldn't help but joke, "You do shake your stick at them a great deal. Not to mention even more poking and impaling."

He chuckled. "I walked right into that one. Anyway, it's tempting to say I want them all. For instance, Xania's an incredibly sexy woman. I want her to be mine and mine alone. And Heather. And Simone, her best friend. She's great too. And Christine. Definitely Christine, and screw the consequences! Hell, throw Kim in there. And Akami. And so on and on. But that's just unbounded selfishness. For one thing, most of them wouldn't go for that. And even if they somehow did, it's just not physically possible for me. I'm already stretched waaaay too thin, like I was saying before."

He concluded, "But the main thing is, I don't love any of them. Well, I probably do love Christine, but things couldn't work out with her for a thousand reasons. I need to be realistic. It's time I start making the tough choices. Call it triage, if you will. With what you suggest with Brenda, it's brilliant, because I'll only have to half let Brenda go."

They talked about it some more, with Suzanne pointing out all of the possible drawbacks that she could think of. But none of her arguments were enough to get Alan to change his mind.

Ultimately, he was an optimist. He knew the situation was an almost certain set up for big trouble later, but he had faith that everything would work out well for everyone involved in the end.

Despite Suzanne's reputation for being the most jaded of those in the "true" Plummer house family, she felt much the same. She was even more cognizant than Alan of the many ways this arrangement was likely to blow up eventually, but she also felt in her gut that it was the right thing to do.

There was one important factor that Alan found too awkward to discuss: everything that he'd heard about Adrian gave him the impression that Adrian was timid, if not downright wimpy. So Alan felt free to be generous and experimental, because he didn't see Adrian as any kind of threat.

Chapter 794 No Mercy For The Sluts

Susan was extremely disappointed that Alan wasn't up for anything sexual, because she had gotten used to lots of orgasms every single day, but she hadn't climaxed once since Alan left for school in the morning. She and Suzanne had hardly touched each other all day. At first, both of them were recovering from too much dildo fun in the past two days. Now that everyone was home and they were feeling better, Alan's injuries ruined any erotic mood that might have developed.

Susan decided a phone call to Brenda would help her spirits. Their friendship was growing by the day, due mainly to their frequent phone calls. Mostly it was phone sex talking about Alan, but they also talked about lots of other things during their calmer moments, with Susan generally giving Brenda a crash course in the Plummer family and its history to help her become a part of it.

However, this time, Susan craved orgasmic relief, so she tried to get to the phone sex as soon as she could. First, she broke the news about Alan's injuries, and reassured Brenda that his hurts were pretty much all superficial and easily healed.

Brenda was very concerned, naturally.

But Susan downplayed the injury as much as she could without outright lying. She figured there would be time to talk more about that later. Right now, she wanted to get to the "good stuff."

She went back to the topic of Alan fucking the "four cheerleaders" earlier. (She knew it was three cheerleaders plus one "new girl," but it was easier to describe it as four to Brenda.) She hadn't been able to cajole more details out of Alan about what had happened between him and the four girls aside from the one brief description he'd given her, but that was enough for her thoughts and fantasies to run wild.

She enthusiastically asked, "Don't you just love that Tiger is fucking cheerleaders? The whole team! AS a team, working together to serve him!"bender

Brenda was just as enthusiastic. "Oh, I do! I do! It just goes to show that he's such a natural master. A lord and master to them all! Are you sure it's the whole team though?"

"I'm pretty sure. There are only six cheerleaders at his high school. He's fucking at least five, for sure. But I believe he's fucking all six!"

"Oh GOD!" Brenda squealed like she'd just had an orgasm. "Have you met them?! Are they hot?! And busty?!"

"Well, you know Katherine and Amy, and they're both hot and busty. And I've met Heather, the head cheerleader, and she's very hot. And very busty! She's the stereotypical tanned beach blonde type, with a very stunning face, like one of the stars on that Baywatch show. Frankly, I don't know the rest, but I'm sure they're all sexy and stacked!"

Brenda breathed huskily while she played with her pussy, "Sweet Jesus! I hope they're all seriously stacked, like you and me. I'll bet they are!"

"I'm sure they are!" By now, Susan was busy masturbating too. Frankly, if she and Brenda would have known what Joy, Janice, and Kim would have looked like, they would have been disappointed. While all three of them were quite pretty, they weren't stunning and "stacked" the way Katherine, Amy, and Heather were. But since they didn't know, they could let their imaginations turn them into impossibly perfect beauties.

Brenda panted, "What I love best is that they apparently all know that your sexy son is fucking the others, and they're okay with that. That's just... extraordinary! It's like he's creating one harem at home and another at school! Maybe he'll make a third harem out of his sexiest teachers."

"Oh God!" Susan loved the sound of that. She was flying high, playing with her nipples and pussy while keeping her head near the receiver.

While Brenda dug deep into her slit, a new thought hit her. "You know what? I'll bet he has them do private cheerleading routines for him. Naked! Or better, half dressed. It's better if they wear part of their uniforms, like their miniskirts. What colors are their uniforms?"

"Red! All red!" Susan practically shouted that answer, simply because Brenda's words were making her so horny.

"Oh, I can picture it now. Six tremendously stacked and curvaceous cheerleaders, all jumping up and down and bouncing around, all desperate to make his cock stiff and throbbing again, so he can fuck them all some more!"

"Five!" Susan yelled.

"Five? But I thought you said there were six?"

"Yes," Susan agreed, "but don't you think it's better if five of them do their routine while the sixth one bounces up and down on his fat cock?"

Brenda laughed. "Great idea! Five it is!"

They continued to share cheerleader fantasies while masturbating until their fingers were soaked. Susan had told Brenda the few facts she knew, and from that, the two of them elaborated fantastic stories about "the rest" of the things Alan did to the four girls he was with that day, plus the two other cheerleaders for good measure.

Brenda had a particular "thing" for bondage, so thanks to her input, the six girls were soon all bound with rope.

Susan liked that a lot, and was quite vocal about it.

So as the two busty mothers talked and masturbated some more, Brenda elaborated on her bondage fantasy. "The six cheerleaders are all on the knees, with their arms bound behind their backs and their ankles bound together too! Alan has them in a line, and goes up and down it, randomly sticking his huge horse cock in their mouths!"

"Oh Gaawwwd!" Susan panted. "So hot! But what if they're in a circle instead, so they can all lick him at the same time?"

"Good idea," Brenda agreed, while steadily frigging herself. "So, with six tongues eagerly licking all over his long, stiff snake! Six! Can you believe it?! SIX!"

Susan was practically hyperventilating. "I can! I can! Dear Jesus! Oh God! Oh God!"

"He says to them, 'Listen, bitches! Here's how it's gonna be. I'm your master now, and you're my slaves! You will do ANYTHING I say from now on. ANYthing!'"

Susan gasped. She was working her clit pretty good. "But that's so rude! And forward. What if they say no?"

Brenda ignored that, and continued to speak as if she were Alan between heavy breaths, "'You six will serve me exclusively. I want all of you to break up with your boyfriends immediately! Is that understood?' The six busty babes look adoringly in his eyes and all say as one, 'Yes, Master.'"

Susan squealed, "No way! 'All as one!' I love that! Oh God, I'm gonna cum soon! But what about the fact that Angel is his sister?"

"Oh yeah. Heather asks about that. 'Alan, how can you fuck your own sister?'"

"He answers, 'Just look at her. How can I NOT fuck her? Do you have a problem with that?' But Heather just shyly bows her head. She feels the sexual power radiating from this remarkable young man, and she feels the heat coming from his crotch. She can't even manage to look there, because she knows she won't be able to control herself if she gets a glimpse of his massive trouser snake!"

Susan squealed, cutting in, "She knows her duty is to obey! To obey and serve! To endlessly pleasure his cock!"

Brenda loved the interruption. "That's right! That's right!" She failed to say more, because she was frigging herself to a nice climax.

But Susan was desperate for more. She practically begged, "What happens next? Is he playing with their big tits while they cover every inch of his hot and throbbing cock with their eager tongues?!"

"But of course," Brenda confidently agreed, while remembering to fondle her own hefty globes. "They're all almost as busty as you and me. In fact, what if we show up in the fantasy and show these cheerleaders just how good big-titted Alan slaves behave?"

"Yes, PLEASE!" Susan cried out. "You have the BEST imagination! In fact, let's pretend he fucks me in front of the ENTIRE cheerleading squad! And then he can do you! And then, spankings!" She knew Brenda would like that a lot.

Now Brenda was the one to squeal. "Yes! Yes! Spankings! While we're all tied up! Oh Jesus! He's gonna be walloping my sorry ass!"

"Wait! Wait!" Susan clutched her chest while she caught her breath. Finally, she said, "Spankings is great enough. But ropes too?! That just too out there. It's like, beyond the beyond! I don't even let myself fantasize about stuff like that."

"Why not? You think that's out there? That's nothing! Try this. Instead of ropes, what about public stocks? You know, those wooden things the Pilgrims used for punishment."

Susan breathed in awe, "Stocks?! ... Too hot!"

Encouraged, Brenda went on, "And not just any stocks. Special stocks for spanking busty, naked women! It would pretty much divide your body in two. There's a special hole to fit into, with your legs and ass on one side, and your upper body on the other side. And two other holes on each side so when you pull your arms back, they're locked in place. WHAM! The stocks are clamped down and locked in place! Now, you're just left hanging there, with your big tits dangling on one side and your ass presented like a peach on a platter on the other. You can squirm and writhe and wiggle all you want, but nothing can help. You're totally hopeless!"

Susan actually had a climax as she frigged herself while crying out, "Dear Lord! Have mercy!"

Brenda was strangely triumphant while she kept on masturbating to climax too. "There's no mercy! None! What's more, imagine a whole row of stocks like that, and with a naked cheerleader locked in each one!"

Susan screamed as she kept on cumming. "AARGH!"

"And then, and then... Alan comes walking along! Strutting like the lord and master that he is!"

"AAIIEE!"

Brenda asked, "What's he going to do?"

Susan had to wait until her orgasm finally tailed off. Then, despite her near delirious state, she somehow managed to shout in the phone, "You KNOW what he's gonna do! He's gonna fuck them all! In every hole! Until they're screaming and squirming and sweating and begging for more! Or begging him for mercy to stop, or both things at once! And, and... spankings! UGH! And they'll beg and scream and cum so hard! Oh God! Oh God!"

Brenda said, "Damn straight! After that, they'll be his forever, if they aren't already! His sex pets!"

"HNNNG! UNNNGRH!"

"But wait! There's more!"

Susan's entire body was still writhing, even though her orgasm had just come to an end. "No! Please, stop! I beg of you! I'm liable to, I dunno, horny myself to death!" It had only been a minute from her last orgasm, but she could feel another even bigger one coming on.

Brenda laughed. "There's no such thing. And when I said there's a row of public stocks, I didn't mean there's just six, one for each cheerleader. There's at least eight! That means there's room for you and me to get in line too!"

Needless to say, that aroused Susan even more, if such a thing was possible. "Mercy! Mercy! Brenda, please!"

Brenda was in a strangely authoritative mood. "Nope! No mercy for you! Now, take off your clothes, ALL your clothes! Except for your high heels, of course."

"Of course!"

"Then get down on your knees like a good slut should! Stick your head into the public stocks so you can be publicly fucked and publicly humiliated! By your lord and master!"

Susan screamed as she let go and climaxed again.

Brenda had been playing with herself too, and she also let go and screamed just as loudly. Her orgasm was so intense that she actually squirted a little bit.

The two of them continued in that vein for a half hour or more. Their big orgasms were just minor speed bumps. They loved the public stocks idea so much that they kept going with that.

By the time their mutual fantasy was over, Alan had fucked the entire cheerleading squad plus Susan and Brenda multiple times and in every hole. And it took place in a public square, with hundreds of strangers watching. He left all of his women thoroughly soaked in his cum. (Realism wasn't a high priority in their shared daydreaming.) The important thing was, both Susan and Brenda had very satisfying orgasms and felt sexually satiated.

Then, just like post-orgasmic cuddling and talking, they continued the call and talked about other things. In a lot of ways they were quite different. But they felt they were going to be close friends for a long, long time, bound together by their submissive love of Alan, so they had a seemingly endless number of things to talk about.

Before the call ended, they got to discussing the upcoming poker party and all the things that could happen. That built up their anticipation. Both of them were practically counting the minutes until the party started.

Chapter 795 To Fuck Her In The Ass

When Alan woke, he felt much better. His penis hadn't gotten as much activity as usual since the morning before, and it felt great. The soreness that had bothered him in the morning was long gone. He hit the books and studied well until dinner.

Actually, he mostly studied well, but faced a steady stream of interruptions. All four females repeatedly wandered in and out of his room, each one trying to act like Florence Nightingale. He found it especially endearing to see how doting the usually hard-nosed Suzanne was.

Most of the women merely peeked in to check on him without disturbing his studies. But Amy seemed not to understand that consideration. She eventually came in, wearing a short pink dress, and sat right on his lap. "Hey, Beau! What's up?"

He wrapped an arm around her, but said, "Not much. But as you can see, I'm trying to study here."

She wrapped an arm around him too, and snuggled up close. "I know that, silly. But you need to chill out from time to time, am I right? You've been working hard for a while. Besides, I wanted to ask you something about Christine."

"Oh really? What's that?"

"I'm curious how come you haven't gone to the beach with Christine again, or some other fun after school thing like that."

His heart started to beat fast as he recalled Christine in her sexy blue bathing suit. But he tried to play it cool, and just said, "We do stuff. She's a good friend. We'll probably go on another practice date soon."

Amy could feel Alan's penis engorging, because she was sitting directly on it. But she didn't react to it yet. "Yeah, but don't you want to want to see her in a super sexy bikini?"

He asked suspiciously, "What's it to you? And what do you think of my friendship with Christine, anyway?"

She started to reply, "Hmmm. That's an interesting question." She finally visibly noticed his erection, by squirming and bouncing on it a little bit. "Hey, what do we have here?! The Christine Effect!"

"The what?"

"Oh, don't worry about that. It's just kind of a thing I noticed. Anyhoo, what do I think of you and Christine? Hmmm..."

"Hey!" He noticed that Amy had just repositioned herself, and then reached into his shorts and started stroking his erection. "What are you doing?"

She giggled. "What does it look like? Geez Louise! I'd totally think you'd know by now. It's called a handjob!" She giggled some more as her fingers slid up and down his stiff pole.

He sighed. "I know that! What I mean is, WHY are you doing it?"

"Well, isn't that totally what we're supposed to do when your thingy gets all bonerrific like this? Besides, who says you can't study AND get some stealthy help? Wouldn't that be more fun?"

He sighed again, but thought, Hell, why not? I must admit it feels pretty damn good. "Well... I suppose we can give it a try..."

"Yeay! Cool beans! You're gonna love this, I promise!" She suddenly got off his lap and knelt down between his legs.

He muttered, "I'm sure I'm gonna love it. That's not the problem. Will I actually be able to study though?!"

Amy had been in the middle of taking her top off, but she changed her mind and pulled it back down. She resumed jacking him off instead. "Don't worry. You totally won't notice I'm here. I won't say a word, I promise. I'll even keep my clothes on, and you know how much that bugs me."

Due to Amy's promise to stay silent, he never did get an answer about what she thought about his evolving relationship with Christine. He was too distracted by her "stealthy" help to remember to ask.

Amy soon repositioned again. Alan had a desk that curved from where his computer was and stuck out into his room. She bent down under the desk so she could not only fondle, but also breathe on his penis. Plus, she was in position to give him a blowjob at a moment's notice if given permission.

She tended to get carried away, and periodically he had to remind her not to lick as well.

That put Amy's ass in a very visible position for anyone walking into the room. Even he could see some of her bare, round rump sticking out from under the desk from where he sat.

As he did his algebra homework with Amy lightly blowing on and fondling his erection, Katherine walked in. She casually flipped up Amy's skirt and fondled her friend's exposed pussy the whole time she talked to her brother.

When she left, she kept the skirt that way, so that other visitors could also enjoy the excellent ass.

Susan chuckled when she came in and saw how Amy's ass hung there. She said, "Oh, goody! Tiger, you've agreed to the stealth help. I'm so pleased. Amy, I can't see what you're doing, but I don't hear any slurpy sounds. Are you only using your hands?"

Amy whispered, "I'm not allowed to talk!"

Susan said, "I'm sure it's okay to talk to me, for just a minute. Right, Tiger?"

"Right," he said.

So Amy whispered, "Just hands. Well, I'm kind of licking him a little bit sometimes, but not much. I don't want to distract him from his work."

Susan said, "Good. We'll take turns about every half hour or so, to make sure nobody gets too tired. Amy, please remember to do a good job on his big cock or else he's going to have to spank you. That's a boyfriend's prerogative, you know."

She gave Amy's ass a few playful slaps. "Remember, you're one of his official personal cocksuckers. That's a big responsibility."

Susan was going to say more.

But Alan told her, "Mom. Please. Aims isn't really distracting me, but you are. She's doing great."

Susan left shortly after that. There was a new spring in her step, as she looked forward to taking her turn soon.

Suzanne, on the other hand, was disturbed by the situation when she came in, mostly because of her continuing inability to deal with her daughter's new sexual awakening. She nervously looked up at Alan, but her eyes kept drifting down to her daughter's tempting bare ass.

She complained, "Sweetie, don't expect me to bend under the table for you like that. It isn't dignified for any woman to do that." She hoped that would send a message to Amy not to flaunt her ass like that and that there were limits to how much they should pleasure Alan's cock, but it didn't have any effect. She resolved not to visit again until Amy had been replaced.

Alan wasn't happy with Suzanne's appearance either, since the interruptions were piling up. He complained to her, "What is this, Grand Central Station? In the last ten minutes, you, Mom, and Sis have all come in here. At this rate, I'll never get my homework done."

"Sorry," Suzanne said. "I guess we're all just a little bit eager to have some sexy fun with you. I'll put the word out that you aren't to be disturbed unless you call for something, or if it's time to replace your penis tender."

"Thanks," he curtly replied.

Time flew by, and he was pleasantly surprised to discover he could get a fair amount done with the stealth stroking going on. It certainly was a lot more enjoyable that way!

After thirty minutes, Susan came in wearing nothing but high heels, and took Amy's spot.

Alan wasn't surprised that she had more trouble than Amy keeping her efforts to a "reasonable" level. From the beginning, it was more of a stealth licking than a stroking, although she definitely stroked him continuously as well.

After a couple of minutes, he complained, "Mom, remember that this is supposed to be a stealth stroking. Emphasis on 'stroking.'"

She poked her head up from under the table to make eye contact with him. She pouted, "I know, but it's this positioning. It puts your big cock inches from my face. How can I NOT lick?! I'm only human! Please, allow me this pleasure? Think about all the nice things I've done for you over the years. I need to lick

your cock so desperately badly! But I promise to just stick to licking. And if you can't study like this, let me know, and I'll go back to just a handjob. I really will."

He sighed heavily. "Okay, fine. You know I can't say no to you, especially when you give me that sad puppy dog look. But NO sucking! Okay?!"

She beamed with joy. "Yesssss! Thank you! I promise you, you won't regret it! You'll hardly notice I'm here!" She resumed her licking with great enthusiasm.

He shook his head in wonder. Man! Here I am, trying to study, while my naked bombshell mom is under the table and practically begging to lick my dick! After taking over from Aims doing the same thing! Good God! Who'da think my life would ever come to this? I swear, I'm never, ever going to get used to it!

Time passed.

He was pleasantly surprised that his mother actually stuck to her promise and didn't try to suck him at all. He was even more pleasantly surprised to discover he could continue to make progress even with that much stimulation. He knew better than to try something that would require a lot of mental energy. But luckily, he had some fairly mindless tasks to do. He was careful not to tell her this though, for fear that the stealth licking would turn into a full-on stealth sucking, after all.

After another ten minutes, he paused his studying to revel in the situation. Mom is the definition of a busty bombshell. Her hourglass shape couldn't be any more perfect in my eyes, and her face is motherly yet sultry at the same time. But she proudly calls herself one of my "personal cocksuckers," and she loves to do this sort of thing every day!

Is it really possible that this is how things are going to be from now on?! What if stealth stroking and even stealth licking catches on? What if all my lovely ladies really take turns licking me every time I do my homework, and they never get tired of it?! Could life actually be that good? For anybody?! And why me?! What did I ever do to deserve this?!

Man. Too many questions!

The time eventually came to decide who would take the next turn under his table. Suzanne decided to decline. She still considered it too undignified and indulgent to participate with the stealth help. Besides, she had to go back home and prepare dinner for her family.

Susan had to do the same, so Katherine relieved her after another half hour. She caught on that the stealth stroking had turned to stealthy licking, and happily did the same as Susan.

Then it was Amy's turn again. She also lapped on him non-stop.

Then Susan had another turn. And so it went.

Alan's dick was stimulated for over two continuous hours, yet at the end he still hadn't given up a cum load, since he wanted to save all his cum for the card game.

Alan gave his penis a break during dinner. He actually was relieved to be flaccid for a while. He worried he could be pushing his penis too far.

He made a point of helping with the dishes after eating to at least do some small thing to help stay grounded.

Then he went back to his homework. Susan came in to have yet another turn at the "stealth licking."

Despite his worries about overtaxing his penis, he enjoyed the help from earlier so much that he let her. The card game was to start later than usual, expressly to give him a couple more hours to study.

However, Susan seemed to be in a more serious mood this time around. She came in dressed in a silver silk cheongsam, a Chinese formal dress which covered a lot of skin by her recent standards but was slit high up her sides. Rather than sit under the desk as the others had done, she sat next to him in another chair and just jacked him off silently and lightly for some minutes.

But Alan had a hard time studying because of the way that she intently looked at him the whole time. Furthermore, he knew how much she preferred licking to just stroking, especially if she could do it while naked and kneeling. Clearly, she wanted to talk. But she just stayed silent.

Exasperated, he put down what he was doing and turned his full attention to his mother. "Mom, something's on your mind. What is it?"

Still jacking him off, she looked at him with a touch of sadness, and said, "Tiger, I'm concerned. There's one topic that you and I haven't ever really discussed." She paused with embarrassment. "Making love. The two of us, making love."

His heart went to his throat to hear this most sensitive of topics broached. He tried to put the issue to rest quickly.

"Mom, I know you want to fuck me, and I want to fuck you. Or make love. That sounds better. You're perfectly fine with it, and so am I. Everyone who knows us, even the professional psychologist Xania, thinks it's high time already we get down to it. We're both waiting for the right time, and I'm sure it'll happen soon once your period is over. So what's to discuss?"

She sighed. "So many things. I have lots of concerns, although they're not the same concerns I had even two weeks ago. Of course I'm fine with it, to say the least. I can hardly wait! All my qualms are gone, and it's like I'm counting the minutes until you'll be fully sheathed in me, taking total control of me and my body. It means the whole world to me! But I'm wondering if it'll be so special for you."

She paused, then dropped her head, staring at her hand sliding up and down her son's erection. "I mean, you're fucking so many exciting and gorgeous women these days. Your big cock is stimulated in many different and exciting ways, each and every day. Could it be that your thrill in fucking your mother is gone? Is that why you're in no big hurry? Maybe I just don't have 'it' like Suzanne does? I still haven't figured out that squeezey PC-muscle thingy she does..."

He put his hands on her shoulders. "MooooOOOOooooom! Come on! You know that isn't true. I want you so bad that I'm a wreck most of the time. There's nobody I want to fuck more than you! I'm obsessed. Half the time when I'm fucking someone else, I'm thinking of you, imagining if this is what it'll be like with you or how it'll be different."

Her eyes lit up. "You're fucking me by proxy?!"

"Definitely."bender

"That's so hot!" Her hands slid up and down his shaft with renewed speed and vigor.

"There's nothing that excites me more than the idea of making love to you. Nothing! I love you and I want to love you in every way. I can hardly stand it. God, just look at you!"

He slipped a hand down to caress the underside of one of her big tits through her clothes, while bringing up his other hand to hold her chin and caress her cheeks. "Mom, listen to me. I love you with all my heart! I desire you in a carnal, lustful way just as much. The thought of fucking you is like a constant fuel for my lust, and it seems that most of the time when I'm fucking someone else it's just to take the edge off from the thought of being with you."

Susan was touched, and switched to stroking his thick erection in a more tender and loving fashion. "Aaaah, Son. That makes me so happy. But if that's so, why haven't you done me yet? Why don't you plant your seed deep inside me and claim me now and forever?"

He groaned lustily. His hand on her hefty melon slid to her erect nipple, which he pinched through her clothes.

She moaned lustily too. "Mmmm!" Then she did something to her cheongsam, freeing the silky fabric over her tits and pulling that panel away, leaving her topless. Her huge melons were already heaving up and down in time to her heavy breathing. "Aaaah! That's better, don't you think? It's just like your favorite T-shirt!"

He brought both hands to her huge tits and pressed them together. "Oh God, Mom! You're so sexy!" He tilted his head down and planted his face deep in her cleavage. He took a big whiff of her scent. It smelled lightly perfumed and very feminine.

She held a hand on his head while still jacking him off. "Aaaah! That's nice! Mmmm...."

For the next minute or two, neither of them spoke. Alan couldn't easily speak, since his nose was deep in her cleavage, and he was licking whatever his tongue could reach. He also was distracted with his hands playing with her tits and especially her nipples.

Susan, meanwhile, was basking in the joy of the moment. Getting to stroke his cock while he licked and fondled her tits was as wonderful to her as sucking his cock, which meant it could hardly be topped by anything.

But eventually he sensed she wanted to say more, so he lifted his head back up to resume eye contact.

She stared deeply into his eyes while endlessly rubbing his sweet spot. "Son, I know I've been saying 'no' the whole time, but couldn't 'you' tell that my body was screaming yes? I've basically dedicated myself to be your full-time sexual servant. I call myself your personal cocksucker, your sex pet, and more... and I mean every word! I keep telling you just take a woman if you want her. Don't take no for an answer. Who do you think I'm talking about? Barbara Walters? I'm talking about me!"

She unexpectedly stopped her stroking and got down on the floor just below him.

That forced him to stop playing with her great tits.

Spreading her legs wide, she flipped up the flap of her one-piece silver cheongsam and lewdly exposed her pussy for him. "Look, Tiger! There it is! Do you know how many times I've put myself in a position like this, or similar to this? How much more obvious can I possibly be, showing off my needy cunt to you? I need your cock in me like I need air to breathe! I have to have it, in every hole! It's a mommy's duty."

She continued, "These last weeks has been the best time of my life, by far, but it's been utter torture too. There have been so many times I've half-expected you to lose control and just up and fuck me. So many times I secretly wished you would. But you never did. You've turned me into a complete sex addict because I've become at least as obsessed as you are! Probably more. At least you have other people to fuck and to suck you to 'take the edge off,' as you put it. I haven't had a real cock in me for ages! Fingers or plastic just aren't the same. I need YOU!"

She added with growing arousal, "In fact, the only man who's ever fucked me was your father, and for all practical purpose that still leaves me virtually a virgin. You could hardly call what he did to me 'fucking.' When will you have mercy on your poor mother? Think of me as your virgin mommy, and I need my cherry popped. God, I just have to get laid! Reamed! Stuffed!"

Alan's erection was as hard as steel looking at his mother splayed out like that. "I know, Mom. I'm sorry. It's taken me a long time to learn that 'no' can mean 'yes,' but I'm finally getting it. And there are times lately when I was ready to do it. But there's always been something that isn't perfect. And it's built up to such a big thing that I want it to be perfect. I have to admit, I'm feeling a lot of pressure. Everybody seems to think I'm the world's greatest lover or something. So what if I just have one climax in me, and that's it? That would be such a let-down for me, and I'm sure for you."

She snickered, "Well, THAT'S not a problem. Even if you cum fast, I know you'll be so thrilled that you'll get hard quickly and cum in me again and again and again!"

"I know! But even that isn't enough." He said more emphatically, "I want us to make love for hours and hours the first time. Nonstop for days, even! I want to drench you in my cum, from head to toe!"

She closed her eyes and moaned erotically, "Mmmm! Tiger! That's just what I want! To be your personal cum dump! To squeeze every last spermie out of you and onto my face! My tits! My ass! And especially deep in my cunt! Then I'll finally feel complete! I'll finally be your big-titted mommy slut in every possible way! Owned by you in every hole!"

He spoke earnestly, "I want that too! So very badly! But it seems that I've always been on the edge of physical collapse or utter penis exhaustion. I want it to be amazing! Unbelievable! The fuck of a lifetime! I want it to go down as the greatest fuck in the history of the universe. And I guess I'm afraid that I won't be able to be as good for you as I wish and dream I could be. I'm scared, I guess."

She got back up and sat on his lap. She stroked his unruly hair with one hand and his stiff hard-on with another. "There, there. Anything you do will be great, because I know how much you love me and how much you care for me. I have to admit that the event has been building up and up in my mind too, and I do want something really special. I love your fantasy of dousing me with your spermy seed, so I can rub your liquid love into my skin, all over. That will symbolically mark me as your sexual plaything in such a lovely way. But I'm sure that whatever you do will be awesome, because you're an awesome guy. My son. How was your first fuck with Amy? Or with Suzanne? Or Angel?"

"They were all great. As much as I hoped for and then some."

"There. You see? And the way you broke in my virgin ass exceeded all my fantasies. It'll be incredible because we love each other so much that our passion will overcome everything. You'll see." Her fingers slished up and down the pre-cum drooling down his shaft.

He smiled. "You're probably right. But there's more pressure on the man to perform, and I'm feeling the pressure. I keep learning new things so I'll be better when we finally get together."

He suddenly switched gears. "Mom, you know, there's more to life than stroking my cock. Speaking about breaking in your ass, let's lay on my bed so I can fondle your sweet behind. How can we have a serious discussion if I haven't properly 'gotten your attention' yet?"

She smiled and replied, "Yes, Lover." Then she moved over to the bed. She finally took her cheongsam all the way off, making a slow, tempting production out of it.

Once the cheongsam was on the floor, she whispered huskily, "Hnnng! Son, I love being naked for you. I love it so much!" She sensually ran her hands up and down her sides and caressed her tits. "Understand this is NOT a game for me. It's not 'sex talk' either. When I say I want to spend the rest of my life serving you and your big fat cock, that's exactly what I mean!"

He just gulped and even whimpered.

Then, bending over to let her huge globes sway downwards, she made an even bigger production out of taking off her high heels.

That caused a lurch in Alan's already painfully hard boner, because he knew things usually got hot and heavy when the heels came off. Lately, whenever he saw her, she was typically either in her high heels, or in bed, or in the shower. Occasionally, she was even in bed with heels, if he was there.

He got on the bed first, and then she got on top of him. They both moaned in pleasure of making full-on naked body contact. He especially loved feeling her large orbs press down and conform to the shape of his chest, but feeling her hairy dark brown bush scrape across the skin of his hot shaft was also quite stimulating.

She naturally reached for his erection again.

But he held her hand back. "Lover," - he made deliberate use of that word - "let me focus on your pleasure for a while. Let me put all my concentration on your ass while we continue our conversation."

"Okay. If you insist... for a while."

They both giggled at her cock stroking and sucking addiction.

She enveloped his face with her gigantic knockers. "Now, where were we?"

"Well, I wanted to talk about the whens and wheres of making love. I don't know much about women's periods. Do they come to an end all of a sudden, or is it a gradual tapering off?"

He aggressively mauled her ass cheeks while he spoke. Meanwhile, his penis poked out from the bottom of her ass, delighting his knockout mother in the way it rubbed against her ass cheeks. He'd become remarkably adept at doing all kinds of sexual things while maintaining a normal conversational tone.

She started sliding her ass back and forth over his stiffness, giving him a kind of dry hump. "There are some women's mysteries that should remain mysteries. I'll let you know when my body is ready to have sex, okay? We could do it during my period in a pinch, but I'd rather not for the first time. I hate to get graphic, but there are times when your mother is gushy in more ways than one."

"Oooh, you're right. More info than I need to know. But can you guess when it'll be over? Friday, I hope?"

"Friday, maybe Saturday."

"Saturday?! But I'll be on my hiking trip by then." He brought a hand from her ass to one of her enormous breasts resting on his face and started caressing it.

"Don't worry. Either you'll do it just before you leave or when you come back. Either way has its merits."

He asked, "Either way? What's the merit to waiting a whole 'nother weekend?"

"What if I just get a little taste of your fucking and then you have to go? I'll be so miserable. Suzanne was telling me today about how badly she needs it now that she's got it. Her day just isn't complete unless you filled her cunt with your sizzling hot seed at least once. I'm afraid I'm going to be the same way. They'll have to put me in a coma until the weekend is over or I won't be able to handle it. Actually, I'm probably going to be like that if we do it before OR after."

"Good Lord. How will I keep you all in line? I still have an energy problem, you know. It's ironic how all the sex was supposed to fix my energy problem but instead it just leaves me more tired than before."

She smiled a wicked smile. "Don't worry. I know you'll do just fine." She kept sliding against his boner, keeping the dry hump going (although it was anything but dry, with her pussy steadily leaking). "You'll keep all us sexy babes in line, I'm sure. In fact, I have one solution."

"What's that?"

"You have to keep us all under your command with a firm hand. Frequent spankings are in order when we get too needy."

He chuckled. "You're just saying that because you want more sexy spanking action. When spankings are a reward that just encourages everyone to be naughtier."

She chuckled too. "You see right through me. But it's true. Spankings are a good way to keep us under your thumb, but mostly, you have to control us with that big cock of yours. Keep us naked, wet, and ready, but not too demanding on your limited time and energy. Perhaps more fuckings for good behavior?"

"Excellent idea. In fact, that's such a great idea, I should implement the system right away and reward you for it. Since we still can't fuck properly, I know of a needy ass around here that seems to be demanding too many spankings." He reached around her to caress and squeeze her ass cheeks with both hands.

"Ooh! Are you going to give me a spanking as a reward or punishment? I'll take either."

They both laughed some more.

She repeatedly flexed and unflexed her ass cheeks in his hands to try to show she very much approved of him fondling her there.

He said dramatically as he kneaded her ass, "I know you will, but neither. I think you need a good assfucking right now!"

Chapter 796 Fucking Mom In The Ass

Alan suddenly rolled over his mother so he was on top. He aggressively attacked her body, forcing her to turn over and present her ass to him.

She squealed with delight. As there was a lot of tickling and sexy groping involved, she didn't exactly mind terribly much. But to think he was actually going to fuck her ass again was almost too exciting for her to contemplate.

"Tiger! I can't believe it! What a good son! Do me deep in my naughty hole! Mommy needs her buttfucks!" The thought of what was coming plus all the wrestling around had her panting and heaving before he even started.

"Are you lubed up?"

"You don't have to ask. I lube first thing in the morning and keep it that way. You know that; we all do that now. I consider it a duty and a privilege as one of your big-titted nymphos to have my ass always ready for your deep anal penetration."

"Awww, Mom. Don't talk that way. You're so much more than just one of the girls. You're my special one. And now I'm going to pour all my love for you into your very special ass."

"OOOOH!" Susan's exclamation said it all as she arched her back while he pushed his cockhead in.

Then once that was accomplished, he continued the rest of the way in one slow, deep stroke. It took about a minute, but he never stopped his steady penetration.

She exclaimed, "YESSS! ... That's what Mommy needs more of! So much COCK!"

He was surprised at how quickly and easily he was able to push in. She didn't have a super tight ass like Amy's, but it was tighter than some others, such as Katherine's. He figured it helped a lot that she seemed extremely relaxed, almost like she was under the influence of a muscle relaxant. Her muscles didn't tense up at all.

He held at the bottom of his stroke and let his hands maul and knead his mother's ass cheeks, enjoying the spastic grip of her anus and involuntary milking by her clutching interior on his boner as he toyed with her. Feeling a tad playful, he slowly drew his throbbing pole from her backside, loving the way her asshole was pulled outwards by its reluctance to release its captive.

"So ... are you saying you need more anal sex, Mom?" His cock was halfway out now and still pulling back.

"YES! Give Mommy more!"

"Is it that she needs more? Or just wants more?"

"NEEDS MORE! Fuck it back into me! Please! I beg you!"

He had pulled back until just the head of his dick was inside her asshole. As she screamed her lust, her anus clenched so tightly around him that he couldn't have pulled out even if he wanted to.

Her anal grip was so tight it was almost painful - there was no way she was letting any more of that thick pole get away from her.

He lifted his hands from her ass cheeks and started stroking her flanks with feathery caresses.

He was so excited by her tight squeezing that he found himself over the climax threshold before he could clench his PC muscle and sustain the erection. He slumped forward and gushed rope after rope into the depths of her ass.

Yet he was so aroused that when he pulled out, he found his dick was still hard. It didn't show any signs of going down either. He'd always had remarkable regeneration abilities, but now his penis was acting as if it simply didn't have to get flaccid anymore.

He looked down at it with more than a little bit of pride and said, "Hmmm. Still stiff. What are we going to do with this?"

Susan looked over her shoulder and exclaimed, "Oooh! Stick it back in!" She turned back fully expecting him to continue where he left off.

He pushed an inch or so back inside her eagerly welcoming asshole, but then he decided to tease her a little. "But what about your cocksucking fetish and overwhelming desire to eat cum? Are you saying I should spend more time here" - he swung his hips to stir his cockhead around inside her butt - "than in your mouth? Hmmm. I'm a busy man, you know, and I need to keep my priorities straight."

Susan was panting for air so heavily that she could scarcely breathe. Her erect nipples rubbed on his bed sheets, making her breasts come alive. Clearly, that didn't help her think.

"Yes," she whispered, while lowering her upper body to lie flat on the bed with her head turned to the side, but her ass still up for him to use. "That's what Mommy's saying."

She closed her eyes and tried to get control of the involuntary humping motion that threatened to take control of her hips. Her asshole was throbbing powerfully now, and her butt seemed to have an insatiable hunger. "Mommy still loves sucking cock and eating your delicious cum just as much as ever, but now she's discovered something just as good. Better, maybe!"

She looked back over her shoulder with such adoring love in her eyes that he couldn't help but be moved.

He asked devilishly, "Are you sure that you're Susan Plummer? The Susan I know is very prudish. She thinks anal sex is extremely nasty. And incest with her son is even nastier. Incestuous anal sex with her very own son is just such a nasty, evil idea that she wouldn't even be able to conceive of it."

"No!" His mother cried. "That's the old Susan! Bad Susan! Dumb Susan! This Susan has such a needy ass! Please have mercy and FUCK your mommy's ASS!"

He prodded, "Are you saying you'd actually want to engage in evil, nasty anal sex with your own son? I understand it's so very improper." He smirked to be using her catchphrase.

"Good Lord, YES! Fuck my butt! Don't tease! Don't make me cry! Pleeeease!"

"I'll take that as a yes." Spreading her butt cheeks widely with his palms, he slowly pushed his erection all the way back into his mother's welcoming rear hole.

Susan was so overwhelmed that she could only gasp for air. She felt a wetness on her face and realized she was already crying, but crying tears of joy. I'm going to be Tiger's butt slut! He wants me to be his butt slut, just like I dreamed he would! He's going to drill my ass until I just can't fucking stand!

He flexed his thick pole, still buried to the hilt inside her, to get her attention.

She let out the loudest and most satisfying gasp of contentment he had ever heard.

As she was overwhelmed by an incredible sensation of fullness, she thought, Oh YES! That's the way to get my attention! Mmmm! Mommy's going to need to change the boundaries for 'getting my attention' to doing THAT to my butt every time! Otherwise, I might just have to pretend I don't notice him until he puts his hard cock deep in my ASS and flexes it to properly get my attention. Ooooh, yeah ... he's going to make all my assfucking dreams come true! I need to tell him!

But then he complained, "You know, you sound awfully demanding, yelling that I have to fuck your butt. Remember what you were saying earlier about how I have to provide discipline when my women get too needy?"

Suddenly he pulled back one hand and swatted one of his mother's ass cheeks. It was a hard blow.

Susan's meaty buttock rocked and rolled, while her muscles involuntarily squeezed and clenched his boner still impaled deep in her ass.

Massaging the cheek he'd just smacked with one hand, he unexpectedly hauled back with the other and swatted her other butt cheek.

She loved it. She was so completely consumed with lust that her only reply to his question was a long, sexy, and desperate groan. She thrust her ass back and forth, causing his erection to slide in and out of her tiny rear hole.

She was hoping that he was just in the early stages of a full-on spanking. But he only gave her a couple of swats on the ass, because he wanted to get back to the ass fucking.

He set a slow, luxurious fucking pace he knew would drive her to distraction. He actually hummed quietly along while pumping away, humming the melody "I've Been Working on the Railroad" for some random reason.

He sat behind her and kept both hands firmly on each butt cheek, sometimes spreading them wide open, and sometimes pressing them close around his erection like he was fucking her butt cleft in addition to fucking her asshole. He'd been very much enjoying the ass fondling, and he was glad to continue with that even as his dick remained occupied with other things.

He thought, I need to stop and appreciate the moment. I'm well aware that Mom has a perfect porn star body, and that includes her perfect ass, so just feeling it up to my heart's content is a great honor. He knows that few men will ever physically encounter an ass as lovely as this one, and yet I'm surrounded by perfect bodies with asses that are just as impressive. I'm such a lucky motherfucker!

He mostly couldn't see her face, but every now and then she turned back to look at what he was doing, and the most interesting facial expressions crossed her face. She was so visibly emotional that she partially looked like she was suffering through the agony of giving birth. Lucky, he knew she was experiencing ecstasy instead of agony. Her moans roamed up and down in pitch, but unusually, she added yelps and even shrieks.

After many long minutes, Susan couldn't stand the suspense anymore and broke the verbal silence.
"Good GOD, Tiger! How long can you keep doing that?"

"A long time. Let's find out. Where are your usual cries of 'harder' and 'deeper?'"

"No need. I know that you're gonna fill me as hard and deep as any man can! Yes! Like that! MMMM!
Oh! Too much! MMMM, YES!"

"Well, are you going to say anything else?"

"Too intense! Can't talk! You talk!"

He was having a hard time speaking too, but between intense grunts and thrusts, he said, "What?
Something corny like, 'I'm gonna ride your chocolate highway?'"

She could only get out one or two words at a time. "Too ... graphic... Just ... keep ... going with ... your ...
fudge packer."

They both laughed hard at that, which was a difficult thing to do given how hard they were both
breathing already.

When he recovered a bit, he thought, To think that one day my mom would call my dick a "fudge
packer." Where did she even hear that?! Is there no end to the weirdness?

He decided to relax a bit longer to get his usual second wind. However, he kept his erection deep in her
asshole as they rested spooned together on his bed. One or both nearly drifted off to sleep several
times, but his rock-hard cock up her ass was too distracting for sleep for both of them.

Suddenly, he started feeling his mother clenching and unclenching her ass muscles, as if she was
experimenting or testing something. She turned her head around and he could see her mouth working
like she was sucking on an invisible penis. She had a confused look on her face.

"What is it, Mom?" He pulled his penis out of her ass so they could face each other better.

"Your cum ... I can taste it!" Susan whispered, disbelievingly, "I haven't gotten any in my mouth yet, but somehow I can taste it! Mmmm..."

"Are you sure?"

She said slowly and tentatively, "Yeah! I've noticed it about a minute after we started fucking and I could sense it ever since. It's not as strong a taste as when you cum in my mouth ... It's a fainter taste, like an echo or a memory of it ... but I'd know that sweet taste anywhere. It's not just my imagination, it's stronger than that. Mmmm! Yummy! Spermy!"

Her eyes were wide with wonder as she looked again back at him. "But how?!"

"How should I know, Mom? Maybe you should ask Aunt Suzy. Or one of us could ask Akami, since it may have a complicated medical explanation. Are you sure you're not just having some kind of, oh, I don't know, taste flashback to an earlier cocksucking? Or did some flavor burp up or something?"

"No. It's strong, and it's new. There's no doubt in my mind ... I mean, I imagine the taste of your sperm ALL the time, and I often have some lingering smell on my face or my tits, keeping me happy all day long, but this is different. It's almost like I can taste what's going on in my ass."

"Huh. Well, let's see if it gets stronger if we do more. I'm game for another round anyways. Put it in, Mom. I want you to take the lead for a while. Fuck my hard cock with your ass. Show me how much you need it."

She raised a shaky hand between her thighs to grasp his boner and guide him to her needy asshole where it had been just a minute before. The feeling of even temporary emptiness had been very hard to bear. She didn't need the rest breaks like he did. She was eagerly awaiting a resumption of vigorous thrusting.

Once she felt her anus begin to stretch around his cockhead, she started pushing her hips back, eager to fill her butt up once again. She didn't stop pushing back until she felt her leaky pussy kiss his balls.

"Thank you ... Oh, thank you Tiger! My lover." She shivered as she ground her back against his tickling pubic hair. She started churning her hips on his erection.

After a while, she stopped her churning motion and let her son take over. Both of them lost all sense of time as he fucked his mother in the ass for what seemed like ages. When he finally came, he squirted inside her asshole until he had nothing left to give.

Susan came at the same time with the first deep anal orgasm in her life. Her whole body shook and trembled more than Alan had ever seen it shake before, and it felt like her asshole was going to crush its way through his penis and suck it inside.

He almost worried that she should be braced down lest she knock her head into his headboard.

A surprisingly large amount of cum spurted out of his penis and deep into her ass.

Susan felt like the inside of her ass was being flooded with the hottest soothing liquid balm she'd ever felt in her life. Her asshole had clamped down so tight that there was nowhere else for the cum to flow but deeper up her butt, flowing into and coating every bit of her overheated interior. If her son's thick pole scratched the sexy itch she had deep inside, his cum soothed away the hurt of getting her butt so thoroughly reamed for so long.

She felt like she was filled to the brim with cum. This was in large part due to the fact that he'd already blasted a load into her ass earlier, almost as soon as he'd started fucking it. So having this second load really was a special filling feeling.

Eventually their mutual spasms and exertions ended. As he started to pull out, a copious amount of cum flowed out as well, despite the spastic constriction it had to pass through.

Once his breathing had more or less recovered, he asked, "Was that good?"

Susan laughed, since she thought the answer was so self-evident. She replied, "Tiger, Son, my love... when it comes to rising to the occasion, you have nothing to worry about come Friday or Monday or whenever we finally do it. 'Was that good?' Ha! That was the greatest! I thought our first assfuck

yesterday was great, but this was way better! Plus, you came inside me twice! I've got a lake of spermies inside me. The first time was good, but the second time... Oh my! I saw stars!"

His pride soared after hearing that.

She added, "You gave me more of a thrill with that thorough double assfucking than I've ever had in my life!" Then she thought back, and corrected, "Well, that is, if you don't count some of the other unbelievable things you've done to this body lately. You've given me so many thrills. All my best times have been with you, in just these last two months."

She smiled a warm smile. "I can't believe I had to wait until I'm 37 years old to find out just how good anal sex really feels to me."

He chuckled and hugged his mother, nuzzling her ear. "You're right, it's an absolute crime that you haven't been buttfucked like you deserve up until now. Every time I give you a good orgasm like that, it builds my confidence. Being with you isn't like when I'm with anyone else. You're my mom! And not just any mom, you're the best mom in the history of the universe! I so desperately want to make you happy."

She beamed with joy at his words, especially the "history of the universe" praise. "Oh, Son! You do. Just by being next to me, and touching me, you do. Anything above that is just a bonus. The fact that you keep my thighs wet and my nipples hard nearly twenty-four hours a day is even more of a bonus. Feeling so much of your liquid spermy love sloshing around deep inside me is still MORE of a bonus!"

He loved hearing that. "Some guys try to go to good schools and become doctors or lawyers to please their mothers and win approval. Whereas I want to fuck you so good that you'll forget your name in one continuous hour-long multiple orgasm."bender

"You have no idea how close you've gotten already. You've made me forget my name more times than I can count. And somehow, anal sex is such a deep personal bonding thing. Whenever you fuck my ass, I feel like I'm slipping even deeper into your power. More and more, I want to dedicate my body to sexually servicing you. My son!"

They kissed affirmingly.

Chapter 797 Insatiable Alan

Susan and Alan relaxed next to each other on the bed. Alan somehow still had his T-shirt on, even though it had gotten quite sweaty, but that was the only item of clothing between them.

Susan's hand wandered over his chest and down to his groin. "Now, there's a sight I don't see every day: my Tiger with a flaccid penis. How would you like me to revive it?"

"I'd rather you didn't at the moment. It's awfully sensitive and it'll need a good rest before the card game. I mean, I just came twice! And we're going to have a party with Brenda AND Xania there! Geez!"

She happily teased him, "You're gonna need all the sexual energy you can get!"

"I know. That's what I'm thinking. If I get stiff again, you're going to drain me completely dry, which will spoil the party. So please, let's just let it be. But if you're desperate for more cum, there should still be some leaking from behind you."

"Okay. You're the boss." Susan winked and pulled her hand away from his penis so she could start transferring gobs of cum from between her buttocks to her mouth.

But before she started, she froze as she had a sudden realization. "Wait. The cum taste in my mouth is gone. It didn't get stronger, but it seems that when you took your penis out of my ass it finally stopped. I'll just have to replace that lingering taste with a fresh brew."

He chuckled over her insatiable hunger for his cum. It didn't take her long to scoop up most of the spillage and stuff it in her mouth. Then she got up and went to the bathroom.

She thoroughly washed herself clean. Then she brought a wet washcloth back to Alan and used it to wash his privates clean. Once that was done, she crouched over his erection and got busy "cleaning" his penis and balls with her tongue and lips.

He asked, "Mom, why are you doing that? You just cleaned it with the towel."

She replied as she lapped at his balls, "I used that towel because one has to be extra careful about sanitary things after anal sex. But you know I have a cleaning ritual too. That's not really about cleaning, it's about love. I'm trying to show you how much letting me enjoy your cock means to me. And it's about respect - respecting this great big slab of man meat that rules me and controls me."

He thought that comment was amusing since his flaccid penis hardly looked like a "great big slab of man meat" at the moment. He reached out, ran his hand through her hair, and said, "Thanks, Mom. You're the best. I love you so much!"

The two of them settled in for a nice after sex cuddle, with Susan resting right on top of him.

But he grew restless after a little while. Now that he was no longer thinking about the anal sex, he had a lot of worries on his mind.

She soon sensed his disquiet. "You know," she said into the silence between them, "since we can talk for once without me stroking or sucking you, let's talk. I have to admit that it can be a bother trying to suck cock and talk at the same time, though usually that just means I wish I didn't have to answer any questions."

She gave him another great smile, one that could melt any man's heart. "What's bothering you? I feel like we haven't been interacting as mother and son as much as we used to since we've developed this new relationship as lovers. Talk to your mommy."

"Okay, but only as long as you don't use the word 'mommy.' That causes a Pavlovian-type reaction and instantly makes me hard. Right now I have to devote part of my brain to extremely unsexy things to stay flaccid and that's also why I can't look directly in your beautiful face."

"That makes me so glad to hear. I of course get that same Pavlovian reaction, where my pussy starts throbbing and dripping and my nipples get hard, from just the smallest thing. Just about anything you say or do turns me on, because I love you so much. Did you know the very word 'Tuesday' gets me going? Sometimes I actually start to salivate just from hearing that word, the desire to blow you gets so strong. But in any case, let's get back to your problems."

"Well, you know the usual homework woes. But there's this complicated situation with Heather. You know her and how bitchy she is. It started last Tuesday. And I'm having issues with my teacher Glory too. That started on Tuesday too. What is it with Tuesdays? In fact, this Tuesday, I'm thinking that next Tuesday, I should look back on our Tuesday tradition, and decide if Tuesday is-

She giggled, punching him in the arm. "No fair! You're just making stuff up as an excuse to say 'Tuesday' a lot."

He grinned. "Guilty."

"It's working too. But now that you've got me all hot, tell me what's really happening."

He went on to explain in great detail what had been happening to Heather and Glory, though he purposely left the other cheerleaders out of the picture. He generally didn't like to kiss and tell, and figured the fewer lovers his other ladies knew by name, the better, for both jealousy and security reasons.

It felt great for him to just unload his mental burden on someone.

Susan listened sympathetically, but she didn't give much feedback. She did get quite aroused, though, especially from hearing how thoroughly he dominated Heather at times. Had his penis not been too tired out, she would have been ready to go again.

She did ask lots of follow-up questions. In particular, she pestered him repeatedly for more details on what he'd done when he'd had sex with Heather, two more cheerleaders, and the mysterious "new girl" earlier.

He generally didn't like to kiss and tell, but he decided he could say more on this occasion since she knew the identity of three out of the four girls involved. He just made sure not to mention the one name she didn't know.

The real story didn't come close to the wild fantasies that Brenda and Susan had come up with together, but Susan got extremely horny hearing about them just the same, to the point that she couldn't resist masturbating a little bit. The important fact for Susan was that his version of events was real, and just

thinking about her son being serviced by four beautiful girls at once practically pushed her over the orgasmic edge. Any more details were just icing on the cake for her.

However, Alan mainly wanted to talk about his problems, so he managed to get the conversation back on a serious basis before long.

Susan wanted to be a good mother, so she forced herself to calm down and really listen. It was a constant struggle for her to keep cool though, since all of his problems revolved around trying to juggle so many different women in his life, and that fact alone aroused her.

However, just before he was completely finished unloading about his woes, Susan looked at the clock and said, "Oh, poo. Would you look at that? It's almost seven o'clock already. I have to clean up the house before our guests arrive. This place is such a pig sty lately. I'm sorry about that. But let's talk more about this later, okay? I'm so glad you want to confide in me about these things. Most kids don't think their mothers are 'cool' enough to really tell everything."

"Most kids don't fuck their mothers up the butt and then cuddle naked while talking in explicit detail about fucking the head cheerleader up the ass."

"Good point. I feel so sorry for them. Those sad, prudish, grossly-underfucked mothers. I wonder if there's some way I can help educate them about the need for incestuous love making. Like some kind of educational outreach program. But that's a thought for another day. Please get back to work. You can still get in another good hour."

He was secretly amused by her "outreach" idea. He wanted to test just how serious she was, so he said, "Okay. Mom, I just had a funny thought. Some kind of Alcoholics Anonymous-type support group for mothers not yet practicing incest."

She gave him an eager, delighted look. "Ooh! Good idea. I could lead the group and provide weekly tips on son seduction and cocksucking techniques. But who should we invite, and how can we get them to come?"

"Mom, I was joking. Joking? You know, the real world out there? The one that despises and demonizes incest? You know that was just a joke, right?"

"Oh. Fudge ... packer."

They both laughed.

She sighed. "Still, I feel so sad for them. I literally can't bear to think what my life would have been like had I not woken up and begun to live."

"Me too. Let's not even go there." The mere idea of what might have been left a melancholy feeling between them.

It looked like Susan was making a move to get up in an attempt to start her cooking chores, so he asked, "Can you send Sis in here?"

"Sure. What for?"

"Stealth stroking, of course." He thought to himself, I can't believe I just said that!

He elaborated, "Sorry that I'm getting hard again right as you go. But somehow, talking to you, especially about Heather, got me slowly worked up, but I don't want to cum again before the party. I just want to stay on a low buzz."

"Oh my! Tiger! You're so insatiable! Oh! You see? That right there, you're calling for me to get Angel to stroke you, that got Mommy soooo darned horny! Oh dear!. And you're right, that talk about Heather got me all worked up too. Not to mention all those 'Tuesdays' you mentioned." She giggled. "I love the way you can tame even her. Can you get me some pictures of her naked and begging for your cock? I'd love to see that."

"Umm..."

She continued, "But shoot. Now I have to go cook and clean while all squishy and gushy. Even knowing that Xania AND Brenda are coming over and that you'll be stroked and sucked and fucked all night long, that STILL isn't enough for you! You truly are a MAN! Oh God!"

"Ah, it's not that big a deal. Stealth stroking is no biggie. I used to masturbate for hours at a time on one climax way before any of this started, with a real low, mellow stroking. This is just like that, except with someone else doing the work."

"No, Tiger. This shows that you've reached a new level. You've been stealth stroked all afternoon long, then you fucked me in the ass, then you want more stroking before the card game begins! You're reached a point where your penis is practically constantly hard and pleased aaaalll day long! This is so exciting! Admittedly, you were flaccid for about half an hour while we just talked about Heather and Ms. Rhymer, but still. Your cock is every woman's dream: permanently hard, horny, thick, long, and ready!"

He said, "Well, I don't know if that's every woman's dream, or if that's only certain horny mommies' dreams. Some might find it too tiring. Most, actually."

She was undeterred. "That's what's so great about you having a harem. No one woman can satisfy you, but we can maybe do it if we pull together as a team."

"Come on. It's not like that. For instance, I didn't have a single orgasm at school today."

"Listen to you. How many students ever have an orgasm during school their entire life? You are the most potent and virile man in town, and you're my son! Oh my God! My tits are so excited! I think they've taken control of my brain again. Look! They're running my body and demanding action."

He smiled at her conceit. "Demanding action? What do you mean?"

"I don't know. I can't tell what they're doing or thinking. Look! They're drawing me closer to you. Oh no! They seem to be drawn to your hands. It seems they need to be fondled or, even better titfucked, as they can see your cock is suddenly hard again."

As tempting as she was, he kept his hands to himself. He didn't want to cum again before the party.

She went on, "Or even better than that, they should get milked! They need their daily milking! They must remember the promise you made to milk them daily."

She pulled closer to him, trying to pretend that her tits made her do it. She vigorously shook her head no and tried to "hold back" her tits with her hands, but to "no avail." Her head recoiled back as if trying to disassociate itself from her rowdy chest. The act was a lot of fun for both of them. Her desire to cook and get the house ready for guests was completely forgotten.

He deadpanned, "I don't mean to reward their behavior; I heard something about how one should never negotiate with terrorist tits or hostage-taking hooters, and these malevolent mammaries clearly appear to have taken the rest of your body hostage. But as I've got to get back to my books, I'm going to make short work of these unruly udders."

Susan gasped. "'Udders!' I love it!" As much as she loved his word play, she enjoyed his sex cow reference more.

He sucked on one tit and put all his effort into mauling the other. His free hand went to her pussy and found her G-spot.

With that triple attack, she was quickly reduced to a quivering wreck. Whenever he asked her a question such as, "How's that?" she only replied with cow moos.

He brought her to climax in only a couple of minutes. With the rebel tits "defeated," he commented, "You know, Mom, I really should get you for that. Your sexy ways are ruining my attempts to study. A spanking is too good for you."

"Then what will you do to me?" There was an excited gleam in her eye.

"I think I'll hand you around to all the other women with my dares in the card game tonight, to be used and abused. You'll be passed around as if you were some kind of desperate bisexual nympho."

She laughed in glee and said sarcastically, "As if!" They both knew that she'd love nothing better, and that the term fit her pretty well already.

Susan soon left, though they both could have gone on like that all day.

She left rubbing her ass; the anal pummeling had left her rear quite sore. In fact, her ass had only just recovered from her first assfuck yesterday. She decided to ask Suzanne later if there was anything she could do to better prepare her asshole so she could take Alan's penis more easily and more often. She worried that Suzanne might not have an answer, and wondered if scheduling an appointment with Akami to learn all the nurse knew about anal sex was too drastic or not.

She'd kept away from his penis all during her imaginary tit takeover at Alan's request only because he knew where that would lead.bender

Only a couple of minutes later, Katherine came in and took over the stealth stroking duties. Without so much as a hello, she dropped to her knees and went to it. She'd even lubed her hands up with oil before she came in, for extra pleasure.

He pondered while his sister silently stroked. Mom's right. I do seem to have reached another level. I'm averaging about six or seven climaxes a day these days, and it's not as big of a challenge to constantly reach that as it used to be. My dick is rarely sore anymore, and my cum loads are big and bountiful. In fact, my body seems to be producing more and more cum every day. I think I've reached some kind of plateau though, because I wouldn't want to cum more times a day even if I could. It never seems to get boring because everyone is so arousing and inventive, but I do have to have at least a semblance of a non-sexual life too.

Maybe my body is just adjusting, in the same way that it can acclimate to extreme cold, heat, deprivation, or whatever. It's acclimatizing to extreme sexual stimulation. If you spit all day, your body produces an incredible amount of spit, so it makes sense that if you cum all day, your body does the same with cum. The human body is an amazingly flexible thing.

God, Mom is horny and sexy though. She made me completely and utterly forget about my beating and wounds, not to mention my mountain of homework. Oops. Until now, that is. Dang. Grrr. Stupid injuries. On the plus side, I could be fucking Mom as soon as Friday! Let's see. In theory it could happen as soon as I get back home from school, so that would be ... forty-three hours and thirty minutes from now... Wow. Words can't even begin to describe how that makes me feel.

He went back to his books, or at least he tried to. Needless to say, the thought of fucking his mother was a big distraction. He hardly paid any mind to Katherine sitting underneath his desk, though of course he got a low buzz of pleasure from her oily stroking.

Finally, the time for the weekly card game drew near.

Chapter 798 Making Brenda Cum

Brenda had totally succumbed to her desire for Alan. It seemed that nothing else in her life held more meaning than being with him, serving him, and especially getting fucked by him. The days since the fashion show on Sunday passed slowly and painfully for her. Masturbation sessions every day and night did little to sate her hunger. She did have the occasional sexual dream about Adrian, since Susan had started telling her about how much she loved mother-son incest, but her dreams focused much more on Alan, since he seemed to be the personification of her ideal master.

She repeatedly called Susan, and getting to talk to her often made her day, especially when they had phone sex talking about Alan. She'd even visited the Plummer house, but she'd only been able to see Susan (and sometimes Suzanne). They'd resisted actually letting her be with Alan again before Wednesday's game, pointing out that he had his hands full and then some.

Brenda loved her growing submission to Alan, but there was a part of her that was deeply afraid. She'd had submissive fantasies for a long time, but they had stayed mere fantasies until she'd fallen under Alan's spell. The deeper she succumbed to her submissive desires with him, the more she worried about ever being able to function as a "normal" person again.

But those worries were put aside for now. She was so excited that she arrived at the house nearly an hour before the poker game was to start. She was ready to do anything and everything it might take to gain more access to Alan. She had to fulfill her fantasies no matter what the cost.

Suzanne was ready to exploit Brenda's desire to the hilt, and Susan was willing to play along with any of Suzanne's schemes that used Brenda, mostly due to her continuing jealousy of Brenda's breast size. Plus, Susan was easily aroused, and this was highly arousing for her. She could see a lot of herself in busty and beautiful Brenda, to the point that sometimes it seemed like an out-of-body experience watching Brenda submit to her son.

Suzanne had just gotten back from dinner herself, and was helping Susan by cleaning up the living room. She answered the door, and saw Brenda standing there in a long trenchcoat. "Good evening, Brenda. My, my, aren't you early. Please come on in. How are you doing?"

"Much better, now that today is Wednesday. I'm sorry that I arrived early, but I'm so excited that I couldn't wait! Where's Alan?" Brenda carefully scanned all the rooms she could see, as if he might be hiding behind a sofa. Her heart was already pounding wildly, and her pussy was pulsing in time to her heartbeat.

Suzanne smiled as she considered the time and then the possibilities. She was still holding the front door wide open when she noticed Brenda's car parked on the street. "Hey! Is that an Aston Martin?"

Brenda grumbled impatiently, "Yeah. It's a Volante, which is the DB7 convertible."

"Nice." Suzanne whistled in appreciation. "What year?"

Brenda couldn't restrain herself. She barked, "It's, uh, four or five years old, but who cares? Where's Alan already?!"

Suzanne closed the door before answering, "First things first. You're here far too early, so he's still doing his homework. That gives us plenty of time to teach you how to be a lesbian."

"Lesbian?" Brenda asked, disappointed but not completely surprised. She'd been tossed around like a lesbian plaything between four women the last time she was here, and she'd enjoyed it more than she wanted to admit. She particularly loved French kissing Susan and Suzanne. But still, she continued to pretend that she was reluctant, even to herself. The fact that she had an ingrained bias against it somehow made being "forced" to do it that much more pleasurable.

Suzanne explained, "It so happens that Sweetie loves his women to be bisexual, so if it makes you feel any better, you can pleasure us for his sake. You should know that Susan's just been learning all about lesbian play herself these past couple of days, because she'll stop at nothing to sexually please him. Do you have the same dedication?" She stared impatiently and intently at her ultra-buxom guest.

Brenda withered under Suzanne's glare, because she was highly conflicted. She didn't say anything because she didn't know what to say. It's so hot thinking about being forced to do this for Alan. But on the other hand, if I give in here, I'm going to have to do all kinds of depraved things to women without Alan even being there. But then again, I'm so fucking horny! Not that that's a good excuse to agree to this...

Suzanne added, "Now remove your overcoat and let's see what you've got on."

Brenda still made no response to the idea of being turned bisexual. But she thought to herself, Dammit, this sucks, but if Alan wants me to be bisexual, then I'll have to try my best. If Susan can do it, I can do it too. I've been expecting as much anyways. Suzanne especially is very demanding. It feels good to obey her commanding, sensual, rough voice. Plus, I'm hoping that tonight is the night he officially makes me one of his personal cocksuckers. I've gotta earn that title by proving that I can do whatever it takes!

She took off her coat and revealed an outfit that made the daring one she wore last week seem fuddy-duddy in comparison. She wore a loose cut-off T-shirt that (barely) covered the middle of her tits and nothing else. She also wore bikini bottoms that were more like a G-string, and leather boots that came halfway up her thighs. Everything was black, her favorite color. The dark clothing went well with her dark brown hair and contrasted with her light skin.

Susan walked up and joined them at the door. She came straight from doing the dishes and still held a dishrag in her hand. Unusually, she wore a formal, dark blue business suit. She'd worn that because Suzanne had requested it.

Suzanne was also dressed rather conservatively, wearing a blue suit much like Susan's. She'd chosen her outfit and Susan's outfit in anticipation of Xania's appearance later, as she figured they had to keep up appearances for Susan's sake that Xania was a normal psychologist. Also, she wanted a sharp contrast between what she and Susan were wearing compared to what Brenda wore, to heighten Brenda's arousal and humiliation.

Brenda stood proudly, with her arms under her massive breasts, thrusting them up and out. Ha! I've got a great body; there's no doubt about that. Fuck false modesty - I'm seriously hot! Alan's going to fuck me tonight, I just know it. I'm gonna rock his world and give him no choice but to accept me as one of his personal cocksuckers, and more! Soon, he'll count me as one of his sex pets too!

"What do you think?" Suzanne asked her best friend, nodding at Brenda's outfit.

Susan looked Brenda over carefully, and then answered, "Not bad." She exaggerated, "The outfit is a little bit conservative for my tastes, but I'll grudgingly admit her big bouncy tits make up for it." She continued more sincerely, "I particularly like how the top utterly fails to cover up their undersides, and how those extra-pointy nipples poke through. I could easily imagine Tiger's cock getting stiff and wanting to fuck right through all that luscious and bouncy titty flesh! But they say you can't really know how good a product is until you taste the merchandise."bender

Suzanne liked that suggestion and what it said about Susan's growing love of nipple nibbling and cunt licking. "Excellent point. But Brenda, you made one serious mistake. Your nipples are so extraordinary; they long to be free, so keep them uncovered whenever you can. Now, take it all off. Get totally naked except for high heels, because Alan loves those, and you're covering up too much leg with those boots. I want you to strip. Now."

Brenda looked back and forth between Susan and Suzanne. Dammit! I'm already ridiculously underdressed compared to both of them. I should put my foot down and tell THEM to take THEIR clothes off! But... ARGH! My need is too great! Just thinking about stripping in front of them is getting me so WET! And I can't say no to Mistress Suzanne! Her face burned red in shame as she slowly took her top off and let her mountainous jugs swing free.

She waited for a reaction now that she was topless, but Susan and Suzanne just stared with poker faces. That made it harder for her to keep going (which was their intention), but she went ahead anyway. With trembling hands, she bent over and pulled her panties off. Then she bent over further and removed each boot. As she did, she nearly jumped to the ceiling when she felt a hand caressing one of her ass cheeks.

It was Suzanne, running a hand over her like a doubtful customer inspecting a purchase before buying.

Now buck naked from head to toe, Brenda stood back up at attention. She had to fight to keep her hands still, because they wanted to cover up her pussy and breasts. But she didn't dare. So embarrassing! So humiliating! I knew something like this would happen, probably within minutes of when I got here, but that doesn't make dealing with it any easier. I'll bet my face is beet red. My entire body burns, and yet it feels strangely pleasurable. Suzanne is fondling my ass like I'm livestock that she's thinking about buying, and it's turning me on! I suppose that's why I live to serve. I only wish Alan was here, and that it was his hand on my ass!

Suzanne looked at Brenda's bare feet. "Tsk, tsk. No high heels. That will not do. Susan, please get a pair of Amy's high heels from the closet - you know which one."

Susan started walking, but she asked, "Will they fit?"

"Sure. Amy's shoe size is just slightly larger than Brenda's."

When Brenda bent over to put the heels on a minute later, she felt two hands on her ass. It took her a few seconds to realize that the hands belonged to different people. Good God! Both Susan and Suzanne are inspecting me this time! Will the shame never end?! No, what am I thinking? I just got here. The shame has just begun!

Suzanne went a little further, idly running her fingers over Brenda's already very wet slit. She joked to Susan, "Hmmm. Not bad. I think we'll keep her."

There was a part of Brenda that screamed, NO! I have to stop this! I'm a human being, not a possession! But a larger part was overwhelmed by pleasure and desire. She was already on the verge of climaxing, just from a few idle fingertip brushes across her ass cheeks and pussy.

She thought, What have I done?! I'm a complete goner, letting my lust rule me. I can't let them boss me around like this! Why does my body betray me and love this kind of humiliating treatment so much? It's bad enough that I've fallen hard for Alan; I can't fall for them too! The problem is, it's too fucking hot that Suzanne said "I think we'll keep her." She probably meant it as an aside, but what if she didn't? What if they keep me as some kind of sex pet?! UGH! Too hot!

She obediently stood back up and struck an even more submissive pose of attention, with her chest thrust out and both hands behind her back.

Susan explained, "Brenda, do you understand why you're wearing Amy's shoes? We all know that high heels change your whole posture and especially shape your legs and tighten your butt. But more than that, wearing them is a sign that you're trying to please and arouse Alan with your entire body, even down to your toes. Think of them as bonds of love."

That excited Brenda so much that she got weak in the knees and nearly fell over. But she recovered and stood proudly, basking in wearing the heels as if she'd been awarded a medal. "Bonds of love!" Oh God! So true! I'll never think of high heels in the same way again!

Suzanne raised a curious eyebrow as she turned briefly to Susan, only to see that Susan was staring at Brenda's heels with lust in her own eyes. She wondered how much Susan herself believed that "bonds of love" comment, but this was not the time to ask. Instead, she said to Brenda, "And I believe you owe us both greeting kisses."

Brenda meekly nodded. The casual confidence she'd shown as she walked in the door had already been replaced by trembling, barely controlled anticipation at the prospect of being fondled and kissed by these two sizzling hot mothers. It was ironic that Brenda had always resented her overly busty tits, because now that she'd opened up more to her true feelings, she longed to touch and fondle the big tits of other women. They reminded her of her own deceased big-titted mother that she'd lusted after many years ago. That history also helped to make her a passionate lesbian lover once her urges were released.

Still fully dressed, Susan and Suzanne proceeded to run their hands all over Brenda while she stood buck naked and perfectly still. They took turns kissing her while their four hands explored her remarkably curvy body.

Brenda knew the other two were deliberately treating her like a piece of meat. Even though she found that insulting, or perhaps especially because she found it so insulting, she loved it so much that she had to fight not to scream out in ecstasy. It was hard for the part of her that was resisting her submission to make any headway when Suzanne knew exactly how to push every button (with Susan ably following along).

Susan and Suzanne were talking about Brenda as if she wasn't even there. It was clear that she wasn't supposed to participate in the discussion.

For example, Susan asked Suzanne, "So, do you think Alan is going to fuck Brenda tonight?"

"Oh, sure," Suzanne replied. "His big cock will be plowing deeply into her somewhere, no doubt. The only question is which of her holes will he fill to the brim with his sweet cum."

"What if he fucks her... here?" Susan plunged two fingers into Brenda's slit, making Brenda gasp loudly.

"Sure, he'll definitely take full control of her cunt," Suzanne said matter-of-factly as she caressed the undersides of Brenda's huge orbs. "I'd be surprised if he doesn't fuck her until she screams for mercy. But of course he won't stop just because of that; he'll keep on fucking her until she's seriously worried that she's going to die of a heart attack. And then he'll just keep on fucking her until she passes out from pleasure!"

Susan purred in a relaxed tone even as she kept frigging Brenda's cunt. "Mmmm. I love it when he does that to me." Alan hadn't fucked Susan's pussy yet, but she certainly knew what it was like to be pleased by him to unconsciousness. Besides, Brenda was too far gone with lust to quibble.

Suzanne taunted Brenda by asking, "We know Brenda's going to get fucked like she's never been fucked before, but do you think he's going to stop there?"

Susan smiled widely at the easy set-up question. "Oh no! Definitely not. I imagine he'll fuck her giant tits for a good long time too!"

Brenda gasped out loud. She was so aroused that sweat was starting to trickle down her forehead, even though she wasn't moving at all.

Susan continued, "Yes, I can almost picture it now: his hot cock BURNING right through her tight, deep cleavage! And when that happens, I'm sure she's going to show her love for his cock by bending her head down and stuffing all of that big cockhead in her mouth! And then she's gonna slather and slurp and suck as if her life depends on it! Because that's what good, busty, fuck sluts do."

"You mean like this?" Suzanne slid an entire hand deep into Brenda's cleavage. When her fingers poked out of the top she wiggled them enticingly.

Brenda immediately bent her head as far down as she could to start feverishly licking Suzanne's fingertips. She was frustrated that she couldn't reach lower so her mouth would feel stuffed full of the clumped-together fingers.

"Exactly!" Susan said triumphantly. Then she asked Suzanne, "What about her ass? Do you think he'll fuck her ass tonight?" Before there was a chance to reply, Susan whispered to Brenda, "By the way, he fucked MY ass today! I can still feel it!"

Brenda stared in wide wonder. She asked in breathless awe, "How was it?"

"How do you think? How could it be anything but fantastic?! As great as the first time was, this time was even better! I can't wait to tell you all about it! But I'd better hurry, because you don't have much time

to prepare! He's fucked my ass, Suzanne's ass, Katherine's ass, and many more! It's just a matter of time until he takes your ass too!"

Seeing how much this was affecting Brenda, Suzanne chimed in, "Indeed. That could very well happen tonight!"

Hearing that was more than Brenda could handle. She screamed in her mind, Oh no! Not that! Please! Damn you, Susan! You've broken me! She had a big orgasm then and there.

Fortunately, Susan and Suzanne seemed not to care. They continued to play with her tits, mouth, cunt, and any other part of her they wanted. Given Brenda's powerful reaction to this anal sex talk, they paid special attention to her ass. They even took turns anally fingering her.

They kept at it until Brenda simply collapsed from so many repeated orgasms.

Chapter 799 All Dreams Coming True - Brenda

About half an hour later, Susan and Suzanne sat naked, across from each other at the dining room table, talking and drinking coffee.

Brenda sat underneath the table, and had one hand in Suzanne's pussy and her tongue lapping at Susan's clit. Since getting under the table, she'd learned much about pussy licking, and she'd decided that she quite liked it. Thanks to her presence and actions, both the mothers had lost what clothing they'd had on.

There was a battle going on in Brenda's mind. This is beyond humiliating! I really AM being treated like the Plummer-house sex pet. It's my greatest fantasy, but it's my worst fear too. And it's really coming true. I have to say something... establish some limits at least. For God's sake! What are they going to do next, make me eat out of a doggy bowl? But then she considered the doggy-bowl idea and loved it so much that she nearly creamed (yet again) on the spot.

Dammit, I'm my own worst enemy. Now I can't stop thinking about eating out of a doggy bowl while wearing nothing but a tail plugged into my asshole. And everyone else would eat at the table. And just

like a doggy, I'd stick my nose in people's crotches and sniff. But unlike a real doggy, I wouldn't stop there! I'd lick and suck from under the table, especially on Alan's fat cock! God, I'd fucking suck that magnificent cock for so damn long! But I wouldn't stop there either! I'd tongue all the hot, juicy pussies too!

She realized with a start that that was pretty much exactly what she was already doing.

She sighed quietly to herself. I really need to do something before I completely lose my mind! But there's nothing I can do about the situation now. It doesn't even matter if I like what they're doing to me because I have no say in the matter. Susan, and especially Mistress Suzanne, are controlling me now.

Thinking that made her more aroused, but also more frustrated at her alarming submissiveness. She lapped at Susan's vulva with even more gusto.

Suzanne had been disturbed at how submissive she'd become to Alan, even if most of it was in her own thoughts. She tried hard to maintain her usual tough outer veneer, despite an occasional verbal or physical slip-up. Having Brenda to boss around made her feel good, causing her domineering tendencies toward others to rise to the fore.

Susan had been excitedly explaining to Suzanne what Alan had told her about his latest sexual adventures with Heather. But since Susan had a submissive mindset she was much more enthusiastic about what Alan had done to Heather, so she spent most of her time talking about that.

Suzanne enjoyed hearing Susan's account, but Alan's treatment of Heather didn't do anything extraordinary to Suzanne's libido since this kind of story had become commonplace lately.

However, Brenda's reaction listening under the table was quite intense. Hot damn! There he goes again! I hardly know Alan at all, at least in terms of direct contact. I've had so very few chances to pleasure his cock! I mostly know him through Susan's stories, which make him seem like some invincible sexual super stud. Sometimes I find myself thinking that he can't really be all that. But listening to what Susan is saying, he really IS all that! He's fucking his sexiest teacher AND the beautiful head cheerleader. That's not an exaggeration to make a better story; that's undeniable FACT! God dammit! It's making me gush and gush and gush!

I especially love how he's treating this Heather girl. To everyone else, she's the queen of the school, but for him she's his personal cum dump! I wish he'd be that way with me! The fact that she loves being his "cum dump" shows that maybe I'm not so weird after all. He can just tap her shoulder in the hall and say, "Hey, drop to your knees. I feel like fucking your face," and she'll do it! Right there in front of everybody! Gaawwwd! URGH! UH!

Susan hadn't actually said anything about blowjobs in hallways, but Brenda's erotic imagination was running wild.

Brenda continued her fantasy, Or it could be ME! What if he saw ME in some public place?! I could be shopping at the mall, maybe in a big department store with lots of other people around. It wouldn't matter. He'd recognize me, snap his fingers, and say "Suck!" By then I'd be one of his official personal cocksuckers, knock on wood, so what could I do but obey?! I'd have to take off all my clothes, except for my high heels, of course, and drop to my knees! Susan says the best way to suck him is naked and kneeling, and it's true! Oh yes, the BEST! The other women would stare in a mixture of outrage and envy! Mostly envy! Because they'd see me choking and gagging on his great thickness in utter ecstasy!

In fact, Brenda was so turned on that she had to stop to gather her wits and recover her breath. But soon enough, she resumed happily licking Susan's wet slit. It's incredible what Alan has done with so many remarkable women. Success breeds success. Look at how he's got me pleasuring his women, even though he's not here and didn't even say anything. And just thinking about what he's doing with Heather and Gloria Rhymer is making my entire body burn up like I'm in the center of a raging bonfire! I get it. With all my heart and soul I know that this seemingly-normal teenage boy is in fact totally extraordinary. He's very worthy of having me call him "Master!"

Even the rational part of her brain didn't fight that conclusion. Instead, she thought, Those two, and Susan and Suzanne here, and Amy, and Katherine... and so many more! They're all such loving and beautiful people. He's got a true harem of the best of the best! Despite my looks and all my money, the question isn't whether he's worthy enough to be my lord and master. It's whether I'm worthy enough to serve him!

"You know, Suzanne," Susan casually said to her best friend as they relaxed at the table, while Brenda's tongue lashed her pussy, "I must say I was all wrong about Brenda. She's one of your better schemes. Did you have any idea of the raging sex-starved slut waiting to get out when you suggested we should get to know her better?"

Suzanne was devilishly pleased at how Susan was obviously enjoying talking about Brenda like she wasn't there. She wondered if it might mean Susan had a bit of a dominant side after all. "No, I didn't. I just thought she would be good eye candy for our man."

Susan knew her friend better than that. "Come on. Is that all?"

"Okay, I'll admit I was hoping more would happen. I envisioned Sweetie fucking her, and I'm always trying to help that lovable cad out. Don't ask me why. As if he needs more women to fuck! But I figured Brenda was special. How often does a woman who looks like her come along? I could tell she was hot-blooded but repressed. I knew I had to say or do something. I figured he would get a big kick out of seducing and banging her, and that could cause her to come out of her shell."

Brenda thought, A-ha! I knew it! I should be fucking pissed right now. She tricked me! They all did. All that talk about how the last thing they wanted was if I got intimate with Alan was total bullshit. But the ends definitely justify the means, because her trickery changed my life for the better. She could tell from the start that I was repressed, and she knew just what to do about it. That makes my heart soar. Mistress Suzanne is awesome!

Suzanne continued, "I had no idea that it would come to this though, having her eat us out under the table like a true sex slave even as we sit here and casually drink our coffees. Angel talks the talk about being a sex slave, but Brenda walks the walk. Her every move, her every glance, signals complete submissiveness to Sweetie, and even to the rest of us."

Brenda was overjoyed to hear that. In her current frame of mind, that was about the highest praise imaginable.

Suzanne mentioned in passing, "By the way Brenda, switch positions. It's my turn to feel your tongue." Then she went on, "But Susan, what I find really surprising is how quickly it all happened."

Brenda was burning with shame as she switched positions, but at the same time she felt a deep sense of satisfaction to be given an order and carry it out. She was also listening intently, since they were talking about her.

Suzanne added, "Brenda took to this so easily, we don't even need to train her."

Susan was in complete agreement, although she was disappointed to feel Brenda's tongue on her pussy replaced by fingers. She fondled her own tits as well, since she was right on the verge of a climax and was trying to push herself over the edge. "I know what you mean. It surprises me too. Especially since she hasn't been fucked by Tiger yet."

Suzanne replied, "Yes. Look at Akami, for instance. Now, she's been fucked by him a couple of times, but from what I gather, she's never going to be the sex toy type. It's just not in her nature, like it isn't in mine. But with Brenda, all you have to do is wave Sweetie's stiff pole in front of her a couple of times, and she's ready for a dog leash."

Addressing Brenda at her feet without looking at her, she said, "You're gonna love the way he fucks you, Brenda, believe me. It might even happen tonight, for real. Who knows? Only Sweetie knows for sure."

Brenda shuddered in delight, both at the dog leash mention and the prospect of getting fucked by Alan. Deep down, her rational side was screaming in frustration, but that voice was firmly caged and defeated, at least for now.

Susan noted, "I can't even imagine how much more subservient she'll be after that."

Suzanne suggested half-seriously, "Maybe we should keep her around as a pet. Kind of like what Amy was doing with her cat costume at the second fashion show, except for real. Would you like that, Brenda, to be our sex pet?"

But Brenda didn't answer, because she was under strict orders not to talk until she was told that she could. She expressed her enthusiasm for the bizarre idea instead by tonguing Suzanne and fingering Susan more vigorously. Her whole body trembled with excitement.

Susan surprised herself with her answer. "Good idea." That was her pussy talking, as she imagined being licked and fingered all day long in the way that Brenda was doing to them both. However her kinder, more motherly side thought of objections. "But I don't think it would be fair to her son and only child if we keep her as a full-time sex slave. Who is going to take care of Adrian?"

Suddenly Brenda remembered her son Adrian. A wave of revulsion washed over her. I've completely forgotten about my own son, again! What kind of horrible mother am I, living out my twisted fantasies while leaving him home alone?! This is wrong! I have to say something. Aidy, please forgive me!

Suzanne's eyes lit up. "Oh, that reminds me. We have to work on helping Brenda seduce her son. It's the least we can do if she's going to become our part-time sex toy. And that'll give us less competition for Sweetie's affections, if Brenda is getting a number of incestuous fucks every day."

Susan nodded in complete agreement. "Excellent idea."

It sounded like Suzanne and Susan were spontaneously arriving at this idea, but that wasn't true. The day before, Suzanne had first proposed to Susan the idea of allowing Brenda to have sex with Adrian as well as Alan. Since then, Suzanne had asked for Alan's permission and he'd agreed. She'd also started her investigation into Adrian's life because she always liked to be fully informed before making decisions. The investigation was far from complete, but what she'd learned thus far led her to take pity on Adrian. She'd concluded that his life was probably totally miserable, with the only bright spot being his lust for his incredibly busty and beautiful mother. Suzanne still had misgivings about having Brenda realize their shared incestuous fantasies, but thought it could help turn his life around. That realization had provided an additional rationale for her proposal.

Brenda gasped in disbelief. Despite orders not to talk, she whispered in awe, "NO!"

Suzanne chuckled. "Yes! Believe me; it's happening. I've talked to Alan about it, and he approves."

Brenda gasped again. He approves?! He APPROVES! She could hardly breathe, she was so excited and amazed. It was true that during the past week she'd had occasional dreams and daydreams about having sex with Adrian, but until this moment she'd never entertained the idea that it could happen in real life.

Susan continued, "I can't tell you how happy that makes me. Things are going so great between Tiger and me that every time I see any woman who might be a mother I want to shake her by the shoulders and ask, 'Why aren't you sucking your son's cock already? Don't you know it's the most important part of your motherly duties?' At least now, with Brenda here, I can share that joy with another mother who also understands it."

Suzanne didn't stop to think of her own situation with Amy as she pushed the idea. And neither she nor Susan were thinking of Brad at all, probably because both of them thought of Suzanne as much more of a mother to Alan than to Brad.

Suzanne asked, "Would you like that Brenda, to have us help you so your son can fuck you? I'll allow you to answer this question with words."

Brenda was so turned on by that idea, and by everything else that was happening and being said, that she completely forgot about her "duty" of licking Suzanne's pussy. In fact, she thought she would simply pass out. The wave of revulsion that had hit her was still there, but it was replaced by an even stronger feeling: lust for her son. She'd secretly lusted after him for the last year or two, now that his body was maturing, but that lust had been buried deep down. Although she'd had some recent fantasies and dreams about having sex with her own son, she'd continued to resist the idea and tried to focus all her desires on Alan. Now her pent-up incestuous feelings suddenly cascaded forth.

In her submissive mindset, the pieces clicked into place. I'm not a bad mother after all. This is all working out according to some larger plan that I can't see, but without a doubt the brilliant Suzanne must have it all arranged. I'm meant to sexually serve Alan AND Adrian! Then I'll be able to live out my submissive need for Alan and be the best mother I can be to Aidy, at the same time! Just like Susan said, it's not wrong to have sex with my son, it's my responsibility! And Alan even approves, so everything is okay! It's like I'd be doing it on orders from him.

Oh yes! Dear God, that's so hot! Sex with my very own son! With my master's approval!

Brenda's body shook like a leaf at this epiphany. An accompanying orgasm hit her too, although she managed not to cry out. She was so happy that tears actually rolled down her cheeks. It took her some moments to recover, but she finally managed to meekly and quietly answer, "Yes!"

"I'm sorry, I can't hear you," said Suzanne, even though she heard it quite well. "I said, do you want your son to fuck you?"

"Yes!" Brenda replied a little louder.

"Say it for me."

"I want my son to fuck me! Oh God, I can't believe I said that!" She plunged the fingers of her free hand into her pussy. She knew that she was supposed to be pleasuring Suzanne's pussy instead, but she was so horny that she couldn't help herself. She repeated herself more enthusiastically, "I want my son to fuck me!"

Suzanne said, "You realize that he'll have to fuck nobody but you, as we don't want Alan to get any diseases through him. Do you think you could get him to fuck only you, as if you and he were married? He would essentially be your husband, but Alan would be your ultimate master."

"Oh yes! God yes! Please! Please make it so!" Brenda's fingers were wildly frigging her pussy by now. "Yes! Yes! YES!"

Then she climaxed again. The last sentence Suzanne said effectively summed up Brenda's ultimate fantasy; one she didn't even consciously admit that she had until that very moment.

Suzanne still had doubts about the wisdom of her plan. She'd discussed it with Susan several times in the last twenty-four hours. Her main pitch had been that Adrian would take up most of Brenda's sexual energy, which would block Brenda from becoming a serious competitor for Alan's attention.

But there was a deeper reason too. Suzanne still had yet to meet Adrian. However, she knew a lot about him from talking to Brenda, hearing about him through Susan, and the investigation she'd commissioned. Brenda had confessed that Adrian had been sexually infatuated with her for years. Suzanne wasn't surprised at that. She knew that any heterosexual boy would have to deeply lust after a woman like Brenda, whether she was his mother or not.

Suzanne concluded it was unreasonably cruel for Adrian to have a mother like that and not be able to have sex with her. Brenda also seemed to have a deep incestuous need, perhaps due to her frustrated feelings for her own mother. So, in addition to her other reasons, Suzanne figured she'd be doing them both a big favor by bringing them together. Since Suzanne didn't have any moral objections to incest - only practical ones - it seemed like the right thing to do for everyone involved. However she understood that it could prove tricky to implement in practice.

She didn't think the situation would last for long, perhaps two years at most. She figured that by that time one of three things would happen: Adrian might grow in confidence enough to demand Brenda stop having sex with another man (in which case Brenda would have to make a choice); Alan might grow to love Brenda enough that he couldn't abide sharing her with another man (again forcing her to make a choice); or, more likely, as Adrian's sexual confidence and experience grew, he would get interested in girls closer to his own age. (Like Alan, he'd probably pursue the extremely busty ones, thanks to his long-time lust for his mother.) Eventually Adrian might end up going steady with one of them, or at least he would look at sharing his mother in a new light if he too was having sex with someone else.

Even if none of those things happened, Suzanne figured that Adrian would be going off to college in three years, which almost always meant moving away from home. Their situation was bound to change once he was physically separated from his mother. Instead, his sexual focus would almost certainly shift to nearby college girls.

Suzanne figured it would probably be a rocky road, which might well end very badly. But still, everyone, even Adrian, was much more likely to benefit than suffer from the arrangement. In fact, she guessed that in the end Adrian would benefit most of all, as it would shake up his unhappy life and force him to mature quickly, both sexually and emotionally. It also would be a vital test for Brenda, to see how truly dedicated to Alan she was. If Brenda proved worthy, then she could fully join the harem. If not, Suzanne would find her another capable master, if things with Adrian didn't work out (since he didn't seem capable of fulfilling the 'master' role).

Still speaking to an incredibly horny Brenda, Suzanne moved on to another issue. "Brenda, I'll let you answer another question as well. I take it as a given that you understand Alan is your natural master. But do you want to be our sex pet as well, and in fact be a totally subservient slave to anyone who lives in this house?"

"Yes. I do." Brenda really meant it, too. She briefly stuck her head up from under the table so she could make eye contact with Suzanne when discussing this important matter. "I've discovered my true nature, and it is to please my master and mistresses." Somewhere deep inside a small voice was screaming in alarm, but that voice was getting harder and harder to hear with each passing moment.

Suzanne smiled. "Very good. Now, go back to quietly pleasuring us."

Brenda brought out a cruel streak in Susan, because of Susan's envy over Brenda's looks and especially her gigantic boobs. The same effect occurred with Suzanne, but to a much lesser degree.

But Susan was so nice a person that she could only go so far in lording over even Brenda, especially now that they were getting to be close friends despite the envy issue. She asked Suzanne, "Don't you think we're going too far? We're hardly treating her like a human being. I mean, we're holding a conversation with her while she kneels underneath the table and, you know... pleasures us. But I can't stop myself from doing it. I'm hoping you have more willpower than I do."

Suzanne considered that, even as Brenda resumed licking her pussy. "Yes, I suppose we are going too far, in a sense. But with Brenda, that's how things are meant to be, I think. I wouldn't treat anyone else like this, but with her it's different. When I suggested she be a sex pet, it made me feel a bit naughty and

even cruel. I admit I get a kick out of it, but more than that it felt like I was doing her a big favor. I mean, look at her."

She bent down and peeked under the table as she continued, "Jesus! If you think you and I have bodies built for fucking, seriously take a look at her. And her submissive attitude is a perfect fit. Don't you think it's only right that Brenda spends most of her day with her legs up in the air, getting royally nailed? Or bobbing on cock? Or at least strutting around in high heels and not much else, helping to keep your Tiger's cock stiff? Anything else, and it's like taking Cindy Crawford and making her a tax accountant. It's a complete waste of a sex-bomb body."

Susan looked down at Brenda under the table and nodded. "I know. I can relate, because I see so much of myself in her. It's just like how my life and my body were being wasted until recently. This just helps prove my theory that the larger the tits, the more the woman is meant by God's will to spend all day getting fucked by a naturally superior man. Would you like that Brenda? Are you glad that we've uncovered the real you?"

Brenda was not only back to licking Suzanne's pussy, she was doing it even more vigorously. She wanted to reward Suzanne in any way she could for Suzanne's bringing Alan into her life and also giving her the go-ahead to have incestuous sex with her son Adrian. She thought that was an absolutely brilliant idea.

Brenda was like a train of lust speeding down the track. She couldn't stop licking Suzanne and fondling herself until both of them climaxed. She sensed she was almost there. She didn't even want to stop to say yes. She just moaned erotically and hoped her meaning would be understood.

Susan smiled benignly, since she did understand that. She commented to Suzanne, "Brenda's been so obedient today, I think she deserves a reward, the very best reward. Let's give her a full load of Tiger's cum later. I want him to cream all over her face! And chest!"

"You're right as usual, Susan." Suzanne smiled as she imagined Alan's reaction upon seeing Brenda show up in his room. "In fact, I say we should give Sweetie a little surprise right now. He deserves it for all that hard work he's been doing. Brenda, you can get up from under the table and talk. We're going to send you to him. You're going to go upstairs and suck his cock until he shoots his delicious seed all over you."

Brenda raised her head above the table's edge and stared at Suzanne in complete disbelief. She clutched her hands to her chest because her heart was pounding so fast.

Suzanne continued, "But don't tell him what we've talked about today, and that's an order. We've got enough of a problem with him having too big of a head as it is. If he knows you're going to be our house slave, he'll be insufferably full of himself, I fear. So keep that a secret for now."

Brenda could hardly believe it. Me? Getting a full load of Alan's cum?! This is too much good news at once! It's like winning a huge lottery in one state, and then finding out the same night that you've won lotteries in three other states. Jesus Christ! All my dreams are coming true at once! I get to guzzle down his spermy goodness? And he's probably going to fuck me later! Someone pinch me!

Chapter 800 Brenda

Brenda crawled out from under the table so her whole naked body could be seen, but she remained submissively on her knees. "Yes, Mistress Suzanne," she said with a bow, as if she was born to her role as sex pet. "Thank you so much! And you too, Mistress Susan. Thank you for letting me please you both!"

Suzanne patted Brenda on her head just like a real pet animal, and said, "That's a good pet."

Brenda purred in response like she was a contented cat. Somehow, she felt surprisingly relaxed, even though her heart was still pounding hard from all of the recent developments.

Suzanne commanded Brenda, "Give us a kiss."

They necked for quite some time, while Suzanne sat and Brenda knelt. Brenda was so full of passion that she kissed Suzanne in a way she'd never kissed another woman before, with totally unrestrained joy and lust. At the same time, she rubbed her whole nude body up against Suzanne's as if she was trying to meld into her.

Susan thought, Boy, look at how Suzanne is treating her. It's almost cruel, treating her like a real sex pet. Personally, I could never initiate something like petting Brenda all by myself, but I'm glad that Suzanne is here to take charge and do what's needed. Brenda's a deeply submissive woman, and Suzanne seems to know just what she really wants. I'm okay with Brenda having permission to fuck Adrian, since I think he has to be done to save the poor kid. But mostly I love that she's being groomed to serve Tiger as one of his sex pets!

To me, that seems the right and natural way of things. I'm sure the Lord approves. In fact, if Brenda becomes Tiger's sex pet for real, and not just in a sexy-thing-to-say kind of way, doesn't that set a precedent? Why should he stop at having just one big-titted beautiful woman who lives to serve him? Why not have his very own sexy and buxom mommy too? Oooh! So hot! And Suzanne! And Angel and Amy! I could be part of an honest to goodness harem!

Plus, if things go right with Xania tonight, who knows where that could lead? She's got the ideal body. I mean, a GREAT body! It's so exciting! He could be like the sultan of his own harem, leading all of his naked busty sex pets around on leashes!

Susan found this line of thought so exciting that she fingered her soaked pussy and pulled on her nipples while she enjoyed the erotic show of Suzanne and Brenda kissing.

Suzanne was more than a little impressed by the extent of Brenda's submissive attitude. When the necking ended, she asked, "You'll do anything we say, won't you?"

"Yes, Mistress." She clutched at both of Suzanne's breasts, and that gave her strength and confidence, somehow.

"Good." Brenda's attitude made Suzanne feel very good indeed. Suzanne felt like she was back on track, and back in control of the overall situation with the whole group. "You'll also obey Katherine and Amy unquestioningly. They're your mistresses too. I know they're still young and maybe not into dominating you just yet, but they are Sweetie's sister and official girlfriend, respectively, so that makes them your superiors."

Brenda nodded. "I understand."

She felt another thrill run down her spine. Perfect! Just perfect! It's true that Katherine and Amy are just teens and they don't seem to be the commanding type, but they ARE Alan's sisters! Well, in Amy's case, she's practically his sister. It's only fitting that I subject myself to everyone in this house, so my humiliation and domination is complete!

Suzanne grinned as she watched a range of emotions cross Brenda's face, from shock to arousal to doubt to blissful acceptance. Then she said, "Now, go to Sweetie's room and give your master some great head. You and Susan have been talking a lot about how best to pleasure his cock, right?"

Brenda shivered all over, just from hearing Alan referred to as her "master." Plus of course, being told to suck him off again sounded so wonderful that she felt giddy and dizzy. It took her some moments to remember to nod. She was still holding Suzanne's pale globes, so she leaned her head against them as if she was just too overcome to hold her head up.

Suzanne spoke firmly. "Good. Put that knowledge to use. I expect you to do better than the last time you blew him. Remember, it's not just about quality; there's also quantity. Sweetie's nurse told us that very thing. Put on some sexy clothes first so you can seductively take them off. Always remember that. It's almost always more arousing for your master if you take off clothes instead of starting naked."

Brenda shivered again, after hearing the "M" word repeated. She wanted to leap to her feet and scream, she was so excited to go upstairs and get started sucking. But all she did was lift her head up to resume eye contact.

Suzanne stared sternly down at her. "That's an informal rule around here. Also, you're allowed just one of his ejaculations right now, or you'll be severely punished. Oh, and by the way, he got punched a bit today at school, so don't mind the bruises you see on his face."

"What?! Alan got punched? How did it happen?!" Brenda already had him on such a high pedestal that she could barely conceive of such a thing happening.

"Don't worry about it. In short, some of the boys at school are mad at him because he's fucking all their girlfriends." That was far from true, but Suzanne figured it was what Brenda wanted to hear.

Brenda heaved a sigh of relief. That answer reaffirmed her new view of the world. You didn't dedicate yourself to a master who got regularly beat up, but you did to one who was able to fuck any girl he fancied. It made sense to her that he would face a backlash from other guys due to his sexual prowess. She was convinced that he'd take care of it soon enough.

Suzanne continued, "When you're done, find Katherine in her bedroom, across the hall from his, and have her come down to the living room. I'll ring up Amy next door and all of us will play another game of

strip poker. Oh, and another woman, a psychologist named Xania Goodleigh, will be arriving too. She's gorgeous and seriously stacked. I imagine we'll all take turns pleasuring his big cock, except for Xania. But who knows; maybe even she might join in as well. She's kind of new to the situation."

Brenda was so excited by that prospect that she just had to clarify, "So you mean every single one of us will take turns all evening, stroking and licking Alan's big, beautiful cock? Including me? Maybe even more than one of us at a time?"

Suzanne nodded. "Pretty much, except maybe for Xania, as I said. She may look great, or as we call it around here, 'Alan-worthy,' but she's just a psychologist and a friend of mine and not part of this, at least not yet."

Brenda couldn't help but ask, "Really?! She's beautiful, 'seriously stacked,' and her name is 'Goodleigh.' It sounds like she belongs on her knees, serving Alan's cock!"

Susan said, "My feelings exactly!"

Suzanne smirked with amusement. "Yeah, well, we'll see. She's here to observe and give us advice. Although, as you can see, we're all hoping that Sweetie will tame her before long."

Susan nodded emphatically at that taming comment. She really liked Xania, and practically the highest compliment she could give was that she considered her worthy of being tamed by her son.

Brenda stood up. Then she nodded to Suzanne submissively, her head bowed way down. She had a nearly overwhelming desire to sexually service Suzanne some more for telling her what to do, and she was seemingly hypnotized by her voice. But that urge was exceeded by her need to go upstairs and suck Alan's cock.

She clutched her chest tightly, as if she was afraid she would literally burst from anticipation. Good God! Right now, as we speak, Alan's cock is upstairs, waiting for my lips to slide all over it! That's not just any cock; that's my master's cock! Alan is my master now! It's all too much for my heart to take. I had a feeling, from the first time we played cards together, that this was going to happen, and now it is! I MUST go and pleasure him. I'm so excited I can hardly walk or talk, or even stand still!

The reluctant and logical voice within her had nothing to say. Perhaps later it would come back, but right now Brenda was so high on lust and life that even the high one gets from a powerful drug couldn't come close.

Just as Brenda started to walk away, Susan said to her, "Wait! I want you to think carefully about what you're gonna do up there, so you can be at your best. I know you've sucked Tiger's cock some, and tutfucked him too, but that's been with other people around and usually taking part. Now you're going to have the special pleasure of serving him just one on one. It's a great honor, but also a great responsibility. I've talked to you on our many phone calls about all the different ways he likes his cock licked and sucked and stroked, and that's a LOT to remember. Are you ready for your solo debut?"

Brenda nodded gravely. "I am. I'm so nervous, I'm shaking like a leaf. But I'm ready! In fact, I'm so excited that it's all I can do to not just run up the stairs like my hair is on fire!"

Susan frowned. "That's what I'm worried about. Sheer enthusiasm is not good enough. That's how I started out, just bobbing frantically, doing the same thing over and over. When I look back now, I'm almost embarrassed about what a poor job I did. Things have changed a lot since then. Tiger expects and deserves better. Think of all the other hotties who could be sucking his fat cock instead. Then use every trick and technique you have to try to outdo them all! That's how I always look at it."

Brenda nodded gravely. She was determined to prove herself even before that pep talk.

Susan added, "And remember what Suzanne just told you: you need quality AND quantity! I know you're eager for your creamy, spermy reward, but if you don't suck him for at least twenty minutes first, it hardly even counts."

Brenda bowed. "I understand. But don't worry; I'll do my best. His pleasure is my pleasure."

Susan nodded with approval at that attitude; she could tell that Brenda sincerely meant it. "Good."

Brenda knocked on Alan's door a couple of minutes later. "Hi Alan, it's me, Brenda. Are you busy?" She suppressed her desire to call him "Master Alan." She reminded herself that Suzanne said the time wasn't right for that yet. Her heart was already thumping hard and fast.

Alan turned his head and looked towards the door with great expectation. "Busy? Not anymore. Please come in." He still had very little clue as to just how worshipful Brenda was feeling towards him lately. He knew she was deeply submissive and very much in lust with him. But from his point of view, he considered her a ridiculously curvy and stunning woman way out of his league. He felt he still needed to continually impress her with a domineering persona and great sexual prowess or she'd "wise up" and realize he wasn't so great after all.

She opened the door and walked in, modeling a sexy see-through nightie Susan had loaned her so she could make a big impression. It went without saying that she still wore high heels too.

"Holy fucking cow," he exclaimed in wonder. He was particularly blown away by her long and very obviously erect nipples. "I swear, every day it's something new around here. Brenda, you're a very gorgeous woman, for sure."

"You really think so?" A thrill ran down Brenda's spine due to the unexpected compliment. That boosted her confidence and eagerness. She was so close to her target - a mouthful of cum from her master - that she didn't want to waste time. She rapidly closed the distance to him sitting in his chair at his desk.

He sniffed the air and enjoyed her perfumed, feminine smell. She'd taken a couple of minutes to calm down and dress into the nightie. But even so, he could smell that her pussy was already wet, and he noticed that her hands were shaking.

He thought, I'm in awe of her, but as crazy as it seems, she appears to be in awe of me! Mom probably hyped me up to the point that she thinks I can walk on water. That's good, because I don't have to feel so nervous, if she's nervous.

She saw that he was wearing nothing but a completely unbuttoned white dress shirt and a towel around his neck (which was from when he had taken a shower not long ago). That greatly excited her because it meant his dick had to be exposed below the desk.

Then her heart skipped a beat when she noticed the naked female ass sticking out from under the desk. The ass belonged to Katherine, and her skirt was flipped back just like Amy's was earlier. That seemed to have quickly become part of the stealth stroking tradition.

Brenda just about flipped out. She staggered backwards in shock. Oh my God! But of COURSE he's getting his cock sucked by somebody else already! He's Alan Plummer, my lord and master! Gaaaawwwd! This ups the stakes so much! How am I going to compete and do a better job than whoever that is?!

Since Katherine had heard Brenda enter the room, she had started to suck much louder, making lewd slurpy noises. She also went from a relaxed "stealth" mode to her most effective blowjob techniques. She was staking her claim, proclaiming that she wasn't ashamed and in fact was loving what she was doing.

"Who's this?!" Brenda exclaimed in regards to the mystery butt. The slurpy sounds were driving her out of her mind. She wondered if she'd even manage to stay standing.

"Oh, that's Sis," he said in a deliberately flippant manner.

Brenda's awe for Alan only grew from seeing him getting casually blown in such a fashion, especially as it dawned on her from his comment and the distinctive tan lines that it had to be his own sister doing the loving sucking. She was taken aback, worried that she wouldn't get her promised cum load after all. She mistakenly thought that he'd been sucked that loudly and intently for a long while before she arrived, so she figured Katherine would want to suck him to completion.

Then, before he could say more, she saw his bruises and nearly shrieked. "And what happened to your face?!" She raised her hands and clutched at her head. Even though Suzanne had warned her, seeing the damage in the flesh was still a shock.

He chuckled. "Oh, that? I got beat up at school today, thanks to some jealous guys. But it's nothing. The wounds will heal in a couple of days. I even got kicked pretty hard in the nuts, but luckily the pain there passed fairly quickly, kinda like it does when you stub your toe."

Brenda quickly dismissed his wounds, thinking, That's just a minor consequence of fucking the most beautiful girls at school. Which of course he does! He's my master! That's what masters do, especially particularly virile and powerful masters like him. I'll bet he has a dozen busty sex pets at school. He takes all the best looking girls, whether they have boyfriends or not. If you go to his school and you're a stacked and sexy girl, he's gonna fill your cunt with his sperm to his heart's content! That's just a fact! No wonder the other boys are jealous.

In Brenda's mind, with her arousal and anticipation already off the charts, the "a dozen busty sex pets at school" really was a fact, though in reality not even Alan could come close to making that claim. So many busty beauties vie to serve him, including another new one coming to the party tonight! But of all his pets, I'm the one to have the honor to suck his cock next! I'll even get to replace his sister when she's done. I get his cock all to myself for as long as it takes to get him to cum. I'm so excited I don't know if I can stand it!

Alan saw Brenda continuing to stare at Katherine's ass. He couldn't help but grin with pride.

Katherine paid no mind to the interruption, continuing to fondle and stroke her brother's erection with gusto. In fact, sensing that Brenda was likely to soon take over, she upped her efforts even more. In addition to her loud slurping, she added some erotic moaning for Brenda's sake.

Brenda was so staggered by what she heard and saw that the room practically seemed to be spinning. She licked her lips hungrily and felt the saliva building up in her mouth. She could hear her heart pounding in her ears.

Trying to impress Brenda, he waited some long moments before saying, "Oh yeah. Excuse my manners. I'm a little distracted by my wonderful sister Katherine down there. I've got a lot of homework to do this week, so all the women are taking turns jacking me and blowing me to help inspire me while I study. Little Vacuum Mouth Sis, you can come out now."

He pulled his chair back, forcing Katherine to disengage.

But Katherine was having too much fun playing with Alan's hot erection to stop until he really insisted. She immediately scooted forward and resumed what she'd been doing, giving Brenda a direct view of her tight sucking technique.

Katherine knew full well that Brenda was watching, so she was determined to put on a good show. She wanted to make it clear to this newcomer that she was fully dedicated to serving her brother's cock. So, after bobbing on him a few times, she lovingly slathered her way up and down his stiff pole from his balls to the tip and back again.

As she did that, she looked Brenda in the eyes, and said, "Hi, Brenda." It was like she was saying without words, "Every inch of this, from top to bottom, belongs to me! He may let you borrow it from time to time, but I own it."

Brenda was rattled by that, and extremely aroused. She just stared as Katherine possessively licked from the tip to base yet again. She had to clutch at her pussy mound for fear that her hcum would start to trickle down her leg. Finally, she replied to her, "Um, hi."

Then she looked to Alan and asked him, "How long has this been going on?"

"Oh, today it's been pretty much all afternoon," he replied casually. He had a slightly pained look on his face, but it was from all the pleasure his sister was giving him. "Like I said, they've been taking turns on my dick while I do my homework." He was deliberately vague to give Brenda an even more arousing impression.

Katherine added boastfully, while switching to lapping against his sweet spot, "Yeah, Amy was just in here a few minutes ago, until her jaw got tired."

Sure enough, Brenda was blown away. She assumed that he'd been sucked non-stop for hours, at the same intensity Katherine was currently sucking him. She was so impressed that she nearly came just from hearing and seeing the way he was continually served. Oh, fuck me! FUCK ME! What a great master! I think I'm gonna pass out!

Her pussy was already leaking like a faucet even before she came into the room. She exclaimed, "Alan! You're such a MAN! It's going to be such a pleasure to serve you. This is what I've been waiting for all my life, but I never knew what I wanted. If Katherine doesn't mind, can I suck your big cock for a while? Um, maybe her mouth is tired and I could take the next turn?"

He didn't reply, because Katherine distracted him by suddenly engulfing his cockhead again and bobbing with great suction. She was convinced that Brenda was going to take over at any moment. So, while she still could, she was even more determined to show Brenda how much she loved her brother, by pleasuring him orally. She put her entire body into it, even swaying her ass back and forth in time to her bobbing.

Brenda's jaw hung open. She very nearly fell to her knees in awe at the sexy sight. But she gathered her wits and took some deep breaths. She looked at Katherine apologetically, and explained, "I hate to interrupt, but Susan and Suzanne said I could have some special one-on-one time with his cock until he came in my mouth. Is that okay? I honestly didn't know you were here already."

"Why are you asking for her permission?" Alan said forcefully. "It's MY dick."

Brenda nearly swooned at that answer.

Katherine was impressed too, even though she knew for sure now that her time was almost over. She let out a muffled moan, since her mouth was stuffed full of cock.

Brenda continued to gawk at Katherine's sliding lips as if it was the first time she'd seen that being done to Alan. She actually forgot to breathe. It took some long moments to recover before she gasped for air, and then asked, "Oh! So sorry, Mas- ... Uh. Alan, would you let me suck it? Please?!"

He tried to act blasé. "Very well, if you insist. But take off that nightie so I can play with your big tits while you do it. In fact, I want you to get completely naked."

He disengaged from Katherine and stood up. "Thanks, Sis! You're the best!"

He sat up on the edge of his bed instead so he could have better access to Brenda's tits.

Katherine sat up on her knees. Her skirt fell back over her ass, leaving her fully dressed. She decided to ham it up for Brenda's sake. She crawled to where he'd moved to, then took his boner back in hand and planted some kisses on and around his cockhead. "No, thank YOU for letting me suck it for such a very long time!"

Then she engulfed it all over again, going as far down as she could, making new choking noises.

After a few bobs, he put his hands on her hand and said, "Okay, that's enough."

She pulled off again and wiped her chin. "Sorry." She looked to Brenda. "I'm sure you know how it is. His cock is something special. It's not like other cocks. Once you start sucking, you can't stop!"

Brenda nodded, unthinkingly agreeing with every word.

Katherine sat back. She had to content herself with just watching.

"Okay!" Brenda loved his order to get naked, since Susan had taught her that the best and "most proper" way of sucking his dick was while naked (except for heels) and on one's knees.

She removed her panties as rapidly as she could, then knelt between his legs. Just doing that was nearly enough to make her giddy and dizzy. She licked her lips some more as she stared at his cum- and saliva-covered erection. It looked red and angry, and seemed to be calling to her, ordering her to suck and serve.

Brenda had to take another moment to try to calm herself down some. Susan and I have talked about this very thing, this very pose, so much, and now it's happening to me again!

She shot a frustrated glance at Katherine, who was kneeling a few feet away with her arms impatiently crossed below her bust. I thought I'd get him totally alone. But of course I have an audience, and a judgmental one at that. That's only right; a sex pet lives a life of constant sexy humiliation!

She greedily grasped Alan's erection and forced herself to calm her ragged breathing. She caressed it like it was a priceless porcelain antique. "Oh Alan, it's everything I could ever want!"

She continued to stall for time until she could calm down enough to fully control her own body and do a good job. She whispered in awe, "So big! So thick!" Then she spoke louder, to be sure he could hear. "Let me help you out."

But it was just too exciting, and her attempts to stay calm failed. She began shaking all over. She grasped one of her nipples with a free hand and let out a piercing scream.

When her obvious orgasm finally ended, he asked, "What was that all about?"

Brenda gushed, "Sorry, I'm just so excited! I got all tingly getting to touch it and everything. And now it's going to go in my mouth! Dear God!"

She had to pause and compose herself yet again.

While she was doing that, he thought, Jesus H. Christ! Talk about an excitable woman. She just had a climax from merely touching my dick? Wow, that must be some kind of new record. And look at her! It's less like she has breasts and more like there are two fleshy bowling balls attached to the front of her chest. But what wonderful soft, wobbly, lightly tanned bowling balls they are!

While Brenda was still gathering her wits, Alan looked at Katherine, who was still kneeling a couple of feet away. "Hey, Sis, sorry to kind of having Brenda take over and all. You know I totally love you and what you were doing to me, but it's hard to resist the thrill of the new..."

Katherine held up a hand and stopped him before he could say more. "Don't worry, it's cool. I know, it's the Coolidge Effect and all that. I'd do the same if I was in your shoes. I mean, look at her!"

Finally, Brenda recovered and grasped his erection again. As she held its warmth, sticky with pre-cum and saliva, she started to stroke it. Oh no! This is my moment. Suzanne said I need to do better than last time. What if I'm not good enough? What if I just don't measure up to his official personal cocksuckers? I may not even be allowed to have him for a master!

She stared intently at his boner, even while the room seemed to spin all around her. Look at all of Katherine's slobber dripping all over it. Even his balls are wet, which shows she's given them a lot of love too. And Amy was in here a little while ago. I'll probably taste her on him too. And who else before that?! That's so fucking hot! But how can I compete, and even rise above all that tough competition?!

She thought about what Susan might do, and then bowed her head and said a little prayer. Dear God, please grant me the talent to give my master a wonderful cocksucking, one that he will truly enjoy. Please inspire me to make it so good and prolonged that he'll want me to suck him again and again and again. Lord, please! I implore You, help me out here! The competition is tough and I don't have the extensive practice they've had. Please help me give him the kind of oral loving that a great master like him truly deserves! In Your holy name, Amen.

Then she engulfed his cockhead. She decided to do that straight off before she lost her nerve. Even as she adjusted to swallowing his thickness, she kept her hands at the base and pumped excitedly.

Almost immediately, a great sense of relief washed through her. Yeeessss! So good! Such a big, long, and THICK cock! This is a cock I could not only love, but worship and adore! She began flicking the tip of her tongue against his sweet spot while her lips slid up and down his shaft.

Alan was still flying high from Katherine's oral attentions even before Brenda started. Now, his pleasure rose yet higher. MAN! I cannot believe how friggin' great life is! What did I do to deserve all this?! Nothing! But who cares? I'm here and loving it!bender

Brenda had to force herself to calm down again. Although her worry was suddenly gone, she was so overjoyed that she was practically on the verge of hyperventilating. With her mouth completely stuffed with cock, she needed to consciously breathe through her nose to get enough oxygen.

She thought, I have to remember Susan's advice. Calm! Stay calm! Mere bobbing over his incredibly, gloriously thick pole is not enough! I have to use all my oral talents, starting right now!

She resumed her licking and sucking, but with more focus on what she was doing. Soon she was in seventh heaven. Aaaah! This is what it's all about. A busty, beautiful, and totally naked sex pet pleasuring her master's cock! Hnnnggg! Her lord and master! All this hot throbbing cock-meat in my mouth! Yes, yes, YES!

She briefly glanced at Katherine, but she no longer fretted about her critical stare, since she was convinced that she was giving him her best effort. As Susan would say, "Mmmm!" Yes, mmmm! That's so true! MMMM! I wish I could lick him everywhere at once because it's so tasty!

At the same time, Alan was quite ecstatic too. Even as she kept the top third of his dick in her trembling mouth, he reached down and cupped her massive mammaries with both hands. He sighed with pleasure as his fingers sunk into her soft tit-flesh.

Katherine saw that and rolled her eyes. But she was grinning too. For once her jealousy wasn't dominant. That was partly because she'd been stealth stroking and sucking him so long that she was ready for someone else to take over anyway. (While she'd said that Amy had ended her turn a few

minutes earlier, that was really just an exaggeration to emphasize the variety of stimulation that he was getting.)

But also, she couldn't help but appreciate the sight of a busty bombshell like Brenda suck with such obvious enthusiasm. Brenda was such an all-around stunning woman that virtually anything she was doing while naked would arouse virtually any human being. Katherine particularly appreciated the way Brenda's huge globes were jiggling and even swinging in Alan's hands in time to the bobbing.

Brenda hadn't been a particularly talented cocksucker over the years, since she rarely did it during her years of marriage. Like many "trophy wives," she withheld sexual favors for other benefits. However, she had learned much recently from Susan and Suzanne, and she'd been practicing on various phallic-shaped objects quite often. Since she'd been given her very own vibrator replica of Alan's penis, her enthusiasm to work on her blowjob stamina and technique had skyrocketed, and all that practice was already paying off.

Plus, she'd actually sucked Alan's real penis for a total of about one hour in recent days, and she'd learned a lot about what he liked the most, as well as what she did the best. Her two former husbands would have been flabbergasted to see her suck with such gusto AND talent.

But despite everything she'd done to him recently, she felt like this was an audition to see if she really measured up to the high standards set by his personal cocksuckers. Determined not to disappoint, she tried every trick she knew to take her oral efforts to a personally unprecedented level. She used both hands to fondle his balls and the lower half of his shaft. Meanwhile, she used her lips and tongue like her life depended on it.

She was particularly talented with her lips. They seemed to stay in constant motion, with great suction, even when she was focusing on tonguing his sweet spot. And concentrating on his sweet spot was what she did the vast majority of the time.

Soon, the workings of her mouth nearly made Alan forget about her giant orbs. But he didn't actually forget, and he stayed a very happy camper playing with them. He particularly liked to toy with her long nipples.

For her, the touch of Alan's hands on her skin was completely electric. She was a highly sensual and sensitive woman, and her orgasms began nearly as soon as he started pulling on her nipples. Oh God! Yes! It's just like Susan says: the more you give, the more you receive! If he keeps doing that I won't even be able to think or suck. I'm gonna cum and cum and cum until I pass out!

Watching Brenda cum continuously was making Katherine jealous. Plus, she was frustrated that Brenda obviously had considerable oral skills and wasn't just all tits and ass. She stood up and started to head to the door.

But Alan motioned with his eyes that his sister stay and watch.