

6 Times 801

Chapter 801 Alan Enjoying Some Music With BJ

Katherine remained standing right behind Brenda with her hands on her hips. Although she was more aroused than jealous, she was somewhat annoyed at being replaced. However, she kept quiet about it.

She thought, Brenda's tough competition. Dammit, just look at the way she's slathering his sweet spot with such intense dedication. But I'm not going to be outdone by her. Whatever Brother wants me to do, I'm going to do it and I'm going to be the best! I AM his number one fuck toy, a vessel for his pleasure!

She may have those mammoth tits and that cute baby face, but she's far too soft. Soft-willed and soft-bodied. She's practically chubby. I'm firm and strong, and he loves ME. I'll just have to do better. The more I please him, the more I'm rewarded with mind-blowing orgasms.bender

But despite her confident mental claims, a part of her remained doubtful and insecure. It was hard to deny that Brenda was the whole package: beauty, passion, dedication, devotion, and talent.

After another minute or two of watching Brenda's boobs bouncing in time to her rhythmic bobbing, Katherine thought, I do have to admit it's pretty damn hot, being forced to watch this. I'm tempted to strip and masturbate, but would that be a sign that I approve? Ah, hell, it's time to admit Brenda's a part of our lives. She knows our incest secret, so she's not going anywhere in the first place. Plus, she's pretty much an ideal sex pet.

At least I've got the fuck toy sister thing going for me; she can never touch that. But part of being a good fuck toy is NOT getting too jealous. Sharing his cock is a big part of serving him. I need to at least TRY to have a better attitude.

With that in mind, she coughed to get Alan's attention, then asked, "So, Bro, how does your cock feel right now?"

He looked up with some surprise. "You want to know how my cock feels right now?"

She forced herself to smile. "Sure. From the look on your face and your sexy moans, it seems you're having a lot of fun."

He relaxed, deciding her question was not some kind of jealousy trap. He smiled back, "That's true, so true! Phew! It feels sooooo good! But you know, you're a big part of that. I was already tripping on total erotic joy before Brenda showed up, thanks to you. She's continued your good work and even stepped it up a notch, by being active non-stop instead of stealthy."

Katherine nodded. She wasn't upset with that, since she appreciated his diplomatic response, and she knew Brenda had to be doing "better" since she wasn't working under the stealth limitation. She asked him, "Tell me... Being a woman, I don't get to see how this feels from your side of things. What are you feeling RIGHT NOW?"

He was happy to explain, even though he had to frequently pause for heavy breaths. "Oh... man! Brenda, as you can see, she's got my cockhead in her mouth, bulging in her cheek, attacking it with her tongue! So good! And her teeth! UGH! She's scraping the skin with her teeth. Feels great! And even the way she's fondling my balls too... Dang!"

He suddenly jerked his entire body. "Oh, Jesus! Did you see what she did there?" He was referring to the way she tickled up his shaft while scraping his sweet spot with her teeth in an unexpected way. "Oh God she's good! Shivers! Shivers everywhere! It's like I'm on a rocket ship blasting into space, going Mach Five, and the journey never ends!"

Katherine thought, Scraping with her teeth, huh? See, I learned something by trying to be nice. I've been afraid to get my teeth involved, but not anymore! She was proud of her effort to be friendly and understanding, since it had already rewarded her with a positive result.

Brenda was over the moon, thanks to his praise. He thinks I'm good! He really likes what I'm doing. Boy, that sure takes the pressure off. Now, I can relax and enjoy it. Enjoy it even more, that is! His cock is the greatest! Nothing beats serving my master with my mouth and hands!

Katherine commented, "You think you're enjoying yourself now, Big Guitar Neck Brother? Just wait until the card game gets started. So many women want to make you feel good. It's like you have a harem of personal cocksuckers. It's exactly like that, in fact."

She giggled. "Look how you're taming Brenda with your big cock, even as we speak. I bet it won't be long before you have Xania fully tamed too!"

Brenda had to pause in her sucking because she felt a particularly massive orgasm rip through her body. She was riding high already, but she hit a peak over the mention of the phrase "harem of personal cocksuckers." And then when Katherine mentioned, "Look how you're taming Brenda with your big cock," it was like she was poked with a cattle prod that delivered a jolt of pure arousal instead of electricity.

She practically saw stars, even after her orgasm subsided. He IS! He IS taming me! Oh, dear Lord, the joy of being tamed! The endless bliss of submitting to my master! Gaaawwwd! He's had his cock sucked by a bevy for women for who knows how many hours, non-stop! This is no big deal for him, I'm sure. But it's another life changing moment for me!

For a couple of minutes, her sucking nearly came to an end, because she was too physically overwhelmed to do much. But with Katherine standing there looking judgmental, she scrambled to resume her earlier high-quality efforts. Soon, she was bobbing like she was born to do it.

Alan actually was grateful for the respite, to give his dick at least a short break. She was exceeding his expectations, performing noticeably better than yesterday, even. But he didn't want to cum too soon. He worried about shattering her image of him.

Time passed, with Katherine continuing to stand and watch.

Occasionally, she made comments, both because she was horny and because she wanted to goad and embarrass Brenda a little bit. She said, "Brenda, I'll bet you've never sucked cock like this before, have you? I know you were married once before, and you're still married now. Have you ever sucked your hubby's dick like this?"

Brenda tried to answer "No," but it came out sounding more like "Muuh!" So she did her best to shake her head in the negative.

Katherine snickered. "I figured as much. What would he think if he knew what you were doing right now? What if he had a video camera and was watching the whole thing? I'd bet he'd be SO MAD! Wouldn't he?"

Brenda nodded, since that was undoubtedly true. Normally, she didn't consider herself married anymore, since her divorce was almost finalized. But still, she was technically married, and if her husband saw this, he would get pissed off. That aroused her to no end.

Then Katherine added, "No doubt, he'd wonder what he did wrong. Why didn't he ever inspire this sort of passion in you? But he's not Alan! He doesn't demand your obedience, your submission! Look at how Alan bends you to his will without even saying a word! It makes sucking him such a pleasure, doesn't it?"

"MMMM HMMM!" Katherine's words set Brenda on fire. She suddenly pulled her lips off his shaft, but only because she felt a sudden craving to suck on his balls instead. After thoroughly bathing each one in her saliva, she switched to making long licks from the very base of his shaft to the tip of his cockhead, several times over.

That action somehow heightened her submissive feelings, while also allowing her to speak. She moaned erotically, "Oh, Alan! My husband means NOTHING to me! But you! My loyalty is to you and you alone! I want you to use my body for your pleasure! Every last inch!"

With that, she was so overwhelmed by lust that she had no choice but to engulf this cockhead once more. She resumed her passionate sucking. Just as she'd seen yKatherine doing, she put her entire body into it, even wiggling her ass in rhythm.

Alan was impressed. He clenched his PC muscle furiously, trying desperately not to cum. Once he got out of the immediate danger zone, he thought, Hot damn! Sis seemed to stumble on some powerful stuff there! All that talk about Brenda cheating on her husband really drives her wild! And it gets me going too!

He was forced to put both hands on her head to try to get her to slow down some. When that was successful, he kept his hands there and ran his fingers through her hair. Man! How is it that she wants to pledge her loyalty to ME?! Hasn't she ever looked in the mirror?! She's got a body every bit as curvy and remarkable as Mom's or Aunt Suzy's. I guess she thinks that if they're doing it, she wants to do it too. Then, because she's so submissive, she gets super into it. I am SUCH a lucky MOTHERFUCKER! DAMN!

Her efforts because the exact opposite of a mellow "stealth sucking." His hands never left her head, and as her sucking kept going with talent and energy, he squeezed the sides of her head, hanging on for dear life.

She welcomed that, and it spurred her on, giving her hope that she might actually get him to cum all on her own. She had such a high opinion of his stamina that she scarcely believe that was possible.

Katherine gave in to the temptation to masturbate. She lifted up her skirt and played with her pussy some, but mostly she concentrated on watching.

She snickered, "Brother, watch out! She's got your number now. Dammit, I've got to admit that she knows what she's doing. There's going to be a cum explosion, straight down her throat!"

That inspired Brenda even more. Her jaw was sore, her tongue was beyond tired, and she wondered how she could go on. But she reached deep within for a fresh burst of determination and inspiration. She wanted to give him a blowjob that Susan would be proud of.

Eventually, she sensed that he was getting very close to cumming. But, mindful of the advice from Susan and Suzanne that quality was at least as important as quantity, she was careful to ease up her efforts just enough to keep him riding right on the edge of a powerful orgasm.

Luckily, Alan had become experienced with just this kind of thing. He slipped into some kind of mental mode that allowed him to ably "ride" the wave, and enjoy the experience to its fullest. He couldn't explain quite how he did it, but he managed to keep his body in a relaxed state, so he could even manage to talk without much trouble.

After a few minutes, Alan asked his sister to put on some "appropriate" music. Partially, that was because he always enjoyed listening to music. But by this time his eyes were closed nearly constantly, because looking at Brenda's swaying body or even his masturbating sister was too arousing. The constant slurping and moaning noises were getting too arousing as well, and he hoped that some loud music would mask him, helping him to last a little longer.

Katherine was stumped as to what she should choose. She finally decided on the song "Super Freak" by Rick James as a not-so-subtle critique of Brenda's freakishly large boobs. She stayed at the stereo and continued to pick "message" songs (while also watching and playing with herself). For instance, when "Super Freak" ended, she put on "I Want You Back" by the Hoodoo Gurus, trying to signal that she wanted to take over what Brenda was doing. Then she played "Join Together" by the Who to indicate that she'd at least like to join in.

But Alan was so preoccupied experiencing a great, non-stop sexual high that he missed her meanings entirely and just enjoyed the classic songs and rhythmic beats.

Brenda also enjoyed the music, especially since she also was far too preoccupied to catch Katherine's intended meanings. She licked, sucked, and stroked in time to the beat, even swaying her entire body back and forth while remaining on her knees.

Chapter 802 Continued Fun With Brenda

More minutes passed. Eventually, Brenda "broke" in the sense that she didn't have the stamina to keep licking and sucking that long. Her recent training on her vibrator and other phallic objects had helped, but not enough. However, she knew she had a good back-up: her huge tits. She switched to a titfuck for a while, until her mouth was ready to go again.

That also allowed her to speak. She looked up at Alan and started to say "Master." However, she caught herself after just "Ma..." She tried to cover that by saying, "Maaan! Alan, I've been BESTED by your cock! Any other man would have cum ten times by now! I'm sooo impressed. But it makes me want to strive even harder!"

Katherine chimed in while still fingerbanging herself, "It really is something, isn't it? You have to work for it soooo hard, every time. But it's so inspirational! It makes his cum that much more precious. Each time I get him to cum, it's SUCH a great victory. It totally makes it worth it! Just wait until he marks you by cumming on your face and tits!"

Brenda nodded. She already believed that from talking to Susan, but she was even more convinced. I can't even wait! I want to be marked! Like a dog pissing on a tree to mark his territory, he's basically going to piss on my face with his cum to tell all other men, "Hands off! She's mine!" And then I'll be rewarded with a tasty meal of his spermy cream, just like a dog getting thrown a bone. Like a pet! A sex pet!

Brenda's titfucking technique was nearly as arousing as her blowjob technique. She would have craned her head down to get her tongue and lips involved, but that defeated the whole point of giving her

mouth a rest, so instead she devoted all her attention to squeezing his shaft by sliding her tits up and down in unpredictable patterns.

Alan felt like a corned rat. He wanted to make the experience last, both because it felt so fantastic and to live up to Brenda's sky-high expectations. He'd been hoping she would "cry uncle" and call for a break, so he wouldn't have to. But her switch to titfucking foiled that idea. He was just about ready to give up, let go, and cum hard.

Then he recalled how she'd essentially stopped on her own earlier when she had a big orgasm. That gave him hope. He revived enough to try to speak coherent to Katherine. "Sis, Brenda's doing a pretty ace job here, you must admit. I think she needs to be rewarded with a nice orgasm, but her hands are busy holding her tits. I want you to play with her pussy and clit until she cums."

"Okay!" Katherine happily agreed. She quickly moved into place just behind Brenda on one of Brenda's round ass cheeks, and used her other hand to reach between her legs.

It didn't take much. As soon as Katherine started to diddle Brenda's clit, Brenda exclaimed, "Oh no! No! It you keep doing that, I'm gonna... AAAAAIIIIIIIEEEEE!"

Brenda went off like a rocket. Since her mouth was unoccupied, she screamed bloody murder. As her orgasmic screaming went on and on, it occurred to her that her screams would easily be heard downstairs by Susan and Suzanne and maybe even their guest Xania. That aroused her even more, and kept her cumming buckets.

Katherine pulled away, worried that she might have overdone it, since Brenda was reacting so loudly and vocally. She went back to where she was and resumed her own masturbating.

Alan's little scheme worked. Brenda was so overcome by her rapturous orgasm that although she tried her best to keep her titfuck going without pause, for a couple of minutes it was all she could do just to stay where she was with his cock still trapped in her cleavage.

He breathed a secret sigh of relief. Fuck, man! This is turning into an epic sex battle. I know she's trying to wow me with her skills and determination. But if I can totally wow her back just this once, and live up to all the hype, then I'll be good for the future. Even if I cum relatively quickly next time, she'll think it's because I felt like it, not because I had no choice. These pauses are key!

Luckily, it didn't take long for him recharge, because once she more or less recovered from her great cum, she realized her mouth had had enough of a rest and she was raring for more sucking. She engulfed his cockhead and went back to "work."

Now that she'd been at it for a while, she tried to further impress him with greater finesse and variety. She already had a big leg up when it came to that sort of thing, since Susan had told her in great detail which techniques he liked the best. Plus she'd learned a lot during her own two prior and recent experiences sucking his cock.

Furthermore, she sensed she'd "passed the audition" due to the occasional praise she got from Alan and/or Katherine, plus the way he moaned and groaned and clutched her head so much. Thinking that he wasn't going to cum anytime soon, and with her mouth revived, she felt the pressure was off, and that allowed her to have more fun. It seemed to her that she had a seemingly unlimited amount of time to experiment. She wanted to better understand the moods and sensitivities of his erection so she could win a spot as one of his official personal cocksuckers.

As a result, her effectiveness increased by the minute. Ironically, the less she was consciously worried about impressing him, the more she could just go with her natural sexual instincts, doing such a great job that it impressed him even more.

That meant that Alan was increasingly eager to shoot his wad, but he still wanted to impress Brenda with his staying power. So he periodically pushed her head away to get a second wind. Sometimes, he practically had to force her to remove her mouth from his erection, because she was so eager to suck. He also avoided playing much with her tits, since he was already on sensory overload.

Brenda thought, I wish Susan could see me right now. Mistress Susan. She'd be so proud. Or Mistress Suzanne. Even she would approve, I'll bet! I feel like I'm in "the zone," like some talented athlete doing everything just right, effortlessly! This is so much FUN! I don't even have to worry about getting tired, because I love doing it so much!

Katherine stopped her song selection "protest," especially since she realized it was too subtle for anyone to understand anyway. She kept personally selecting songs, but now she just picked the ones she liked (and she knew her brother liked), such as "Complicated" by Avril Lavigne. At the same time, she was busy masturbating while she watched, because her lust was stronger than her jealousy.

Brenda was doing such a great job that Alan was forced to take another break, and a more extended one this time.

Brenda didn't like that at all. She continued to hold his boner, and she leaned in close enough to blow on it. But even that wasn't enough for her, especially since she wasn't allowed to stroke him. She moaned needfully, "Please Alan, let me suck it! Just let me suck it a little more. Please?!"

Katherine felt obliged to explain to her, "My brother isn't like other guys - he can last through what you're doing for an hour or more! But the only way he can do that is through what we all call his 'strategic breaks.' If he says stop, then you need to stop. The goal is not JUST to make him cum, but first to keep him peaking with as much erotic stimulation as possible for as long as possible."

Brenda of course knew all that from her talks with Susan, but she appreciated the reminder. Yes, it's quality AND quantity. And it's not about MY pleasure; it's about pleasing my master. I want him to mark me by splattering my face with his hot cum so very badly. But I have to calm down and make this last! I have to!

Besides, wouldn't it be wonderful to suck him for an hour or more? I'd just love to report that back to Susan, just to see the look on her face! Plus, I'll get my pearly facial in the end. However, the truth was that her jaw and tongue were getting tired again. She actually needed the breaks as much as he did.

Katherine sensed this was turning into a blowjob worth remembering. She recalled the other pictures that had been taken of Brenda in recent days, and remembered how much sexy fun it had been to look at them later. So she went to her room, where she had a digital camera of her own, and returned with it. She took a couple of pictures, but only a couple, because she wanted to wait for the heavy action to resume.

Getting her picture taken again was another factor making Brenda extremely horny. In fact, she was so turned on that she went from holding his boner to stroking it, even though she knew she wasn't supposed to, since Alan's break hadn't ended yet.

He was forced to say, "Um, Brenda, it's better if you just let go of me altogether. Otherwise, this break will never end."

She reluctantly let go, and sat up a little higher. Now that she was waiting with her hands free, she hefted her big tits with both hands and stared adoringly up into his eyes. "Ma- m, my my!" Once again, she narrowly avoided using the forbidden "M" word. "Alan, I just LOVE sucking your cock! I hope this body of mine pleases you."

Katherine liked that pose and started taking some more pictures.

Brenda sensuously rubbed her globes together, using the sweat that had trickled into her cleavage for lubrication. As she repeatedly did that, she thought about what she might be allowed to say, given Suzanne's order that she keep her submission to him a secret for now. She spoke in generalities. "I love how you have so many official personal cocksuckers. I can't wait until you officially declare that I've joined their ranks. Once I've earned it, of course. I'm determined to prove that I have what it takes. I'd like to do this for you a LOT more in the future! A LOT more!"

Katherine said in a jaded voice, "Take a number and get in line."

Alan said, "Come on, Sis, don't be like that."

"Sorry," Katherine grumbled. "It's just hard to watch and not join in, you know? I was kinda tired out earlier, but I'm not anymore. I'm so ready to join in that it's not even funny. However, Brenda says she's been given a special one-on-one time with you, and I guess she deserves it."

He thought, Brenda and Sis blowing me at the same time? Awesome! But that's the problem - it would be too awesome. I'm in a great groove right now. I could keep going like this for a really long time, which is key, so I can "out-wow" her. But with Sis too? Man, I wouldn't last a minute!

Although he was still recovering and panting hard, he tried to speak some more - a task made more difficult by the fact that Brenda had resumed holding and fingering his shaft even though they were supposedly still in the middle of the strategic break.

He told his sister, "Please, give her some latitude. After all, she doesn't come here that often, and you live right across the hall. I don't know why she's so eager to help me like this, but if she is, then please let her do it."

Katherine chuckled. "You don't know why? Seriously? As if you left her any choice! As if you didn't totally dominate her and get her pussy all wet with just one look, the first time you saw her. How can she look at that hot, throbbing cock in her hands and want to do anything else except serve it, constantly?"

She got a little carried away with her words, because even though she was slightly peeved, she was still masturbating off and on, and feeling very horny.

Brenda reacted as if every nerve in her body had been set on fire. Yes! How CAN I do anything but serve it constantly?! God!

Although the strategic break wasn't supposed to end just yet, she couldn't help herself, after that. She let out a loud, erotic wail as she opened her mouth wide and engulfed his entire thick cockhead. Then she resumed her bobbing even more energetically than before.

Alan grabbed the sides of her head again. Okay, here we go again! Strap in for another wild rollercoaster ride! Whoa!

She didn't know how to deep throat (although she was determined to change that soon, for him), but she kept taking him so deep that she repeatedly gagged. She actually relished choking and gagging on his cock, because that figured so prominently in her fantasies of being physically overpowered by his boner. Not only were the idea and sounds great, but it felt incredible for her too.

Katherine was puzzled by Brenda's loud and repeated choking and gagging noises. Normally, Katherine tried hard not to trigger her gag reflex when sucking him, but she decided that Brenda was deliberately flirting with doing that. She didn't know how it felt for either Brenda or Alan, but it sounded fantastic to her ears. Holy shit! It sounds like he's vigorously fucking her face, but she's the one doing everything! It's like music to my ears. So debauched, so slutty! You go, girl!

She masturbated with renewed enthusiasm, after taking a few more photos

He loved the sensation of Brenda's choking and gagging style, as well as the sounds of it. He wasn't so surprised, since Susan and others sometimes deliberately did that to him too, although Brenda seemed to particularly relish it.

Brenda put her heart and soul into bobbing, licking, sucking, fondling and stroking him until her hands and jaws were tired. Her eyes leaked tears as she kept gagging and choking on his cock, or nearly doing so.

Eventually, she stopped and just sat there with her eyes closed, panting. She was beyond impressed that he still hadn't climaxed yet.

Chapter 803 Katherine Jealous ?

Katherine frowned disapprovingly when Brenda had to pause to rest again, even when Alan wasn't calling for another strategic break.

Brenda had been working so intently that she just couldn't keep going any longer. She hadn't built up her cocksucking endurance in the way that Susan and the others had. On top of that, her gagging and choking technique was especially difficult. It was only sheer determination and total dedication that had enabled her to last as long as she had.

In fact, Alan had been only seconds from calling for another break. He sighed with relief and frustration as he slowly came down from dizzying erotic heights a little bit while Brenda took her rest. He knew that if she'd continued for another minute or so, he certainly would have blown his load. Plus, he'd been clenching his PC muscle for so long that he wanted a break from that.

He thought, Phew! Close call! This really is turning into an epic endurance battle. Except that every moment goes on is a win for me, 'cos it feels so damn good. I've held out for so long that I've proved my endurance skills. It's all gravy for me from here!

His grumpy (yet still horny) sister complained to the super busty newcomer during the break, "You're tired after only that? Brenda, you were doing okay until then, but now you're blowing it. Big Guitar Neck Brother, would you like someone who actually knows how to suck cock take over for a while?"

He knew her complaint was completely unjustified, because Brenda was doing a fantastic job. He diplomatically let it slide. "Thanks, Sis, but that's okay. Let her get the hang of it."

Then he patted Brenda's head. "You're doing great, Brenda. You almost had me squirting there. You were doing some weird and wild stuff with that gagging thing. I like it! There's no rush though. Just keep going when you're ready."

Alan's didn't realize what a powerful effect his hand gesture had. Brenda was thrilled by having her head patted because it made her feel like she really was a "sex pet." That term had come to mean a great deal to her, especially since he had used it on her several times.

Her jaw still needed to rest, but she was inspired to immediately resume licking his sweet spot. She soon engulfed his cockhead again and concentrated on her tongue work, since her tongue was still doing okay. She laid off on more of the difficult gagging style for now, though.

As her cheeks caved in yet again due to her strong suction, she thought, God DAMN! I'm living my greatest, wildest fantasy! My life has become one of those harem stories I love reading about, except that it's happening in the flesh, to me, right now! He just patted me like a pet, because I AM his pet! His busty, human SEX pet! And now I've got my lips stretched around his impossibly thick, incredible cock some more! I can never get enough. I don't care how tired and sore I am; this is a cock that MUST be properly serviced!

But Katherine still complained, even as she kept on masturbating, "Brenda, who taught you how to suck cock? Don't you ever practice? Geez."

That was uncalled for. In fact, the better a job Brenda did, the more Katherine grew jealous and worried. She could see that Alan was really enjoying Brenda's repeated corkscrew movements in particular. Brenda was very good at twisting her mouth around his stiff pole at the same time she went up and down on it. It was true that it was the same as Susan's favorite move, but that wasn't a surprise since Brenda had learned so much from Susan.

Brenda pulled off to answer. But she kept on licking his sweet spot as she explained, "Um, I've been married a long time, but I haven't done something like this for my husband in years. Actually, ever! What I did before couldn't be called sucking cock, not compared to this! I feel like my mouth is a virgin, just for you!"

She looked up at Alan adoringly, then swallowed his cockhead again.

He squeezed the sides of her head while tilting his head back in ecstasy. Fuuuuck! How much more of this can I take?!

Then, after a few bobs, she pulled off to continue, "We've been on the outs with each other, and now we're getting divorced; it's all but finalized. Lately, I've been learning from Susan, just for you! So I can be one of your favorite suckers!"

Again, she paused to bob on his a few times.

Katherine clenched her hands in frustration, that Brenda was so good. But her passionate face looked so sexy that Katherine couldn't help but briefly pick up her camera and take a few more pictures.

Brenda soon resumed, "But practicing on a dildo doesn't compare with the real thing. I'm sorry if I'm unworthy."

Katherine was startled by the reminder that Brenda was married, even though it had been brought up earlier. She gasped silently and pulled on her clit. Good God! Nothing stops Brother! Married or not, it doesn't matter! If he wants a woman, he takes her! Dammit, it's hard to be pissed off at her when everything is this arousing. Look at her whole body swaying with lusty desire! She's so into it!

"You're fine," Alan told Brenda encouragingly, running his hands through her short hair. He was able to talk, since she was just looking up at him and not even licking. "Really. Sis isn't on the receiving end, so she can't judge. It's taken her a lot of practice to get her hands and mouth where it is today. You're doing just great. You have a natural talent at this, I can tell."

That thrilled Brenda so much that she engulfed his cockhead again and resumed licking and sucking enthusiastically, despite her exhaustion. Since her corkscrew move had caused the most erotic groans from Alan, she went back to doing that a lot more.

He clutched at her hair again while squeezing his PC muscle. Me and my big mouth! What a RUSH! Note to self: don't compliment her too much, or she'll make you cum!

As she sucked, she thought, He said I have "natural talent"! How great is that?! What a wonderful master! I'm not his official sex pet yet; hell, nobody is. Not officially, at least. That's a high mountain to climb. But maybe at least he'll make me one of his official personal cocksuckers soon!

She lunged down until she gagged on his thickness a little bit more. She loved the sound and the feeling. I'm not worthy even of that title, though! I think I've proven I have the passion, but that's not enough. I know at least Susan and Suzanne can still run circles around me, and probably all his other official suckers too. To think, I've been spending too much time fantasizing and masturbating when I should have been practicing more licking and sucking on dildos to build up my endurance. Forgive me, Master!

Despite all the time passing, Brenda's enthusiasm remained undimmed. There was a time when Brenda was arrogant and distant. Everyone was so envious and lustful of her natural attributes that she seemingly only knew how to reject and avoid men. She'd gotten into the habit of rejecting everyone, thinking that everyone loved her only for her looks. But that Brenda was long gone. The new Brenda lived to serve her master. She was like a person who was normal until their first shot of heroin and then forever after a junkie, except that she was now a sex junkie.

After another five minutes of sheer bliss, Alan could take no more. He motioned to Katherine, who was so busy frigging herself that she'd stopped playing DJ and just let the last CD play. Then he pointed towards Brenda's ass.

Understanding the message, Katherine got up and attacked Brenda's pussy from behind. She went after Brenda's clit with one hand and stuffed fingers up Brenda's pussy with the other, causing the monster-titted woman to scream incredibly loudly. Somehow, though, she kept on sucking. Her screaming made her lips vibrate in a way that was even more arousing than what she was doing.

Katherine wasn't thrilled about making Brenda feel good, since her jealousy was burning stronger the more impressively Brenda proved her sucking skills, but she'd gotten so worked up from watching that she couldn't stop herself from obeying Alan's wordless command.

Brenda unintentionally pulled her mouth off Alan's pulsing cock so she could scream her pleasure without any restraint.

Alan had just started to shoot his load, but since she pulled back most of it blasted all over her face. He aimed rope after rope in the general direction of her nose while he let out a loud, incoherent cry.

"Cover me!" Brenda cried in ecstasy. "Cover me in your cum! Drench me all over!" Her whole body trembled. She'd lost track of all the fantastic orgasms she'd had since she'd started her blowjob, but all of those paled in comparison to the seemingly endless one she was enjoying now.

For the past few minutes, he had been holding back from fondling her huge rack for fear of getting overexcited. But since he was cumming already, he figured he didn't have anything to lose. He groped at her giant tits with abandon.

That caused Brenda to scream without restraint as she climaxed over and over. She was very multi-orgasmic, and she proved it, loudly. It seemed that each time his hands squeezed deeply into her tit-flesh she had another climax, and that wasn't too far from the truth.

Katherine was at a fever pitch too, just from watching. She used one hand on herself, while continuing to play with Brenda's gushing pussy with her other one, and she came hard too. Unfortunately, that didn't leave any hands for her to take more pictures. She figured she'd gotten lots of good ones earlier though.

Recovering somewhat after a minute or so, Brenda thought, WOW! My first facial! I never let either of my husbands do that to me; I told them it was too degrading. I'm so glad I did, because it's only fitting that my master is the first to paint me. And it IS degrading, but in the best possible way. This is the life of a personal cocksucker. Of a sex pet, even!

She dove back to Alan's cock and resumed licking it.

Katherine finally recovered enough for her own orgasm to pick up the camera again and take some close-ups of Brenda's cummy face.

After another minute, when Alan recovered his breath enough to resume speaking, he asked Brenda, "What are you doing? Can't you tell I'm growing flaccid now? There's no way you'll revive me anytime soon, I can guarantee that."

She replied as she licked, "I know that, but Susan says it's the tradition to lick your balls and dick clean after each orgasm. I completely agree!"

He rolled his eyes. "Oh, that. Look, that's not really necessary. It's not some overall tradition, it's more like just a special Susan tradition."

In fact, Brenda felt like her entire body had turned to jelly. She'd licked him so long that she felt like she couldn't lick so much as a postage stamp. But she felt the cleaning was an essential part of the entire experience, so she kept right on licking. Susan had rhapsodized at great length about the "cleaning" tradition, and how satisfying it was for her. She'd also emphasized that it was symbolically important as a way for a big-titted slut to say "thank you" for being chosen to suck his cock.

Brenda wasn't going to miss out on it for anything, if she could help it. She'd had one of the greatest, most arousing experiences of her life, and she was filled with gratitude that he'd "let" her suck him.

Alan fell back on his bed, closed his eyes, and relaxed about as much as humanly possible. Aaaaah! Man, what an epic endurance battle! That was beyond great. To think that a woman like Brenda would be so willing and eager to do that. I can kind of understand everyone else in the house, because we had these loving bonds, and now we have a new way to love each other. But Brenda's way into it, and I'm just getting to know her!

Wild. The truth is, until I met her, I didn't even know women with a body like hers actually existed! Outside of erotic comic books, that is. He chuckled to himself. They don't even make them that busty in magazines like Playboy! She's actually sexier than ANY Playboy Playmate, and she's naked in my bedroom, and a cocksucking fanatic! Who would believe that? Not even Sean!

And, hell, she's still licking my balls! Geez. I'll bet most kings never had it this good.

After a few minutes, he sat back up.

Brenda rightly took that as a signal to end her "cleaning" effort, so she did. She had to agree with Susan that a prolonged cleaning was a highly satisfying way to finish.

Brenda also sat up straight, even though she wasn't done. Her focus immediately turned to "cleaning" his cum from her own face. She eagerly licked up all the cum she could reach with her tongue, and then stuffed more in her mouth with greedy fingers. She'd never cum so hard or so often in one evening, and her pussy was already sore before the big party she was looking forward to had even started. But at the same time, she was wired with excitement and ready for more.

However, before she could do much, Alan said, "Leave the rest on, and that's an order. Some of the others may enjoy licking that off later."

In fact, Katherine couldn't resist scooping up and swallowing a particularly large gob that was about to fall from Brenda's chin. That still left quite a lot, as Alan had given Brenda an unusually heavy load.

Brenda obeyed Alan's desire. His command to wear his cum, like everything else this evening, was like her ultimate fantasy come true, and then some.

She gushed, "Oh, Alan! It's so good. That was... UGH! Too much! Susan and Suzanne were so right - you're not a normal man. I'll admit that I was having some doubts about some crazy plans they were making for me earlier, but I was so wrong to even think. It's all so worth it. So worth it!"

He wondered what she was thinking, especially her comment about "crazy plans." He still didn't have a clue how far she'd already gone in her submission to him.

bender

She panted, "I'm too untrusting. I'll never doubt them, or you, again. This is the most delicious nectar on Earth! More! Give me more! I want to swim in it!"

Katherine frowned at Brenda's comments. Now that her own lust had lessened, her jealousy grew much greater. "You wish. You're a one-trick pony, Mrs. Big Tits. You're the flavor of the week. You may give good head - after all your enthusiastic choking and gagging for so long, I'll grudgingly grant you that. But my brother doesn't love you. Hell, he doesn't even KNOW you. Next week he'll be playing with some other big-titted freak of nature and you'll be yesterday's news. But I'll still be here, living right across the hall. So take THAT! Ha! He loves ME, his one and only sister! I'M going to be the one swimming in his cum long after he's completely forgotten your name."

"That's enough, Sis," Alan complained. "That was so rude."

Katherine covered her mouth with her hands. "Oh my God! Did I just say all that out loud? Shit. I thought I was just thinking." She truly didn't know she was voicing her thoughts out loud, but now that it

was done she didn't mind terribly. Dumb, dumb, dumb! But at least it's good for Brenda to understand her place before she gets her hopes up too high. The stupid chubby cow.

Brenda appeared crushed. Her body withered.

However, Alan tried to repair the damage. "Don't mind my sister. She's just jealous. She's all wrong. You won't be forgotten next week, not at all. In fact, we all want you to be a regular at our weekly card games and fashion shows from now on, plus who knows what else, don't we?"

He stared intently at Katherine as he prodded again, "Don't we?"

Katherine got the message. "Yes, we do." She managed a smile, but her voice was flat and forced.

That made Brenda feel a lot better, but she still doubted.

He saw her worried face, and further explained, "Brenda, you're a late comer to a very tight group. So there's bound to be some resentment. It's true that I don't know you that well yet - none of us do - but I have a good feeling about you. Yes, you've got the biggest rack I've ever seen, but you're not just a pair of tits in my eyes. For one thing, you seem like a fundamentally nice person, and I like your enthusiasm." He winked, "Not to mention your ass."

Brenda thought, A-ha! He does like my ass! She actually wasn't that upset about Katherine's comments, once she got over the initial shock. His quick complimentary words saved the situation. She thought about it, and decided that jealousy and in-fighting amongst women was part of being in a harem. Plus, the intensity of Katherine's feelings was a sign that Brenda was making progress becoming a part of Alan's life.

Continuing more seriously, he said to her, "If you like our group, just hang in there and don't mind the slings and arrows. In time, Katherine and some of the others with jealousy issues will warm up to you."

Brenda blurted out, "Like your group? Like?! Alan, you have no idea!" She ardently wished Suzanne hadn't forbidden her from explaining everything that had happened downstairs earlier. "This is the most amazing, wonderful group of people I've ever met! I don't mind Katherine's comments because I'm sure

I'm not worthy. I tried my best to fondle and suck, but how can I compare with the likes of Susan, Suzanne, Amy, and Katherine?"

As she said this last sentence, she looked at Katherine with complete adoration. While Brenda didn't know her that well, her high opinion of her was nonetheless set if only because of who Katherine was related to. Anyone who was the sister of Alan and the daughter of Susan was to be adored in Brenda's mind.

Katherine was completely taken aback, mostly because Brenda was obviously sincere in adoring her, even right after she'd insulted her. She didn't understand the intensity of Brenda's submissive feelings yet, just as Alan did not. So she decided not to say anything for the moment.

Alan turned to Katherine. "Sis, look, I understand you're just a teen so I can't really blame you for being immature. But that was soooo juvenile! I mean, come on. I'm a teenager too, but I don't blurt out that kind of stuff, ever, even to people I don't like. That was downright mean."

The more Katherine thought about it, the more regretful she felt. "Brother, I'm reaaaally sorry. I thought I was just talking to myself. Imagine how much it would suck for you if all your thoughts about people were spoken out loud."

"Good point. But I have the sense to never say them out loud. I think you need to be punished. And since you offended Brenda, I think she's the one to punish you. Brenda, how would you like to give Katherine a spanking? Say... twenty-five swats on her ass?"

"Ummm..." Brenda looked worried. She stared at the floor nervously.

He gave her a puzzled look. "What? I'm sorry, you don't like the idea of spankings? I didn't realize."

"No, it's not that. In fact, I love the idea of spankings. I adore it. It's just, uh, really it was my fault. Can you spank me instead?" She turned around and bent over, presenting her ripe target towards him. (She also deliberately showed off how her inner thighs were soaked with her cum.)

He asked, "Huh? How's that? What did you do wrong? You come in here and passionately blow me for over half an hour like it was your last act on Earth, and then you feel like you did something wrong? No, you did great. Like I said, you're not some sexual flash in the pan. We want you in our group."

Brenda worried, That's great. But... how much does he want me? He has no idea, does he? He just thinks he's going to see me a couple of times a week for these parties. He doesn't realize how much I need him! How much I need his cock in my mouth! I need him to rule and control me! He needs to fill my holes every single day!

Isn't that what masters do? I have to trust that Suzanne is going to make everything work out, because right now he probably doesn't want me for a sex slave at all! How CAN I compete with the loving ties the others share? I'll just have to try harder. More busty thrusting, more willing submission, more blowjob practice!

She turned back around and stood stiffly, as if an obedient soldier in a sex army. That immediately made her feel better. She arched her back and thrust her tits out, and that made her feel even better. She reveled in the fact that she was wearing nothing but high heels. Susan's earlier words about heels came back to her and thrilled her: "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."

But as she stood there proudly showing off her voluptuous, nude body, she continued to think about her aggressive attitude. Maybe I'm being unfair to him. Look at me - I'm not just proudly thrusting my big tits forward for his inspection; I'm thrusting myself into his life. Am I being too clingy? I can't be clingy! I'm here to please him, not cause trouble. He should set the pace. The last thing I want is to get between him and his sister. I'll just have to suffer silently in my need to have him, for now at least.

Just then, a gob of cum slid off her chin and landed on the upper slope of her left tit. That sent yet another shiver of pure pleasure down her spine.

Alan had been distracted too, first by her bent-over pose and then by her soldier-on-parade pose. Again he marveled at her exceptional physical perfection. She was bedraggled and sweaty, but that only made her sexier in his eyes.

But finally he prodded her about the spanking idea. "So...?"

Brenda was in a fix. She felt she couldn't even spank Katherine, not after Suzanne had declared Katherine to be one of her mistresses. So she tried to reply in a way that wasn't a blatant lie. "Well, uh, it's just that you want a spanking and I don't have the energy to give one. I came so hard and so good. And I already had some WONDERFUL orgasms downstairs before I came up here. I can hardly stand up, to be honest. And my hands and my mouth... My tongue... Phew, this is hard work!"

She looked at Katherine. "I'm so impressed! I have no idea how you do it, day after day after day."

Katherine replied proudly, "It IS hard work. But hearing his moans of pleasure keeps me going. And then, like I told you earlier, in the end, you get your spermy reward - as you obviously are aware right now..." She giggled, looking all over Brenda's cummy face.

Brenda smiled broadly. She was humiliated by the pearly seed all over her skin, but she was proud of it too. She felt like it was her reward for a difficult job well done.

Katherine continued, "And you're also usually rewarded with some nice cums along the way." She giggled some more and swiped a finger through the cum on Brenda's face, licking it up. Her earlier jealous outburst was already practically forgotten, especially because Brenda was being so nice to her.

Brenda nodded at Katherine's explanation. Then she looked up at Alan's face hopefully. "Anyway, I thought I'd volunteer to receive the spanking. Actually, I insist. Won't you please spank me?"

As tired as she was, she got up, turned around, and bent over again so she could visually offer him her wide ass. To further entice him, she spread her legs wide while keeping them ramrod straight.

He was startled by the sheer quantity of cum dripping down Brenda's thighs. But he shook his head. "That's not how it works. The idea's not to just randomly spank people. You're supposed to punish Katherine for the awful things she said to you. Would you like me to give the spanking to her in your place?"

"NO!" Brenda was appalled by the idea. In her mind already, Katherine was one of the special people, one of her natural superiors. The idea of her presence causing such a person to be spanked was beyond the pale.

She stood up and turned around to give him a pleading look. "Whatever happened, I'm sure it's my fault. I'm the one who got her upset. If anyone should get spanked, it should be me."

Seeing that he still wasn't convinced, she hopped up on the bed so she could thrust her ass in Alan's direction more blatantly. Despite the harsh words from Katherine, Brenda was still very aroused. Not only was she hoping for a repeat performance of how Alan had spanked her the previous time she'd been there, but she got off on the shameful feeling of being on all fours while wearing nothing but cum and high heels.

"Nonsense," he said firmly. "Anyways, I've kind of lost the spanking urge with all this talking. Sis, please, promise me you won't get jealous about Brenda again. I just want everyone to get along and be friends."

Brenda reluctantly crawled off the bed. She stood right in front of him, as if expecting orders.

Katherine privately fumed, "Get along and be friends." Right. And have us all smile mindlessly as we take turns sucking your cock. Right. Sorry, Bro, but I have feelings too. You can't just push me aside for this walking pair of tits. I won't go quietly! Of course I'll take my turns on your cock, but I won't necessarily smile while I'm doing it, not if I have to share with HER! She glared in Brenda's direction.

But, changing her mood a bit, she continued thinking, However, we do have to all try to get along. If I make a big scene I'll just fall down in his book. The truth is, we DO take turns sucking his cock. That's part of the fuck toy lifestyle. It is key that we all get along, because I serve HIS pleasure, first and foremost. It's so easy to forget that and get tripped up with my petty jealousies.

Plus, Brenda does know all our incestuous secrets. We're stuck with her for years to come. And I guess she's kind of nice. She's never said a bad word about me. Yeah, she'll keep coming by a couple of times a week for who knows how long. Forever, maybe. I can handle that. Even then, she won't be a serious threat to me.

The bottom line is, she's an occasional visitor, but I LIVE HERE! Ha, take that! Right now he's going a bit hog wild, taming random bombshells like her, but soon enough he'll realize how sexually overcommitted he is and that it's best to stick with family most of the time. He LOVES me! He'll never love her. So I'll just wait it out and do my best to get along for now.

She forced a smile. "I'm sorry, Big Bro. Brenda, I'm especially sorry to you. You know how the mind works. People think all kinds of crazy things in passing but they don't mean most of it. I am kinda jealous about your curvy body compared to my flat one, but I'm sure that'll pass. Let's try again to be friends, okay?"

Brenda smiled. "Okay. Thanks. I do appreciate it. And I'm sorry again about butting in. I mean, here you were, happily slurping away on your brother's stiff meat and I come along and force you aside. Then, to add insult to injury, I take his big load on my face. A load that you'd worked hard to coax out, I'm sure. Even now, you have to watch all that tasty cum slowly dripping down my cheeks and nose. I feel horrible. It's just that Suzanne and Susan ordered me to come up here and do that. They probably didn't realize you were already going at it."

"Good point, Brenda," he said. "I hadn't thought of all that. These miscommunication things happen. Let's go downstairs and turn over a new leaf for the party. Okay? And I so much appreciate all the kindness and pleasure both of you have given me. Thank you. I'm such a lucky guy."

Katherine and Brenda nodded obediently.

Chapter 804 Enter Xania

Then Alan had an idea from seeing them standing side by side, both looking contrite. "Okay, you two. I want you to kiss and make up. And I don't mean a peck on the cheek. I mean make out like long-lost lovers!"

Had he said that order a few minutes ago, it would have gone badly, mostly from Katherine acting pissy. But the two women were still riding a general erotic high, and they both got a big submissive kick out of being "forced" to kiss each other.

Katherine acted first, wrapping her arms around Brenda. She let her smaller but still ample tits rest against Brenda's mammoth twin peaks. "I'm sorry. I really didn't mean any of that. I just let my jealousy get to me because you sucked him so good for so long."

Brenda smiled. She had her arms around Katherine too. "It's okay, I don't mind. If I was in your shoes, I would have done the same."

"No, it's not okay! Brother is right. You may not be an official personal cocksucker, but you're part of our group now just the same. I'm sure you're going to suck a LOT of cock from now on, if you enjoyed what you just did."

"Enjoyed?! Katherine, that was one of the highlights of my life! These past few days have been the best of my life, by far. It's funny. I've been married twice and had a pretty active sex life for years, but I truly feel like a virgin. I'm ready to fully dedicate myself to serving his cock, any time he'll have me." She was too shy to look at Alan as she said that, or even to Katherine. She bowed her head and blushed slightly.

Katherine didn't know how to respond to that, since it wasn't her call to make. So she merely said, "Let's kiss and make up then."

Brenda opened her eyes and leaned in with slightly parted lips.

Katherine did the same, but then she stopped and swiped two fingers through Brenda's cummy cheeks. "Wait!" She fed the cum into Brenda's mouth, advising her, "Don't swallow. Let's share."

"Okay!" Getting into the spirit, Brenda swiped two of her fingers through more of the cum and then fed that into Katherine's mouth.

Then the two of them finally locked lips. From the get-go they were on fire, mostly due to the thrill of snowballing Alan's cum.

Alan worried that his sister would be "uppity" and difficult, perhaps by trying to aggressively dominate Brenda during their necking. But he was pleased to see that both women were totally consumed by lust and put all their earlier differences aside.

He had planned to tell them to fondle each other, to make sure the kiss was sufficiently steamy. But that was entirely unnecessary. Mere seconds after the French kissing began, Brenda's hands went to Katherine's ass. Katherine's hands in turn went to Brenda's huge tits.

While their kissing got hotter and hotter, Katherine thought, I'm such an idiot. I should think of Brenda as "the enemy." She can be part of the team. She's just like a human sex pet, which is great, because I

can benefit too! Hot damn, she's one sexy lady, and maybe in time she can become MY plaything too! She sure as hell is a great kisser, and damn her tits feel great!

Brenda had much more submissive thoughts. Katherine is one of my mistresses now. I have obey her, no matter what she says or does. That's the life I've chosen. Luckily, she seems like a genuinely nice person, plus she's a total fox. I imagine Master is going to make me get intimate with all of his other women, who are my mistresses. I would have to say I should try to learn to enjoy it, except I'm already loving it!

Their necking could have gone on a long time, and maybe led to more, but that was what Alan was worried about. Normally, he would have loved to watch them neck, rub their tits together, and generally fondle each other, until his penis got erect again leading to another long sex session. But he didn't want to miss out on the party.

So he broke up the kiss and pretty much shooed them out of the room. He reminded them of the party downstairs and told them they'd been away from it too long already.

They left not long after that. Katherine went to her bedroom to put on a different set of clothes and freshen up.

Brenda picked up her long discarded nightie and prepared to put it back on.

But then Alan had another inspired idea. "What do you think you're doing? Did I tell you you had permission to put that back on?"

"Um, no." It took all her mental concentration not to say "master" when he gave an order exactly like her dream master would.

"Well then. I'm sure they'll want a full report. So go tell them."

"YES, er... Yes! I will!" She was frustrated at not having a title to call him, but she let it pass.

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Brenda rushed downstairs to give a full report of her blowjob success to Susan and Suzanne. She merely carried the discarded nightie with her, handing it to Susan to take care of.

Both mothers were busy getting the house ready for Xania's arrival. But in fact the house was clean and ready to go already, and the two sexy mothers were fully dressed, so Susan turned to her with arms open wide and asked, "How was it?"

Brenda rushed into Susan's arms and gave her a big hug (while being careful not to smear the cum that was all over her against anything). She laughed with glee. "Do you have to ask? THE BEST! Just look at me! Look at my face!" She pulled back just enough from the hug to show off her cummy face.

Susan was happy for her friend. "Look at you! Naked and spermed! Look at her, Suzanne!" She swiped a cum gob off Brenda's forehead and licked it up.

Suzanne chuckled. "I know. I can see. Congratulations, Brenda. That's what, your third time sucking him off?"

"Yes, but it's the very first time he painted my face! And each time is way better than the last! He marked me with his seed! And I was going to put my nightie back on, but he ORDERED me not to! I swear, this IS heaven!"

Susan and Suzanne chuckled gaily and Brenda's joy.

Brenda went on, "I sucked him for SOOOOO LONG! And he never came! Never! Not until the very end! Every second was like the ultimate bliss!"

Susan squealed, excited for her new friend. "That's great! Did you use my tips?! Do you think you're getting better?"

Brenda said proudly, "I did! I felt like I made a major sucking breakthrough, and it's all thanks to you! Both of you. I feel like I'm starting to get the hang of it. It was SUCH a struggle! I tried absolutely every trick I knew, and still he wouldn't cum. My jaw hurts and my tongue is all tired out, but already I can't wait to do it again!"

Suzanne said, "Well, I have a feeling you'll get your chance later tonight. You know how rampant and demanding his cock is. But first, sit down and tell us all about what happened."

Brenda continued to hug Susan a little longer, and said, "I get it now. I fully get it. Sucking his cock is so much more than just a sex act. It's an act of adoration! Of dedication! Of veneration! It's a lifestyle! An entire way of life, dedicated to serving our man, serving his cock! I feel like I BELONG on my knees, naked and choking on his thickness!"

Susan beamed, like a proud teacher with a star pupil. "Exactly! Did he mention anything about making you one of his personal cocksuckers?"

"Unfortunately, no." Brenda finally broke the hug.

Susan gave her an encouraging pat on the back. "Don't worry; that'll come soon, I'm sure. Now, let's hear the full story!"

Brenda happily gave them a passionate and triumphant description of what she'd done. She was still at it when the doorbell rang, signaling Xania's arrival.

At that point, Suzanne had Brenda put on only the extremely revealing clothes she'd arrived in, plus her high heels. They had her leave the cum on her face.

Meanwhile, Alan stayed upstairs so he could fully recover. He wanted to wait long enough until he could get another erection so he could make a big impression on entry.

He shook his head with wonder as he thought of Brenda. That is one wild woman. How can a woman with her tits suck cock with that much passion?! It's like a genius also being a star athlete. I have a feeling I'm going to be seeing a whole lot more of her. She seems as fanatically loyal as a puppy dog to me, and yet I still don't know her very well.

How did things come to this point? Was Suzanne's scheme that effective? Was she just that much of a ripe fruit ready to be plucked? I really need to learn more, fast.

Weird. I mean, this isn't just any woman. Brenda has an incredible body, and a great face too! And she's basically acting like she wants to exclusively belong to me. She even said as much! And I can't say she doesn't mean it, because she proved her dedication with her cocksucking determination.

This is so unreal I just want to hit myself and wake up. I mean, the various ways I got my cock sucked today, and that's not the only sexual fun I've had. It's nuts! And we still have a poker party to go! Maybe it's actually a good thing I got beat up at school today, because it painfully reminds me that I'm human after all and not invincible. This could all disappear in a heartbeat if word somehow gets out as to what we're doing.

Speaking of trouble, I can see more trouble brewing, thanks to Brenda's looks and attitude. Sis was practically seething at one point. I've never seen her bitch and complain like that, even if it was an accident that she spoke the words out loud. But on the other hand, it kinda turns me on to have them get all catty over me. At least they made up with the kiss at the end.

Ah well. Now it's downstairs to the party to see what other bizarro turns my life can take. I hope my dick rebounds quickly, 'cos I can hardly wait to get down there. This is going to be a classic get-together. Aims, Sis, Mom, Aunt Suzy, Brenda, AND Xania, all in one room at one time? Oh yeah! That's one for the all-time beauty record books.

Oh shit! Xania! I shouldn't have sent Brenda downstairs naked and with a face full of cum. I wonder if Xania's here yet. I didn't even think of that. Ooops!

Now that Xania had arrived, it was time for the poker party to really begin.

Alan and Katherine came downstairs together, after taking about ten minutes to recover and freshen up. Alan was dressed in a long-sleeved white buttoned-up dress shirt and shorts, while Katherine wore a nice formal outfit.

When Alan noticed Xania standing in the foyer with all the others, he thought, SWEET! What a great day! Xania is such a hottie. Surely something sexual is going to happen with her and me tonight, no? I mean, we've secretly fucked. How can good things not happen? And after what just happened with Brenda, I'm so full of confidence that I feel like I can make anything happen!

Xania was dressed up the way a professional psychologist should be, and in fact was dressed only slightly more casually than she'd been during their appointment. She wore a white blouse and a matching red jacket and skirt. The others standing around her in the entry foyer were dressed as if for a formal dinner.

In extreme contrast, Brenda was dressed in nothing but her sliver of an excuse for a top, her G-string-like bikini bottoms, and high heels. That was tremendously embarrassing for her, especially considering that Xania was a complete stranger.

Worse, Brenda still had Alan's cum hanging all over her face. Not only that, but she interpreted Suzanne's earlier comment that she should keep her nipples uncovered whenever possible as a command from her mistress, and so she now wore her black top in a lopsided fashion that kept both nipples exposed. It was almost worse than wearing no top at all, since it seemed such a crazy thing to do.

No one mentioned the cum or the top, not even Xania.

In fact, it was so odd that Xania hadn't said a word about Brenda's appearance that soon everyone was antsy, as if waiting for another shoe to drop. Since none of them except Suzanne knew Xania's real identity and true persona, they half expected her to leave their house or burst into anger at any moment. Had she really been the person she was pretending to be, that probably would have occurred.

Alan considered telling Brenda to make herself presentable, but the situation had a lot of sexual potential. He didn't know the full truth about Xania, but he realized that she wasn't anywhere near the innocent she was pretending to be. He decided to roll with the punches and act like this situation was normal. It was better to push the envelope. If things went south, he could always try damage control.

Brenda found the lack of reaction to her appearance most odd. She was well aware of how strange she looked, and her face burned red with shame and humiliation. Nonetheless she did her best, with her head held high and a smile upon her face.

Once she saw Alan approach, she thrust her chest out and kept her arms behind her back to further push her enormous tits forward. That doubled her already great humiliation, but now that she considered herself one of Alan's sex pets, she was determined to show that she was a good one.

When Alan and Katherine had arrived, Suzanne had made some welcoming small talk. But that quickly died out, and the ensuing silence only heightened the tension about Brenda's appearance.

Finally, Amy spoke up. "Xania, aren't you going to ask about Brenda? Geez! If I were you, I sure would."

"No, I'm not," Xania said calmly.

But Amy wasn't satisfied. She asked, "Why not? Don't you have any curiosity?"

"Sure, but I figure I'm here this evening like an anthropologist living with a foreign culture. I'd like to just be a fly on the wall and observe your fascinating sexual traditions firsthand. If you want me to know something, I figure you'll tell me. I'm sure there's a good reason why this beautiful lady has some interesting, er, stuff... all over her face, not to mention her... unusual attire."

Brenda gasped in embarrassment, but forced herself not to cower or cover up. Oh Jesus God! I knew when I came here tonight that there would be times like this, but I didn't think it would be THIS bad. I have to be strong! This is a test of my loyalty to my master! It's a test of my commitment to live the sex pet lifestyle too.

Amy nodded in slight confusion at Xania's response, and surprisingly didn't tell her any more about Brenda. Neither did anyone else. It seemed that everyone was waiting for Alan's lead, and he still hadn't said a word.

The group resumed making casual small talk, which mostly consisted of introductions to people who hadn't previously met.

Then Suzanne said to Xania as an aside, "By the way, don't blame Brenda for her attire, or, er... lack thereof. She was in the middle of telling Susan and me a VERY interesting story about what she was doing to Alan upstairs, and then you rang the doorbell, so there was no time for her to change."

Xania knew from years of experience when Suzanne was playing some kind of game, so she happily played right along, pretending to be clueless. "Oh, really? What kind of story?"

Suzanne smirked a little. "It's all about what she was doing not long before you got here. She put on some sexy see-through lingerie, walked into Alan's room, dropped to her knees between his legs, and then... Wait. Maybe it's better if you tell the story?" She looked right at Brenda.

Brenda felt like her heart had stopped altogether. She was already blushing profusely, but somehow her face turned twice as red.

Xania could guess easily enough that Suzanne was alluding to Brenda giving Alan a blowjob. Furthermore, she could tell by the way people were acting that Brenda was a person who got off on being sexually humiliated, which everyone in the room understood except Brenda. So Xania continued to play her clueless role by asking, "Yes, Brenda, what were you doing to Alan upstairs, between his legs? And in see-through lingerie, no less?"

Brenda clenched her hands together nervously and stammered, "Um... You see... I was just, uh... Alan had big needs, and I... Oh God!" She looked like she was about to faint from sheer embarrassment.

Susan was such a lovable softy that she couldn't bear to see Brenda squirm and blush so much. She said, "Before we tell any stories, what are we doing just standing here in the foyer? Let's get properly settled, shall we?"

Thanks to that prodding, Brenda was off the hook while the group moved to the living room for the poker game.

Brenda sat on a sofa and tried to recover. She was so horny and embarrassed that she felt like she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. She was relieved to just close her eyes and be ignored for a little while. She would have loved to masturbate to further blow off her stress and arousal, but she didn't dare do so with Xania so nearby.

bender

Xania had brought some luggage because she was staying the night. Alan picked it up to take it upstairs to the guest bedroom, which would allow him to be the last one into the living room when he returned. To a certain extent, all the weeks of constant sexual adventures had made him a bit jaded, but now he practically pranced with glee as he lugged her bags along.

He thought, Great things are about to happen! Looking at those remarkable ladies in the foyer all dressed up so fancily, you'd think a Tupperware party was about to begin or something. You'd never figure what raging sexual creatures they are. I'll bet that within the hour - no, make that half an hour - they'll all be naked and begging me to fuck them. Including Xania, I hope! I'm glad Brenda looks the way she does, or else I wouldn't believe what's about to happen. Everything else seems far too normal.

And Xania! God DAMN! She's cool as a cucumber now, but I know she's really a hot firecracker under all those clothes! It's like Mom and Aunt Suzy have a body double, and how cool is that?! I've fucked her once, so don't tell me nothing's gonna happen tonight. But judging from her clothes and demeanor, I have a sense she's going to play hard to get, which is gonna be fun as hell! I have such a raging boner already that it's not funny. Oh boy! Buckets of cum are going to flow tonight!

Finally entering the living room, he took a look at the six women before him, who informally stood in a line for his benefit. Even Brenda managed to stand up and strike a pose. She still looked comically out of place with her cum-soaked blushing face and her nipples bared.

Alan whistled in appreciation at them all. "Hot damn! Pinch me; I'm dreaming! Looking at the six of you there, it's like I'm looking at some kind of fantasy Amazon army. Valkyries maybe. With the exception of Brenda and Amy, all of you are just so damned tall. Right around six feet - I hear that's the height of all the supermodels. That alone is so amazing. But all of you look great. You know what this is like? This is like some 'Sexiest Women of the World' all-star team."

He again conspicuously failed to mention or take special notice of Brenda's cum-drenched appearance. He also was tempted to note how extremely busty they all were, but he held his tongue on that.

He was just speaking his mind, mostly, but his words buttered up all the females and helped get them in the mood for the game. Most of them preened and posed, thrusting out their tits like Brenda had been doing.

Only Xania played it cool with her detached demeanor. She kept a poker face as she looked all around, as if she were a scientist studying her lab subjects.

Susan brought out the wine and liquor. She considered it part of her motherly duties to make sure Brenda and especially Xania got drunk or at least tipsy, to help Alan have his way with them.

As she served Alan, she whispered in his ear while obviously referring to Xania, "There's another hottie I want you tame tonight. Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker. Go get her, Tiger! I want to see you do her on the table in front of everybody!"

He chuckled to himself and shook his head in amused disbelief at how his mother had changed.

There was a tension in the room thanks to Xania's presence. Everyone was wondering how she would react once things started to get overtly sexual. Alan, Katherine and Suzanne were each well aware of the fact that Alan had had sex with her already, but Amy, Susan and Brenda were not.

Furthermore, Xania still wasn't batting an eye at Brenda's strange appearance. Despite being in the same room as Brenda, she hadn't asked her any questions, not even to follow up on the story Brenda was supposedly about to tell.

Chapter 805 Enter Xania Ctd

With everyone standing around and drinking wine, Alan pulled Xania aside and said, "Before we start, can I speak to you in private for a minute?"

She readily agreed, and the two of them walked into another room.

Alan closed the door so they could speak in complete privacy.

He immediately said, "Hi, Dr. Goodleigh. It's good to see you, but I'm confused. Are you here as a psychologist, or is this just a social visit, or what? What's this anthropologist angle?"

She gave a wry smile. "I'll let you guess what I'm doing." She was having fun deliberately cultivating an enigmatic persona.

He replied, "Now, we can't have that. It's too weird and no one will know how to act. Let me be bold with a proposal. I want to fuck you again, and I think you want to be fucked again or you wouldn't be here. Am I right?"

Xania didn't speak, but her eyes sparkled with mischief and interest.

He knew he was right, so he assumed her agreement. "Good. Here's my plan. Things are going to get sexual with the card game. Veeeery sexual. But I want you to pretend that you're disturbed by it all. Quite disturbed, but not so much as to actually leave or force anyone to stop. And I'll slowly make more advances until I fuck you silly. How does that sound?"

She liked the plan, because it sounded like sexy fun. However, she couldn't help but tease, "Kiddo, you sure are full of yourself."

He quickly wrapped his arms around her and pulled her in for a serious kiss.

She was surprised at first, but relaxed and joined in a delightful tongue duel. Thanks to her exceptionally long tongue, she was a natural expert kisser. Plus, she'd honed her skill from years of practice with both men and women.

Meanwhile, his hands were busy. Despite her formal attire, he quickly had one hand inside her blouse and bra, pinching a nipple, and the other inside her panties. He was working her clit even before they came up for breath. Then he kissed her again, with even more heat.

Two of his fingers were squishing in her wet pussy lips as their second kiss came to an end. "Come on, Xania. Tell me you're not hot to trot."

She snickered to herself, Hot damn! He doesn't waste time. This is gonna be a fun evening! But outwardly, she kept up her pretense. "How dare you!"

He continued to fondle her body, because it was clear to him that her words were saying one thing and her body was saying another. Noticing that she wasn't making a serious effort to push him away, he pumped even deeper into her already very wet slit. He prodded, "Come on. You know you're liking it."

She laughed. She spoke quietly, just in case someone like Susan was eavesdropping. "Okay, you got me. Kiddo, you've got yourself a deal. Sounds like fun, and I figured I'd have to do something along that line

anyway to be consistent with my role as a psychologist. The truth is, I'm just here to have fun. Even psychologists have fun sometimes."

She nibbled at his earlobe as she spoke in a husky purr. "Looks like you're going to show me a really good time tonight."

He continued to finger her pussy. "I am. You and Brenda, since you're our special guests. She's a real character. You may find it hard to take her seriously, but she's for real."

Just then, Susan walked in and immediately broke into a big smile. Her eyes zoomed in on the way her son's fingers were pumping between Xania's legs. Wow! That's my boy! He's working fast. The taming begins!

She hid her joy and calmly said, "Hey, you two, we're all waiting for you."

Xania turned in shock and pushed Alan away. She immediately began readjusting her clothes to make herself more presentable. However, she didn't do too much adjusting - she wanted her lacy underwear to be noticed.

She pretended shame for Susan's sake. "I can explain! It's not what you think!"

Susan had an amused smirk on her face. Xania had pulled up her panties, but she hadn't had a chance to pull her skirt down too, so Susan could see a wet spot in her dark panties. She liked that. "Oh really? Then what is it then?" She put her hands on her hips expectantly.

Xania stammered shyly, "I'm just, uh, trying to fit in. And, uh, do what the other guests do."

Susan was in an unusually naughty mood as she reveled in her son's sexual prowess. She pretended to be slow on the uptake, even though she was smirking. "So you're letting him pump your pussy and knead your big breasts?"

"Um, well, if you put it that way, it does sound a bit lewd, but, um, er..."

Susan was obviously filled with pride. With a beaming smile, she said, "That's my son! Xania, you don't stand a chance. You'll be fitting in, all right. Or I should say Alan will be fitting into you. Here, give me your bra and panties." She held her hands out expectantly.

"What?" Xania was genuinely confused by that.

Susan explained, "The house rule is 'no female underwear allowed'. No exceptions. Didn't you say something about wanting to observe our customs?"

"Yes, I'm trying to take a 'When in Rome, do as the Romans' attitude. But... do I really have to?"

Susan just put a hand on her hip and gave Xania a withering, impatient look.

Xania was finding that she didn't really need to act much to maintain her role. She was truly blushing as she asked, "Can I at least change in the bathroom? Otherwise he'll see me naked!"

Susan asked, "Did you not notice that he's already got his hand in your panties again?"

Xania looked down and saw that indeed he did. She reluctantly stepped back from him and began to undress. She could have just unhooked her bra without first removing her blouse, but she wanted to make a show of it.

She feebly protested, "I can't believe I'm doing this," even as she made sure to give Alan a good show.

Susan, standing behind Xania, gave Alan the thumbs-up sign with both hands while silently mouthing the phrase "Alan-worthy." She was all smiles.

He really liked that. His erection showed its approval as well, bulging out lewdly.

As Xania slowly undressed, she asked, "Why is it 'no female underwear allowed?' That sounds unfair to me. What about Alan and his underwear?"

Susan spoke proudly. "It IS unfair, on purpose. My son Alan here is the man of the house. He never wears underwear anymore, but the point is, he could. Such rules are one of the many ways he asserts his dominance over us."

Reaching behind herself, Xania deftly unhooked her bra, exposing her bounteous breasts as her boulder-holder fell away and she removed it. Then she asked with feigned annoyance, "Is this enough?"

"Definitely not!" Susan said with a smirk. "Although, I must say, you have a remarkable body. Truly impressive breasts."

Alan thought, You can say that again, Mom! And her body is friggin' EXACTLY like Mom's! I may not be allowed to fuck my mother yet, but I sure as hell can fuck Xania. I don't know precisely how it's going to happen, but I'm definitely going to be fucking her tonight!

Xania grumbled, "Thanks, I guess."

Funnily enough, Susan had thoughts very similar to Alan's. Xania is a total BABE! She's exactly the kind of busty beauty who needs to discover the joys of serving Tiger's cock. And while he can't fuck me, maybe he can fuck her and think of me. I hope he gives her a nice long Fucking tonight!

Susan stared at Xania in a surprisingly intimidating manner. "Now, take off the rest."

Xania glared unhappily at Alan. "Does he have to watch?"

"Yes, yes he does." Susan replied. "You're in Rome. Do as the Romans."

A blushing Xania continued to glare at Alan while she pulled her skirt down her legs and stepped away from it.

He looked a bit sheepish in response, but he was too horny not to ogle her.

As a finishing move, the seemingly highly-embarrassed (yet loving every moment) Xania spun around as she grasped the sides of her panties. Then she bent straight down, removing the panties in a single motion, providing both Alan and Susan with a wondrous view of her rear.

Susan took Xania's underwear and hosiery, leaving Xania at least temporarily dressed in nothing but her glasses and high heels.

He had been standing close to Xania the whole time. Now he kissed her on the lips while exploring her naked body with his hands.

Susan was beside herself with joy. Mercy me! My son works FAST! Just look at Xania's body! If she's not Alan-worthy, than nobody is! I've only ever met a few women in my entire life with a figure like that, and most of them are here in this house right now! I hope she's a good cocksucker too. I'll bet I'm going to find out tonight!

Xania quickly broke the kiss, although she didn't attempt to get out of his grasp. She pretended to be distressed as she looked at Susan. "What am I supposed to do now?! This is so embarrassing! Susan, would you hand me my clothes?"

"In a minute," Susan said. "This is part of our tradition too."

"What, that he can just fondle my naked body as much as he wants?!"

Susan was all smiles. "Yep! You got it!"

He went back to kissing and fondling Xania, preventing her from saying more. He stood behind her so that Susan would have an ideal view of Xania's incredible naked body and the way he was reaching around it to play with her pussy and breasts.

Susan clutched her hands over her own chest. Oh my goodness! I'm so overjoyed that it almost brings tears to my eyes. He's taming Xania so fast that it's surprising, even to me! I'm getting really WET! I'm tempted to rip off all my clothes, fall to my knees, and SLURP! Mmmm!

After offering Susan that exciting view, Alan moved around to Xania's front side so his erection could get more involved. Although he kept his clothes on, he rubbed his bulge just above her pussy while fingering her slit. She was definitely wet down there.

Xania knew she had to pretend reluctance, at least while Susan was watching, so she flailed her arms around as if she were overwhelmed and unsure of what to do or where to touch him. Yet she was genuinely blushing, because the overall situation was embarrassing despite her acting.

She thought, This kid is pretty outrageous! Suzanne told me I'd have a lot of fun tonight, but I didn't expect THIS already! I've hardly stepped foot in the house and I'm stripped naked and getting the fingerbanging of a lifetime! He's so fucking confident for a teenager. And he sure knows what to do with his hands; he's driving me wild! Instead of focusing on my breasts, like most guys, he's working hard to make me cum.

And Susan! I can't believe she's just standing there watching with a smirky smile on her face. I hate being exposed publicly like this!

In fact, few things aroused Xania more than public exposure, but that was one area where she wasn't honest with herself. As a result, she was actually greatly enjoying Alan's actions. However, she felt obliged to say something, since Susan was right there. "This is outrageous! I thought I was supposed to simply take my underwear off, but he's dry humping me like a horny dog!"

Susan smirked with glee. "Hey, 'When in Rome,' like you said. The question is, were you serious about that, or are you going to get cold feet?"

Xania acted reluctant. "When I said that, I wasn't expecting THIS! But... I'm not a quitter!"

"Good." Susan's smile grew. She walked around Alan so she could make eye contact with Xania over his shoulder. "Don't worry; it's a ton of fun. I can see your breathing is getting pretty heavy already. I promise you, by the time the night is over, you'll have lots of really great orgasms."

"I thought this was supposed to be a poker game!" Xania complained.

"There'll be some of that too." Susan winked playfully. "Oh, and didn't I mention we like strip poker?"

Xania groaned loudly. She was trying to sound frustrated, but she was surprisingly close to a climax already, and the resulting sound ended up highly erotic.

Alan relentlessly ground his thinly-clothed boner against Xania's bare skin. But mostly, he focused on playing with her pussy and clit until she was right on the verge of cumming. Then he stepped back.

Xania groaned again, with obvious lust in her voice. She tried to make it seem like she was upset about how he was taking advantage of her, rather than because he was delaying her cum.

Susan stepped to the side, relative to Alan and Xania, so she could make eye contact with both of them if they looked her way. She winked at him and said, "Son, I'm so proud. I'm sure that if I hadn't come in to impose house rules, you would have had her bent over the sofa and been pounding her doggy-style within five minutes of greeting her. Don't worry, Xania; there's time for that later, but right now the game calls."

Xania begged, "Please, Susan, please! Can't I put my clothes back on?"

Susan looked to her son with her smirky smile. She tilted her head quizzically.

He pretended to consider the idea, then nodded his agreement.

"Very well." Susan finally stepped forward and handed Xania her clothes - minus her underwear, of course.

As Xania took her clothes, she stammered, "Um, Susan, could you not tell-"

Susan gestured as if zipping her mouth shut. "Mum's the word on what happened here." She walked off, still carrying Xania's underwear.

Xania thought, She's right. Damn this kid works fast! That was strangely humiliating, but fun too. I can sense that there are some things I'm going to have to fake tonight to keep up appearances, and some things I won't. My heart is pounding fast and my face must be cherry red. There's no faking that!

But Xania elected not to say anything about that to Alan. Instead, as she slowly gave him a sexy reverse strip tease, she asked, "Do you care to explain why Brenda's face is dripping with cum? I assume it's some kind of punishment?"

He was being mischievous. "No. It's not. But I like how you took that in stride. Xania, I think you're my kind of woman."

She was chagrined, because that made her even more curious about it, but couldn't inquire further since he'd said that she took it in stride.

But then another thought occurred to her. She suddenly grabbed his arm and whispered, "As long as we're dropping all pretense for a minute, I have a request. Susan conducted her entire counseling session with me topless. She said it made her feel more at ease. I've been thinking a lot about those lovely orbs of hers ever since. Do you think you could hook me up with them tonight?"

"Sure. No problem. And I know what you mean. They're always on my mind too." He slipped a hand inside her jacket. "Although I must say yours are just as nice. And just as huge!" He directly pinched one of her erect nipples.

She lightly slapped his hand a couple of times until he got the hint. "Hey! Behave! Or we'll never get out of this room."

He kissed his way across her face. "That sounds nice. I wouldn't mind spending the entire evening with you. On top of you... In you..." He'd been kissing his way to her mouth, so he finished with a scorching lip-lock. He slid a hand inside her jacket again and resumed playing with a nipple.

She thought, Shit! This kid is GOOD! I'm half tempted to blow off the card game and just get fucked for hours. I can't believe he's this smooth and this young too. I can see why Suzanne has the hots for him.

She soon realized that either she had to get him to stop, or they'd wind up fucking in the very near future. She broke the kiss, slapped his wandering hands again, and complained, "BEHAVE!"

He decided to behave, though it was very tempting not to. He figured a slow seduction of her in front of the others would ultimately be much more enjoyable for everyone involved.

A minute or two later, they reentered the living room where the others were.

Xania announced to everyone with great seriousness, "I should tell you all what Alan and I just discussed."

Alan was very confused by that, but didn't try to stop her.

But instead of saying anything about what had really happened, she said, "I was just explaining to him why I'm here. I'm passing through town and hoped to visit my good friend Suzanne..." - she smiled and nodded in Suzanne's direction - "...and see all my new friends. I'm happy to unwind and play some cards. But at the same time, Suzanne tells me that you've developed some interesting traditions. As a psychologist, I'm fascinated by the Plummer family and would like to 'go native' as it were, and experience and observe one of your typical evenings."

She went on, "That's what I was attempting to explain earlier. I'm already fully aware of the incest that goes on in this house, and I have no moral qualms with that, since it's taking place between loving adults. So the bottom line is: Don't mind me; just act as you normally do."

Amy asked with some concern, "Um, Xania, this game gets kind of sexual. Well, to be honest, it gets VERY sexual. Are you okay with that?"

Xania laughed that off. "Amy, believe you me, I've played a few harmless games of strip poker in my time. I don't mind a little bit of nudity if that allows me to see you all interact in your natural environment."

Katherine coughed loudly. She was obviously amused by Xania's claim that there would only be a "little bit of nudity."

Susan proudly held up Xania's bra and panties, waving them around. "Look! She's already agreed to obey one of the most important Plummer house rules."

Xania looked away in genuine embarrassment. She didn't have to fake the blush on her cheeks either.

Amy still looked concerned. "But there's more than just a little bit of nudity. Look at Brenda. Don't you wonder what that white stuff on her face is?"

Xania walked up to Brenda and examined her closely. She pretended to be uncertain, even though she'd all but identified it as cum earlier. "Yes. I was wondering. Just what IS that stuff on your face? If I didn't know better, I would think it's... But it can't be, can it?"

Amy looked to Alan for direction. She didn't want to say something that she shouldn't.

Feeling playful, he expressed shock and tried to pass the non-verbal message to Amy behind Xania's back not to reveal what the substance was.

Amy suddenly got much more nervous and defensive. "Uh, never you mind. I guess she spilled something, maybe. Brenda, I'll take you to the bathroom and help you lick that off. Um, I mean, wipe that off. Mom, are you ready to start the game?"

Xania was confused by Alan's gambit, because she really wanted to understand why Brenda was looking like that. Obviously, that's his cum on her face. No duh. I could even smell it, and I remember his unusually sweet smell. But why is she the only one nearly naked, and why the heck isn't she cleaning off her face?!

Nevertheless, Xania continued to play along and let the issue slide, at least for the moment.

Suzanne took charge and addressed the whole group as they sat on sofas around the coffee table in the living room. "As you all know, we're playing another game of strip poker. I've taken the liberty of coming up with some changes in the rules this time. First off, it's not fair that most of us wear so much while Brenda wears so little. Everyone pick out and wear four items: no more, no less. Of course that doesn't count your high heels, which are not part of the game and should be worn at all times."

Looking at Alan, she quipped, "Except for you, Sweetie. Er, I mean Alan. You don't look good in heels."

Xania raised her hand. "In that case, can I have at least my panties back? Right now I only have three items."

Suzanne did a quick count of what Xania was currently wearing. "I don't see a problem with that, if Alan approves."bender

He simply shrugged. "Sounds fine by me. For the purposes of the game, I don't have a problem making an exception to the 'house rule.'"

Susan nodded in approval. She, Suzanne, and Amy decided to put panties on as well, as one of their four items, since that would allow them to get thoroughly exposed faster. Nobody chose to wear a bra.

As Xania walked over to the underwear cabinet to retrieve her panties, Suzanne continued, "Xania, I'm glad to see you've got some seriously spiky heels on. Are those stilettos? And Brenda, I approve of your heels too. But that still leaves you with two items less than everyone else, so we'll count the cum on your face as another item."

Amy shot Suzanne a look that gave the non-verbal message, "Mom, you blew it! You weren't supposed to say that!"

Xania, still pretending not to know more than that which had been discussed or was otherwise obvious, asked with feigned alarm, "Did you say 'cum'? Brenda, why are you wearing cum on your face? That's shocking! Not to mention your attire, or lack of it. And just what WERE you doing upstairs, wearing see-through lingerie while you were on your knees between Alan's legs?"

Brenda blushed down to her chest. "Ah, I was, uh..." She didn't know what to say, so she looked to Alan, who gave a little nod. She closed her eyes in shame and finally admitted, "I was, um, ur, you see, just before you arrived, I was up in his room sucking his, uh, his sweet... cock! His huge, delicious cock! And... uh, he blew a big load all over my face. Gaaawwwd, it was so intense! I had the biggest orgasms of my entire life! He told me to keep his cum on so someone could lick it off later. So I did."

By the time she finished saying that, her body was visibly writing with lusty desire.

"I see," Xania said, deliberately poker-faced to increase Brenda's discomfort. "And if he told you to go shopping at the supermarket looking like that, would you?"

Brenda's blush deepened. "Yes," she whispered. "Nobody else! But him? Yes!" The humiliation was turning her on incredibly. On top of that, the supermarket idea got her gasping with wanton desire. That set her immense tits heaving, particularly since the askew bra wasn't providing any support.

Xania asked, "But I thought you just met him relatively recently, right?"

"That's true." Then she hastened to add, "Believe me, I've never behaved like this with anyone else before! I'm a respectable married woman! But he just... he's special!" She blushed, especially realizing how Xania would take her mention of being married.

Xania asked, "Just how long were you... performing fellatio on him?"

Brenda brightened at that and opened her eyes. "Over half an hour, for sure! Closer to an hour, I think. A hour of pure bliss! And that's not counting his strategic breaks." She rubbed her jawbones, while being careful not to disturb the cum. "My jaw still hurts, but it's a good kind of hurt, if you know what I mean."

Xania asked, "And do you do this to him a lot?"

Brenda looked to Alan, then answered shyly, "Not yet... but I definitely want to! That was only my third time. I want to get really good at it! I want to be one of his favorites!"

Her humiliation gave way to her enthusiasm. "I want to be one of his most dedicated and talented personal cocksuckers!" Then she looked away and blushed some more as she realized how that must have sounded to Xania. Still, she felt relieved at having confessed that to everyone, and especially to Alan.

Amy asked Xania in a concerned voice, "What do you think? Aren't you weirded out?"

Xania, still appearing regal and detached, said, "Not really. When in Rome, do as the Romans. I'm not here to judge."

However, she was actually very surprised by Brenda's answers, in particular because she'd been told that Brenda had only recently met most of the others.

Chapter 806 This Whole Place Revolves Around Pleasing Alan!

Suzanne started to say, "Now, as I was about-"

But Susan raised her hand.

An exasperated Suzanne sighed. "Yes, what is it?"

"Can we go change into something sexier, instead of just having to take off some of these frumpy clothes?" She clearly was referring to her own outfit, which was the kind of clothing she now wore only when going outside. She had put it on to be respectful of Xania. But she figured that since Xania didn't mind the way Brenda looked, not to mention that Alan had practically fucked her in the other room already, the sky was the limit.

Suzanne indicated her agreement with a slight head nod.

Susan and Katherine immediately bolted off to their upstairs bedrooms.

Even Suzanne and Amy got up and rummaged through their collection of clothes left in the underwear cabinet by the front door, and then changed as well, using nearby empty rooms.

That left just Alan, Xania, and Brenda sitting there for a few minutes. They made some rather awkward small talk that mostly involved Xania and Brenda getting introduced to each other a little better.

Alan found himself thinking, Man, this is going to ROCK! Xania proved in the other room that she's game. I can hardly wait to get my dick in her mouth, or even deep in her pussy. I have such a raging boner. I'm half tempted to tell her about the penis-tending tradition and get her started on it right

away! And then there's Brenda. Jesus, is she ready to go or what?! And there's everyone else. Whoa! This is like the Olympics of beautiful, sexual women!

When the group reassembled in the living room, the place resembled a porn film shoot - except for Alan in his white dress shirt and shorts, and Xania still in her formal attire.

But out of all the outrageous outfits, Susan clearly was the star of the show. She wasn't wearing any ordinary outfit, but was decked out as a sexy cow. Her outfit consisted of scraps of clothing in the patchy black-and-white pattern of cow skin, with a tight, revealing bikini top that held up and thrust out her tits, bikini bottoms, gloves that went up to her upper arms, stockings that went up to her knees, and headgear with floppy cow ears. Additionally, she wore a cowbell around her neck.

She was positively glowing with happiness and pride as she stared right at her son. "What do you think, Tiger? I know it isn't a fashion show night, but I just couldn't keep this outfit in the closet anymore. It's too exciting for me! I thought it might cheer you up on a bad day."

"Mom, it's awesome." He teased, "And this can't be called a bad day anymore, especially after all the stealth help and what Brenda did to me upstairs. The only problem is, how can I suck your udders dry when you've got them all covered up like that?"

Susan shuddered in gleeful response and reflexively clutched at her tits.

"Okay, you two," Suzanne stepped in. "Stop before we have to get you a room. Don't worry, Sweetie, even without the strip poker, I don't think Susan is going to be wearing her top for long. Susan, that's actually much more than four items, but we'll count both gloves as one, and count your stockings with the panties. How's that?"

"Moooooooooo!" Susan replied, and then giggled. Whenever she moved, for instance with a giggle that caused her huge tits to jiggle, the cowbell rang as well.

"All right. I'll take that as a 'Yes.'" Suzanne couldn't help but crack a wide smile at Susan's cow-themed enthusiasm.

Xania, trying to play the role of a serious psychologist, asked with concern, "Susan, do you want to discuss your cow fetish?"

"Not now. Tonight is the time for fun. Besides, one reason I wore this is because you approved."

"I did?"

"Don't you remember? During our appointment you told me that my sex cow idea was a healthy expression of my fantasies."

Xania nodded, because she did remember after being reminded. She was so aroused and astounded by what she'd seen of the Plummer family lifestyle that it was easy for her to forget such details.

Susan went on, "Anyway, one reason I'm excited about this outfit is that it proves that I'm not the only one into the sex cow idea. The mere fact that I can buy this shows that there must be a whole market for it. Think about all the busty sex cow mommies out there, slurping on their sons!"

Amy couldn't resist joking, "It must be an entire MOOOvement! Get it?" She laughed at her own joke.

All the others had a good laugh at that too.

Suzanne spoke to the whole group, before Susan got completely carried away. "Let's get back to the rules. Now, I couldn't help but notice that last time we played everyone was trying to lose, not win. So the new rule is you get to take an item off if you win a hand instead of if you lose. And dares will now be between the winner and whoever the winner chooses. Since Sweetie was stubbornly trying to win last time and keep his clothes on-

"Boooooo!" That was Amy. But then other voices joined in.

At first, Suzanne was annoyed that the others (except for Xania and Alan) started booing, but she found herself grinning and joining in too.

She continued, "The rules are reversed for him. He now has to take an item off if he has the lowest hand. If he wins the hand, he gets to order a dare involving whomever he wants, regardless of how many pieces of clothing he still has on or who came in second. That way, everyone will now try their best instead of their worst. Sound good?"

Everyone liked the rule changes.

Xania asked, "What's a dare exactly? How is that defined?" She sipped on a rum and Coke.

Suzanne replied, "You'll find out when we come to it. It's more fun that way."

But then, as Suzanne shuffled the cards, she added, "And another thing. Last time we did this, we kept him from sexual release for a long time, before we finally let Susan help him out with some of her penis tending. This time, we'll take turns pleasuring him from the very start. Oh, and any cunt touching is not allowed, not even your own. Otherwise, we'll all be too busy cumming to keep playing. Xania, are you okay with this? You did say 'when in Rome...'"

Xania was secretly very much looking forward to it, but she did her best to squirm and look uncomfortable. "I suppose. I'll manage."

"Good," Suzanne said firmly. "Remember that it could be your turn to tend him at some point. Brenda, how long did you suck on Alan's dick upstairs?"

Brenda replied, "I was so into it that I didn't keep an eye on the clock. But I'd guess something close to an HOUR! Not counting a few minutes off here and there for strategic breaks."

Suzanne nodded in approval. "Excellent. In case you're curious, Susan and I DID keep an eye on the clock. You were up there exactly one hour and twelve minutes. So you very well could have sucked him for one whole hour."

Actually, that was a lie: Suzanne knew Brenda had only been upstairs about 45 minutes, but she wanted to boost Brenda's cocksucking confidence, so she exaggerated the numbers to allow her to think she did it for an hour. But even sucking for most of 45 minutes was still very impressive.

Brenda's eyes went wide, almost comically so. She raised her arms up high, like she'd just won a boxing match. Then she sought out Susan with her gaze.

Susan smiled from ear to ear and pumped an encouraging fist at her. Now that she was good friends with Brenda she only wanted good things for her, despite occasional flare-ups of her tit size jealousy.

It helped a lot that her attitude on double blowjobs had drastically changed. She didn't see it as a zero sum game if Brenda sucked Alan a lot more often, since she assumed they'd be sharing most of the time, and she actually preferred that.

Suzanne just smirked, amused this was being discussed in front of the supposedly clueless Xania. She turned to Alan. "And Sweetie, um, I mean Alan, how was she?"

"VERY good!" he admitted. "She was really into it, even with Sis watching the whole time. She used her mouth on me nearly the entire time, and with great vigor. There was only a few minutes of titfucking when her mouth needed a break. After a long while, I could tell she was getting really tired, so I kept asking, even insisting, that she stop, but she refused. She worked herself up into such a frenzy that I just couldn't help but cum all over her face."

Susan reached over and gave Brenda a high-five. "Nice!" She'd heard Brenda say this just before Xania arrived, and she understood that it was being repeated for Xania's sake. But she got excited all over again just the same.

Suzanne smiled at Brenda. "Indeed. Well then, since you were such a good, obedient cocksucker, and you appear dressed for the occasion, I'll let you go first. That is, unless you're worn out from earlier?"

"Are you kidding me?! Let me at it!" Brenda smiled and licked her lips.

Suzanne chuckled at Brenda's enthusiasm. "Well, then, you can start tending him at any time."

Brenda didn't need to be told twice. She crawled over to Alan and dropped to her knees.

Alan, seeing that she was so excited she was trembling, decided to help her out (and make the situation more of a spectacle). He stood up, unbuttoned his dress shirt to prolong the suspense a bit, and then dropped his shorts to the floor. His erection bounced out proudly until it almost stood straight up. It already was drooling pre-cum from being in the same room with so many bombshells.

Brenda was tremendously excited by the sight, acting as if she hadn't just seen it a short time earlier (not to mention sucked on it for a very long time). "Oh my God! It's so beautiful!" she exclaimed.

Susan chuckled and nodded. "I know. Just looking at that thick, tasty sight makes me SO HOT! Go ahead and hold it, Brenda. Seeing a big-titted hottie like you hold it makes me even hotter, if such a thing is possible."

Susan then explained to Xania, "There are so very, very many things I love about my Tiger's cock. One thing I really love is how hairless it is. Except for a cute little dark patch above, there's no hair to get in your teeth when you're sucking on his balls. Which you should try by the way, Brenda. It's fun."

"I will!" Brenda shamelessly ran her hands over her inner thighs, which were soaked already in her own cum. "I did that a little upstairs, but only for a minute or two." Then her wetted hands flew to his crotch.

Xania raised an eyebrow and pretended to look alarmed as she watched Alan's erection get covered by both of Brenda's fists. Then those fists began sliding up and down, well-lubricated from Brenda's juices.

With both of her hands busy, Brenda dropped her head down below them and began sucking on Alan's balls as Susan had suggested.

Brenda thought, The SHAME! Everyone's staring at me, judging me, watching every move of my hands and my mouth. What must Xania think? She's a professional psychologist! But at least I know I've got Susan on my side.

She peeked with one eye, quickly glancing at Susan. Sure enough, Susan was smiling at her approvingly. I have to be brave! I have to prove to my master, er, my would-be master, that my dedication to serving his cock knows no bounds! And I can't let Susan down. She's my mistress too!

Suzanne saw that Brenda was far too excited, so she clarified, "Brenda, that's nice, but I think he might enjoy that TOO much. You'd better stop the scrotum sucking for now and give him a very slow, relaxed stroking so he feels good but doesn't feel the urge to ejaculate. If you do it right, you can keep him on the edge for hours. Around here we call it a stealth stroking; I think you've heard about it. But the honors of who gets to actually get him off and drink his cum will hopefully be decided through dares in the game."

Brenda nodded. She had the whole of one of Alan's testicles in her mouth already, but she withdrew and slowed the stroking with her hands. However, since her mouth was still inches from his privates, she asked Suzanne, "Is it okay if I give it just one lick or two, from top to bottom?"

Suzanne chuckled. "I suppose. But just one."

Everyone watched as Brenda ever-so-slowly licked her way up his shaft. She stopped at his sweet spot and swirled around there a little bit before reaching the tip. Then she did the same on her way back down, pushing her luck by spending even more time lapping around his sweet spot.

She was growing in confidence by the second as her lust overcame her fear of public humiliation. Let everybody see! I want everyone to see just how much I love my master's cock! I'm going to prove that I belong here. Mmmm! I'll bet even Xania wishes she could be in my high heels right now!

The room was dead silent except for Brenda's near orgasmic moans, and her rather loud slurpy noises. Eyes dilated and pulses quickened as the level of arousal in the room grew and grew.

Xania pretended like she was averting her eyes. "Wait a minute. With this 'stealth stroking,' you're telling me you all take turns giving him handjobs?"

Katherine was all smiles. "Yep! In fact, I was giving Brother more of a stealth sucking when Brenda came in to take over."

Amy added happily, "And I was giving him a stealth sucking before that!"

Xania shook her head in disbelief. Again, she didn't need to fake her reaction, since she'd never heard of that bizarre approach. Good grief. That's a bit much, even for this crazy household.

Suzanne looked on as Brenda sat back and reverted to just stroking. She said to the group, "Oh, and one last thing: In deference to our new friend Xania, we don't want things to get too out of hand. So if anyone violates a game rule, then the game is immediately over for everyone. That means that when a dare is over, it's over. So we won't be having any more incidents like how Amy and Katherine kept their kissing dare going for half the evening last time." She gave the two girls a disparaging look until they turned away in embarrassment.

Then she went on, "Also, Alan has a lot of homework to do and we all have to get some sleep, so the game can only last a maximum of three hours, starting from now. That means this ends at midnight. I'm going to set an alarm so we don't forget. Oh yeah. And you'll all remember from last week that Brenda said she didn't want to do any lesbian stuff. She's very much changed her mind about that, haven't you, pet?"

Brenda nodded meekly, even as her hands started to get a good stroking rhythm on Alan's erection. He had his chair pulled back from the table, so everyone else could easily see what she was doing to him.

Her exposure continually embarrassed her, but she didn't stop or even slow down. She was determined to be an excellent penis tender so she'd win the position again.

Knowing that Brenda got off on embarrassment, Suzanne reached over and pulled Brenda's flimsy top up to her collar area to completely bare the breast nearest to her (and, it so happened, the other one too). Then she started to knead handfuls of tit-flesh. "You like it when women play with your body, don't you?"

Brenda blushed and groaned, obviously tremendously turned on. She closed her eyes and nodded shamefully. My mistress! Use my body as you please, just as my master does!

Those who knew her from before were amazed all over again at the change in personality that had come over the formerly fiery woman.

Suzanne added as she played with Brenda's enormous tit, "Yes, Brenda's quite new to it all, and we all know what a good kisser she is, but Susan and I can attest that she's already showing a lot of promise as a carpet muncher too."

Brenda shivered. She whispered with distress, "Please!" Between Suzanne's goading words and fondling, plus the joy of tending Alan's dick, her body was about to explode with sheer arousal. She was afraid that she couldn't take much more.

Suzanne pulled her hand away.

Susan asked Xania with some concern, "Xania, you don't mind our frank language, and all the jacking off and fondling that's taking place?"

Xania spoke like a dispassionate, scientific observer. "Susan, thanks for asking, but I'm here to observe and learn. With my specialty in sex therapy, I'm more than fascinated. It's like this house has a culture of its own when it comes to sex, almost like an entirely different society. The rest of us may have something to learn from you all."

She kept her face stern and serious. Then she continued, "Although I am a bit surprised to see what Katherine is wearing. Is that typical of your daily appearance?"

All eyes flew to Katherine.

Her outfit at first hadn't appeared so remarkable, though it would have been extremely unusual in the outside world. Her white satin top covered her arms and the top of her boobs, but was cut in an unorthodox manner that exposed almost everything else. But what obviously caught Xania's eye was the skirt. It was so short that in the position Katherine was now sitting, the fact that she'd shaved her bush was completely apparent to all.

Suzanne shuffled the cards some more as she answered matter-of-factly, "That looks like approximately four items to me. There's no rule stating that our cunts need to be covered, and in fact more often than not we're flaunting our cunts for our Sweetie. If that makes you uncomfortable, you should probably leave now."

Xania only responded by asking, "Have you always called it a 'cunt?'"

Suzanne considered. "No. We used to call it a 'pussy' but I suppose we started using 'cunt' last week. It sounds better. In the same way, Alan doesn't have a 'penis'; he has a 'cock.' Any more questions?"

"Sorry. I'll stop asking so many." Xania continued to furtively stare at Katherine's crotch.

Katherine raised her hand, and in fact turned a bit and spread her legs to expose more of her pussy.

Suzanne called on her.

The sexy teen said, "I have an idea. Brother, er, Alan, should help take all our clothing off when the time comes. It'll be more orgasmically delicious that way. We walk over to where he's getting jacked off and present our tits or ass or whatever, and he undoes the straps or pulls the item off."

He liked that idea. One of his hands gave a thumbs-up while the other ran through Brenda's short brunette hair.

But Xania objected. Trying to appear prudish, she complained, "I'm playing too. What if he tries groping me while he does that?"

Katherine replied flippantly, "Xania, shit happens. The fact is, he won't just 'try' to grope you. He WILL grope you tonight, probably a lot. Plus who knows what. If you can't handle that, you should leave now. Are you going to try to be one of us and get done by the Romans, or what?" She deliberately said "get done by the Romans" instead of "do as the Romans."

Xania agreed with a reluctant nod, but complained, "Boy, you'd think this whole place revolves around sexually pleasing him at all hours of the day and night."

Amy replied happily, "It does!"

Susan, Suzanne, Katherine, and Brenda all nodded in serious agreement.

Even the modest Alan couldn't disagree at just how much truth there was in that statement.

Chapter 807 Xania To The Mix

The strip poker game got rolling, and it played out much as it had the week before. The card rounds flew by as fast as possible, since everyone was eager to get naked and there was a time limit to be aware of as well.

Alan insisted they put some music on. He pointed out that it would make things even more festive.

Amy immediately bounced out of her chair. "B-52's!"

That was her favorite band, and she played the B-52's albums so much that the others were a little sick of them. But she was so enthusiastic that Alan let her have her way, and soon the song "Party Out of Bounds" started up. She elected to play that song first since it seemed appropriate to the situation.

Xania was game to play cards, and she played her cards ably, which meant that her clothes started coming off. Her jacket was the first item of anyone's to go.

She also drank quite copiously. She could easily hold her alcohol, but she figured a perception of drunkenness could serve as a cover for when she later planned to "break down" and get more sexual.

She asked a lot of questions about activities in the Plummer house, and was honestly surprised by some of the answers. For instance, she could scarcely believe that a succession of females had really stroked Alan's erection most of the afternoon and evening - and the practice was continuing right in front of her eyes.

She couldn't talk much to Susan though, because Susan was feeling extremely playful in her sex cow outfit, and liked to respond to all questions with one "moo" for a yes and two "moo's" for a no.

It wasn't long before things began to get interesting. Brenda naturally was the first to lose her top, since she had nothing to lose but that and her panties. Once her top was gone, it seemed that she focused more of her attention on pressing her big globes into Alan and jacking him off than on paying attention to her cards. This was especially true once she started licking his ear and neck.

Brenda didn't exactly do a "proper" job of tending his erection, because she couldn't help but pleasure him far too enthusiastically. She was concentrating on his boner rather than the game. Had it not been for the fact that winning would allow her to take off her thoroughly-soaked panties, she wouldn't have bothered with her cards at all. Although everyone was excited, she clearly was the most excited of the bunch.

The females wanted to expose their boobs to the tit-fanatic Alan as soon as possible, and it wasn't that hard to do since none of them were wearing a bra. Before long, Katherine and Suzanne joined Brenda in going topless.

Each time, the woman stood before him and let him take the top off.

As usual, he simply couldn't get enough of playing with their tits, so there was a lot of fondling until someone pointed out that the game needed to continue.

Then Xania won again. It was a shock when she took her blouse off and revealed her bare 38G chest, especially since she still had her tight skirt on. Some of them had been expecting a bra, forgetting how Susan had earlier held up Xania's underwear.

Amy let out a whistle of genuine appreciation. "Wow! Xania, you're stacked! Super stacked, even!"

Xania replied rather awkwardly, "Thanks, I suppose." She covered her chest with an arm, and then reluctantly uncovered it, acting like she was struggling to fit in with the group.

Katherine said to her, "Yes, we appreciate that you let your fabulous tits out to breathe, but are you really ready for Alan to grab you and strip you, as is his right? Even while Brenda keeps on jacking him off?"bender

Acting casual, Xania replied, "Hey, I'm just doing as the Romans. When I came in, Susan asked me to follow the house rules and remove my underwear, so I did. Now, I'm following the game rules."

Susan pointed out, "The rules also say that he does the stripping. So put your top back on and let Tiger take it off properly."

That's what Xania did, while the others watched in silence.

Alan got in a good groping from behind while Xania was bending down in front of him to pick up her blouse. However, he was hindered by her tight red skirt and her panties. So he simply yanked them down to below her knees, where her skirt was stretched almost to the breaking point. And as long as it was stretched like that, it served as a sort of bondage, preventing her from being able to move from her spot.

She complained harshly, "HEY! What do you think you're doing?!"

"It's pretty clear what I'm doing," he replied with matter-of-fact glee. "When in Rome... This is what happens in Rome." He was blatantly running a finger up and down her wet pussy lips.

Xania grumbled, "Well, I don't like it! You're practically publicly molesting me! It's like we're all just here to arouse you to a truly incredible degree."

Katherine couldn't help but snicker, "By George, I think she's finally got it!"

"YES!" Susan pumped her fist, and gave Katherine a knowing and approving look.

Xania was finding this situation curiously exciting. She especially got off on the fact that so many others were watching Alan "molest" her. She did a good job of looking unhappy while she remained bent over with her boobs dangling down. She acted like she was nervously fiddling with her blouse and having a hard time picking it up, but she was just giving him ample time to explore her hefty rack.

Finally, she got her blouse back on, as well as her skirt and panties pulled back up into place, only to have Alan immediately take her blouse off again. She was standing all the way up by now, but he continued to fondle her massive rack from behind.

The situation was awkward for Xania, to say the least. But being a public spectacle was only increasing her arousal. She was trying to appear unaffected, but her cheeks were flushed, her heart was racing, and her pussy was getting very wet. Worst of all, she was starting to writhe and moan, no matter how much she tried not to.

In the middle of that, Amy asked her, "Xania, just how big are your boobies? What bra size are you?"

"G," Xania replied matter-of-factly.

"Wow!" Amy exclaimed. "That's, like, super duper big! Hey, that's just the same as Mom and Aunt Susan. Cool beans!"

Xania frowned, still pretending to be annoyed at the whole situation. Alan was a pretty talented tit groper. He was quickly figuring out what felt best for her, and not just what he enjoyed the most. She asked Suzanne, "My top is off already. How long is this groping going to go on?"

Suzanne just smirked and replied, "A while." She was having a great time watching Xania squirm and blush. She knew Xania was pretending to some extent, but the blushing at least couldn't be faked.

Brenda could feel Alan's already-stiff erection grow even more firm as he caressed Xania's chest. She was sandwiched sitting between the standing Alan and Xania. She suddenly got a naughty idea and moved to the side. Then pressed Alan's cockhead up against Xania's ass crack. She started rubbing it up and down the crack while continuing to stroke him.

Xania knew exactly what that was, but she again pretended to be clueless. She reached back to her ass, but not quite far enough to make contact with what Brenda was doing. As Alan played with her erect nipples, she asked Brenda, "What's that?"

Brenda was tickled pink to be acting so naughty. She replied vaguely, "Sorry, I'm really squished here. I don't have any room."

Xania just grunted in acknowledgement. She was grateful that she was still wearing her tight red skirt, because Brenda was forcing Alan's cockhead even deeper into her ass crack. Between that and the way everyone in the room was staring at Alan fondling her boobs, Xania was in serious danger of losing her composure and maybe even screaming out loud in orgasmic ecstasy. She was frustrated that he was behind her, because that gave her no cover from the blatant stares. She at least hoped the others couldn't see what was happening to her ass.

As Brenda stroked Alan's boner and rubbed it against Xania's butt, she whispered to him, "Amy's right. That's a very nice pair of G-cup tits you're playing with, isn't it? Not as big as mine, but still, not too shabby. You should fuck them later! And then fuck mine!"

She was far too horny to feel jealous about Xania or anyone else. She figured that Xania was so busty and beautiful that it was only a matter of time before Alan had his way with her. To try to stop that would be like trying to stop the sun from rising. Furthermore, she realized that the other women added to the erotic atmosphere, and seeing Xania topless took things to an even higher level for everyone.

Brenda hoped that only Alan would hear her whispering, but Xania was just as close as Alan was, and she heard every word as well.

That only aroused Xania even more. She was churning her hips, deliberately grinding against Alan's cockhead in her ass crack. She was increasingly ashamed by her obvious sexual movements and moaning, but increasingly aroused too. It all seemed to be a vicious circle, bringing her closer and closer to a loud climax. She clenched her teeth and silently prayed for the "ordeal" to end soon.

Brenda was further emboldened. She sensed that since she was squeezed between Alan and Xania, probably nobody would notice if she started licking his cock as well as stroking it. She spoke huskily. "Let me be your tit slut! One of them, at any rate! And make Xania one of yours too! OH GOD!" She'd worked herself up so much that she pulled his erection from its deep indentation in Xania's tight skirt and bent her head down to lick it.

However, the others either noticed her repositioning or the way Alan groaned lustily when she started licking right on his sweet spot.

Suzanne immediately said, "Brenda, cut that out! Unless you want someone else to take over?"

Brenda sat back up in a flash. "I'll be good."

She looked down at her two constantly moving hands. Dammit! It's so tough holding back. Our master needs his cock sucked, at least for a couple of minutes, so he can fully appreciate playing with Xania's big tits! But I must admit that feeling my hands slipping and sloshing all over his huge snake feels fantastic too. I could do this all night! And the thing is, he's never gonna cum. Never! It's like I'm trying to best this great cock, but it's besting me. Yet again! Susan's right - that is "so hot!"

Xania had been in many wild sexual situations before, including orgies, but she felt something extra compelling and thrilling about the current situation. She worried that she was ruining her appearance of reluctance with her involuntary sexy writhing and moaning, and she was in danger of having a very loud orgasm soon. She repeatedly licked her lips as she fantasized dropping down to suck the top of Alan's boner while Brenda kept on stroking the rest.

Before she lost all self control, she forced herself to ask, "So, how long does this go on?"

With that, Suzanne said, "Sweetie, I suppose you should let go so we can continue the game."

He reluctantly let go. But then he turned Xania around and said, "Thanks for being such a good sport." He followed up by kissing her lips and fondling her tits some more, only from the front.

Xania was stunned. She was dangerously close to a highly embarrassing orgasm, and she feared the hot French kiss would push her over the edge. After about a minute of everyone just silently watching them make out, she had to push him away and step aside to try to recover.

With Xania out of the way, Brenda asked him as she stroked his shaft, "I'm sure you'll be fondling them some more before long, but in the meantime do you want to play with mine? They're even bigger."

Alan sat back in his chair. Then he leaned down and gave Brenda's left boob a quick squeeze. However, then he whispered to her, "Can't. Sorry. Rules."

Xania, still teetering on the brink of climax from the fondling and kissing, blurted out an unfiltered thought: "Brenda, your breasts are simply gigantic! I've literally never seen anyone who's so stacked while being thin-waisted and all around generally gorgeous. And I've spent a lot of time in Hollywood!"

Brenda stiffened with pride. Seeing that Alan was staring at her chest, along with everyone else, she arched her back proudly, thrusting her rack forward outragenously. "Why, thank you! I use to hate them, but now I love them because M- Alan loves them!"

She leaned forward to engulf his cockhead into her mouth, only to remember at the last second that wasn't allowed. She blew puffs of air onto his sweet spot instead, as her fingers slipped and slid all over the rest

Xania was still astounded by Brenda's curves, now that she was so horny that her thoughts were running wild. Sweet Jesus! Brenda really is a remarkable physical specimen. I'm not used to ever playing second fiddle when it comes to breast size. Tied, okay, mainly with Suzanne. But outdone? Never! Not with a woman who looks that sexy overall!

Alan is one lucky son of a bitch! I wonder where they found her?!

Despite the increasing nakedness, they all played the game quite seriously. Most of the women were strong natural competitors, so there was a great desire to win just to be number one.

Suzanne in particular played the game seriously and occasionally got annoyed when things would get so sexual that the game would stop. Sometimes, she couldn't resist taking a peek at some of the other's cards, because the women generally were too horny to remember to keep their cards well protected.

Brenda then won another hand, and she elected to have the cum taken off of her face, since she'd been told that was an item. She debated whether Susan or Suzanne should have the licking honors, but ultimately chose the latter because she was strongly attracted to Suzanne's more commanding manner. "Suzanne, would you please?"

Suzanne smiled warmly. "I'd love to." She changed seats. Then she lovingly licked Brenda clean while the game continued, and of course Brenda's handjob continued.

The others looked to Xania for a reaction. They were particularly worried that having Suzanne lick the cum that had fallen on Brenda's huge melons while Brenda kept right on stroking Alan's erection could be seen as going too far. At the very least, they found it an extremely arousing sight.

Xania convincingly made appalled and agitated faces while nonetheless closely watching Suzanne lick and swallow up the cum.

Amy didn't seem concerned. She teased Brenda, "Brenda, watch out! If you keep stroking him so vigorously, he's gotta splat a fresh load on your face. And then Suzanne will NEVER finish licking you clean!" She giggled at that.

Naturally, Brenda loved that idea. She stroked even faster, hoping to make it real.

Susan said to Xania, "I can see you're looking displeased. But don't knock it until you try it. Tiger has exceptionally sweet cum. It's truly delicious! It just so happens that he loves eating fruity and sweet things and avoids bitter things, so his cum tastes, well, fruity and sweet!"

Katherine said, "It's true. Obviously, moms are biased about their sons, but we all feel that way. Before you judge, at least have a small taste."

Suzanne stopped her licking of Brenda's face. She swiped a finger through Brenda's cummy left cheek, and then pointed that finger towards Xania. "I completely agree. You HAVE to give it a try."

Xania had previously tasted Alan's cum. She hadn't had much, but she knew that it tasted sweet, and even smelled sweet. But she had to pretend otherwise to maintain her cover. She frowned. "No thanks."

Susan eagerly prodded her, "What about when in Rome, doing as the Romans do?"

Xania shook her head. "Maybe later, if it's part of the game."

Since Suzanne was near Katherine, she fed her cummy finger to her instead. Then she went back to licking Brenda clean.

A few more rounds passed with more clothing removed. After Brenda was down to just her (incredibly soaked) panties, she sat in Alan's lap and experimented with rubbing more of her body against him. No one seemed to mind, so before long she was rubbing her huge breasts all over him. When there were still no objections to that, she pulled her panties to the side to expose her pussy, then began sliding her juicy pussy all over his bare legs. Somehow she managed to keep stroking his boner at the same time.

Then the time came for Xania to lose her skirt. Brenda was still in Alan's lap with her great big boobs practically in his face. But Xania was persuaded to scoot up so close that her legs were actually outside his, and her back was nearly against Brenda's back.

Alan reached around Brenda with both hands and quickly pulled Xania's skirt down below her ass. But the skirt stopped there, giving him the excuse to fondle her ass for a couple of minutes. He didn't like how her panties were in the way though, so he pulled them down in back until her ass was completely bared.

Xania immediately complained, "Hey! You can't do that. I'm losing my skirt, not my panties too." She pulled her panties up in front so at least her pussy lips were completely covered.

Suzanne said, "Don't your panties slide down sometimes when you're pulling your pants or skirt down?"

"Yeah," Xania admitted.

"That's all that's happening here. He'll pull them back up in a minute, I'm sure. In the meantime, put both of your hands on your head."

Xania put her hands on her head, as ordered. But she complained, "That's not part of the rules."

Suzanne just wanted Xania to do that because she thought it would look sexy. She made up an excuse on the fly. "If you do that, you won't be tempted to meddle. It's Sweetie's job to fix your panties, not yours."

Xania sighed heavily. She truly resented having to keep her hands on her head, because it made her feel twice as exposed. But she'd gotten extremely horny when Alan fondled her breasts and pussy while "speaking to her in private" soon after she'd arrived and she hadn't come down much since then. In fact, she soon found herself with the same problem as before, trying hard not to writhe or moan too much as she blushed and tingled from the fondling and public embarrassment.

Now that Brenda wasn't busy "tending" Alan's cock, she pondered Xania's situation. They're doing it to her again! I can tell Xania is a strong woman. Look at her grinding her teeth and trying to fight it. But it's no good. She's gonna give in to lust, and she knows it! I'll bet this kind of thing happens every day here.

Hell, I know it does. Susan is constantly put in her place as a big-titted mommy pet, and she's just one of many.

I love watching Xania get tamed. It's like I'm watching myself! I can't wait to see her suck Master's cock. After all, I can't suck it ALL the time. Maybe we'll even suck and lick it together!

Alan was getting so very aroused, with Brenda sitting in his lap, that he only played with Xania's ass for a little while. Her pulled her skirt further down and her panties back up, and let her sit back down so the game could resume.

He then won a hand, which for him always meant he got to pick a dare. His first goal was to replace Brenda's hands on his erection with someone else's, due to her over-enthusiasm. He'd been frantically struggling not to cum nearly the entire game, and he was getting tired of constantly flexing his PC muscles. He loved Brenda sitting in his lap, but it was also too much of a good thing.

He announced, "Okay, Xania, it's time for a dare, and you're gonna learn firsthand what one is. The winner gets to pick an activity for someone else to do. So I'm going to ask for you to take over stroking my cock."

Xania convincingly blushed and pretended indignation. "But... But that's not just strip poker! That's practically sex. You don't really expect me to do that, do you? I'm a guest!"

He replied, "Brenda's doing it as we speak." He paused so she could get a very good look at what Brenda was doing - as if Xania hadn't seen plenty of that already.

Indeed, not only was Brenda stroking his throbbing pole, but once she'd heard him say that she was about to be replaced, she stopped doing anything else, and turned her attention to stroking him with both hands while rubbing her great tits against his chest. She was hoping against hope to get him to cum before she had to turn him over. She even tilted her head so that she could lick his neck up to his jaw line.

Everyone else just sat and stared at her efforts. The sexual heat in the room was rising steadily.

Xania modestly covered her big bare breasts, although how much of that was an act and how much was real embarrassment, she no longer knew.

After a long pause, he continued, "As we explained, everyone else was doing it before the game. If you want to 'do like the Romans' around this house, you've got to do it too. Shouldn't the game rules be the same for you as everyone else?"

"Well... I don't know!" Xania looked flustered. But then she gave in. She huffed, "Okay, fine! I should have known what I was getting into when I came here and agreed to the rules. But really, this is the limit."

She sighed in resignation. "What do I have to do?"

He commanded, "Come here and wrap those lovely long fingers of yours around my dick. Then stroke slowly. You've been watching Brenda doing it for quite a long while, so just do what she's been doing."

"Um, well..." Xania looked nervously at the ceiling.

He added, "Brenda's got it quite wet, so your hands should glide quite nicely. Think you can handle that?"

Xania hotly complained, "Of course I can! It's not like I'm a prude. Geez. Please just tell me how to do this 'jacking off' thing." She was really hamming up the innocent angle while maintaining her stern appearance.

Even Suzanne was puzzled by where Xania was going with this, though she knew that Xania was acting naïve for some reason.

Chapter 808 Teaming Up For Alan's Dick

Brenda had to get off Alan's lap. She stood up, and pulled Alan up too.

With Xania standing right next to her, she placed Xania's hands where hers had been, and explained what to do. "First, hold it in your hand lovingly. It's no ordinary cock, so you have to treat it specially."

Their hands started sliding up and down it together, four hands pumping at once. But Xania's hands were moving without Brenda's help, so Brenda asked her, "Haven't you done this before?"

Xania wanted the others to think she was sexually naïve, but to claim she'd never jacked off a man was a bit much. So she answered vaguely, "Well, yes, but not like this."

Brenda, luckily, didn't press her on what that meant exactly. Instead, she spoke like a patient teacher. "Cradle it with care and tenderness, like you're holding a newborn baby. Remember, this is a magnificent and POWERFUL cock, and it needs your love and care. In fact, it demands it!"

Xania wondered how any penis could be "powerful" and "demanding," but she didn't say anything.

Brenda continued, while guiding Xania's fingers, "Don't get too frantic though, because we need to keep his erection stiff and throbbing for pretty much the entire evening. Just stroke it lightly, like you're petting a cat. I like to keep some fingers pressed against his most sensitive spot, just underneath the cockhead. You do know about the frenulum, don't you? Here at the Plummer house, it's called the 'sweet spot.'"

Xania dodged the question by asking, "I'm supposed to rub him here most of the time, right?"

Brenda waited until Xania started stroking his sweet spot in the right way. "There. Yes. Good. Then your other hand is free to roam up and down, to slip and slide all around. You can play with his balls too."

Since Xania was taking control of the most sensitive parts of his erection, Brenda stayed busy stroking his lower shaft and fondling his balls.

Everyone watched and nodded approvingly as Xania seemed to be getting the hang of it.

Alan was thinking that he'd get a short strategic break during the switch of penis tenders, but there hadn't been any break, and now both Brenda and Xania were working on him! He had to clench his PC muscle even more intently than before.

Xania asked, with genuine curiosity, "I don't understand how he can handle this much stimulation for so long. I mean, I can barely see any of his privates because of all the hands sliding all over him, including mine! Wouldn't any man have orgasmed a long time ago by now?"

It wasn't clear who Xania was expecting to answer, but Susan spoke up. "That's just how it is, and who he is. The more we stimulate him, the better his stamina gets. Keep in mind that Brenda sucked him non-stop for a FULL HOUR just before you arrived, using every technique and trick she knew. If he could handle that without cumming, a mere handjob is nothing."

She went on, "I'm so glad you were able to come down tonight and be with us and experience all this. I love how you were so tolerant in our meeting, but still, I'll bet there's a part of you that disapproves of the incest. After you see and experience all this firsthand, you'll be able to really understand where I'm coming from, and my daughter too. With a cock that powerful and delicious, how can you resist it? How can I resist? Or Katherine? Or any of us? It's not possible!"

Brenda suddenly let go of Alan's privates. She pulled Xania's panties down her legs until they were below her knees, causing Xania's bush and slit to come into full view.

"Aaaaaiieeee!" Xania screamed. "What's that for?!" She asked this as she wiggled her bare ass around in a sexy but impossible attempt to get her panties back up somehow - she didn't want to let go of his boner for even a second, for fear that Brenda would latch onto it again.

Brenda kept her hold on Xania's panties, forcing them down and out of reach. They wound up bunched around her ankles, making it hard for her to spread her legs any further, unless she wanted to rip her panties in two.

Xania was genuinely distressed, although she kept on stroking Alan's cock instead of trying to retrieve her panties. "What are you doing?! Give that back! Can't you see you've completely exposed my pussy?!"

Amy giggled. "In case we didn't notice, we sure do now!"

Katherine giggled too. "And look how wet she is!"

Xania blushed for real yet again, if she'd ever stopped. "You would be too, if you..." She looked at her hands sliding all over Alan's long shaft. She couldn't recall any handjob half as arousing and fun as this one. She desperately wanted to cover her soaked pussy, because she knew the other women were staring at it, and that was making her so horny that she was having trouble breathing. But it was as if she was literally unable to stop her own hands. "Well... it's just... the entire situation! I'm effectively completely naked!"

Susan was delighted to point out, "Not true. You're wearing a lovely pair of high heels."

Xania growled, "A big help that is! They just make me feel even MORE naked somehow!"

Susan grinned as she idly fondled her nipples. "They do have a way of doing that. Which I totally love, by the way."

Alan asked Brenda, "Can I sit back down now?"

"Please do."

Alan sat in his chair.

Brenda and Xania immediately followed by kneeling between his legs. Xania winced when she heard her panties tear while she repositioned. She sensed they hadn't torn all the way through yet, but she couldn't bear to examine the damage.

Xania felt one of her big tits pressing into one of Brenda's even larger tits. She thought, I've been in a lot of strange sexual situations over the years. Full-blown orgies, even. But this has got to be the strangest... AND the most arousing! Even Hollywood orgies have mostly normal looking people in them. All of the women here tonight could be famous for their looks! Really! Brenda's body in particular is fucking RIDICULOUS! Like a cartoon of an hourglass figure! And the whole thing seems basically to just be an elaborate game to help arouse this one kid's cock.

I know this must be Suzanne's doing. I would ask what the hell was she thinking, except that I'm having the time of my life! If they have this much fun on a regular basis, who cares about the reasons behind it?!

Katherine noticed that now that Xania was kneeling, her mouth was only a few inches from the tip of Alan's cock. So she suggested, "Hey Xania, since your face is so close, try blowing on it too."

Xania looked up and over to Suzanne. "Is that allowed?"

Suzanne replied seriously, like a professional referee. "As long as you don't touch it with your lips or tongue."

Susan agreed with a happy "Moo." (She'd mostly given up on mooing, since that got old fast, but she still had fun with the occasional "moo" every now and then.)

So Xania experimentally blew on it, making Alan respond with a loud erotic moan. That caused a lot of murmurs of approval from the women still sitting around the table.

Brenda leaned in too. "Do that. A lot of that. Like this!" She blew air directly onto his sweet spot.

Soon, both women were blowing him all over, while Xania kept on stroking and stroking.

Stalling for time, so they could both have fun playing with his cock, Brenda brought a finger to his sweet spot and said, "Oh, and this is definitely his special spot." She immediately began rubbing it with her fingertip. "The Plammers call it his 'sweet spot,' which I think is a great name. It's such sweet bliss when I have his cock in my mouth and I'm licking right on it."

She blew yet another heavy puff of air on it, fromt just a couple of inches away. "See how I'm directing my blowing right there?"

Alan shivered all over from the tingly arousal.

Xania complained, "Of course I know about that. Everybody knows about that. I even know its proper name: the frenulum. That's where I'm blowing too!"

"Good." Brenda was still rubbing his sweet spot with her finger, while Xania stroked all of the thick shaft below that point. Then both of them leaned in even closer to blow still more effectively.

Brenda added, "So, while you'll want to be stimulating his sweet spot pretty much constantly, don't stop there. Susan has been teaching me all of his other sensitive spots. For instance, right here, just under the crown of the head, all the way around..." She ran her finger along under that ridge.

Xania pretended to not understand, so she could get her other hand involved. "You mean like this?" She also ran a finger just under the crown.

"Exactly. And down this way, this whole area is pretty good."

Xania's stroking hand gave way so Brenda could trace up and down some veiny bulges on the underside of Alan's shaft.

Brenda said, "This whole side, really, could use a lot of-"

Alan was forced to complain, "Hey! That's too much!" It wasn't so much what they were doing with their fingers, but the way they kept on blowing and blowing, right across his sweet spot, that was driving him wild.

Xania pulled back and looked around. She was daunted at the way everyone else was staring at her, yet again. "Wait a minute! Whatever happened to the poker game? How am I even supposed to play, while I'm on my knees?"

Suzanne said, "Keep in mind that penis tending takes precedence. But if you want, you can sit on his lap and stroke him from there."

Xania decided to do that instead. As she repositioned by sitting on one of his thighs, she felt her panties tear the rest of the way off and fall to the floor. But she didn't say anything about it, hoping that at least some of the others hadn't heard or noticed.

Brenda knelt just outside of Alan's legs, and went back to merely playing with Alan's balls. She told Xania, "Take advantage of your new position. As official penis tender, don't feel like you have to limit yourself to just his cock. You need to stimulate him all over. Make out. Kiss him anywhere and everywhere. Lick HIS nipples. A big part of the job is rubbing your bare tits up against him at every opportunity, so get closer. You've got a very impressive set of knockers, so use 'em!"

She nudged Xania into Alan so one of his arms was practically encased in tit.

Xania played along and began rhythmically stroking her chest into his, in time to her two pumping hands. But she asked, "What's that got to do with my panties being pulled off?"

Brenda said, "Your panties aren't off, you're just wearing them more loosely." Using her foot, she scooted Xania's torn panties so they covered one of her high heeled feet. She looked to Suzanne for confirmation. "Am I right?"

Suzanne nodded with a delighted grin. She was in position to see Xania's feet and exactly how tenuously Xania was "wearing" her panties.

Brenda went on, "The reason I pulled your panties down is that, as penis tender, you have to use your whole body. Don't feel like you have to sit next to him exclusively. Just before you took over, I was having a great time sitting on one of his legs, sliding up and down it, rubbing my cunt juices all over the top of his thigh. Forget about dignity and totally devote yourself to serving him and stimulating him! Be creative, but just don't get so outrageous that you make him cum."

Xania looked around like everyone was insane, especially Brenda (who continued to fondle Alan's balls). "I can't believe I'm doing this, but I agreed to follow the rules. So I'll try."

Brenda ran a hand down Xania's bare back. "Good! You should celebrate by giving him a big kiss!"

Xania huffed, as if she was put out. "Then can we go back to the poker game?"

"Sure."

Xania cuddled in close and starting necking with him. Meanwhile, she kept on jacking him off while pressing her bare tits into his chest.

Alan, in turn, was freely fondling her all over, except for her pussy mound. He generally kept a hand on her ass and another around her back.

Susan was so happy that it looked like she was about to rise up and fly around the room. She was beaming and bouncing in place. It's starting to happen, just like I knew it would! Xania's getting TAMED! She's such a nice and wise person. Once she's hooked on Tiger's cock we'll become good friends, for sure! And she's a serious hottie, with a great set of tits. She might even be worthy of joining the harem, and I don't say that lightly!

But Brenda was demanding and not satisfied. (Plus, she figured the longer she talked, the longer she had an excuse to at least play with his balls.) "Xania, I understand you're new here, but penis tender is an EXTREMELY important job! You're not giving it your all."

Xania broke the kiss to complain. "What?! I've already gone way over the line for a simple handjob. Look. I'm effectively buck naked and basically making love to him with my entire body. I have no idea how I can continue to play cards like this. And speaking of dignity, I threw mine out the window. I've never been so embarrassed in my life! What more do you want?!"

"More cunt!" Brenda insisted. "Here, place your cunt on his knee."

Brenda let go of his testicles again to help reposition her. She managed to get a nice feel of Xania's bare ass, and she even kept a hand on one of Xania's ass cheeks under the pretense of holding her in position. (Needless to say, Brenda's attitude on sex with other women was rapidly changing.)

She told Xania, "Now, you see I've already got the top of both his legs all slicked up with my pussy juices. Straddling his leg like that, slide your cunt all the way up his leg until you reach his upper thighs. And then back."

Xania, pretending consternation, began rubbing her entire body against him while continuing to stroke his erection. "I can't believe I'm doing this," she complained to no one in particular. Then looking around, she said testily, "What? What are you all looking at? Does everyone have to stare? Sheesh! I'm just trying to be a good guest."

Alan, huffing and puffing with excitement while squeezing his PC muscle, said between breaths, "The effort... is appreciated... Very much so."

After Brenda was forced to stop rubbing Alan or playing with his balls, she sat down on the floor and took to masturbating herself while watching Xania. She felt like a penis tending expert already, and gave frequent advice to Xania on how to stimulate Alan even better. She didn't care much about taking part in the poker game, although she still had her panties on and wanted them off.

One of the rules from the first week was "no fingers in pussies" until someone else's dares during the game dictated that. However, Brenda satisfied herself well enough by repeatedly pulling her own panties tight against her crotch. They were completely soaked through, so she was the constant source of squishy sounds.

Alan found it a bit unnerving that most of the time Brenda was staring at him intently and adoringly, making him too self-conscious to look her in the face for long. Luckily, it wasn't her face that he was most interested in looking at anyway.

What made things extra fun for him was the way Xania protested, with almost, but not quite, over-the-top comments like, "Well, I never!" "How dare you!" "Don't take advantage of a drunk woman," and "Not the nipples, please!" Even her grunts and moans were extra sexy because of the way she made it sound like she was being violated against her will - although she never actually asked him to stop.

However, given everything Xania had done so far, and the obvious enjoyment she'd had, no one was worried in the slightest that Alan was "taking advantage" of her.

Feeling emboldened, he started "accidentally" playing with Xania's clit and/or slit from time to time. He figured, correctly, that no one would call him on it.

Xania continued to protest, saying things like, "Haven't you had enough of me?", "Hey, fingering my pussy is against the rules! Isn't it?", "No! Please, I beg, no more clit!" and "There?! Touch me anywhere

but there! Don't put your fingers inside me so deeply!" But she still never just told him to stop, since she really didn't want him to.

She also made comments that sounded more like psychological advice, such as, "Susan, I think you're far too permissive. You're giving your son a complete run of the place, and of your luscious, incredible bodies. And now my body! It's like I've become some kind of sexual plaything for him."

Susan and Brenda gave each other significant looks from across the room. They both felt shivers run down their spine and they were both thinking the same thing.

Brenda mouthed it to Susan: "She HAS become a sexual plaything for him!"

A wide-eyed and overjoyed Susan mouthed back in agreement, "MOOO!" Of course, this wasn't exactly a startling revelation, but she treated it like one anyway.

She thought, It's hopeless! There's no point in resisting. I'm Tiger's big-titted plaything... one of many! Just look around the room. We're all here to serve him, to serve his cock! And now he's taming Xania right before our eyes. Before the evening's over, he might just fuck her right across the coffee table!

Between gawking at Brenda's gigantic tits and experiencing Xania's sensual all-over body rub and handjob, Alan was nearly delirious with arousal. He was clenching his PC muscle strenuously and thinking seriously about calling for another strategic break.

But before he could do that, he suddenly and unexpectedly lost control. As it happened, Xania had just started a long, passionate kiss, so he wasn't able to give any warning. The best he could do was moan urgently and loudly into Xania's mouth.

However, Brenda was still sitting nearby, masturbating and watching him like a hawk, and she quickly realized what was going on. Without thinking, she leaped forward like a striking panther. In a matter of seconds, she engulfed his cockhead.

This annoyed Xania to no end, since Brenda roughly pushed Xania's stroking hand off Alan's cock in her haste. She broke the kiss to complain to her, "Hey! What do you think-"

But she was cut off, because Alan's mouth was free to talk and he exclaimed, "I'm cumming!"

Xania was chagrined. She brought her hand back to his balls, and she felt how they'd tightened up. She wanted to get in on his orgasm somehow, but Brenda was in the prime position and she was bobbing on him frantically. The best Xania could do was stroke his shaft, trying to coax more cum out, into Brenda's mouth.

Alan's eyes rolled to the back of his head and he clenched his teeth tightly. "Aaaaah! So... UGH! So intense!"

Xania burned with jealousy as she watched Brenda's bobbing head. Dammit! That cum should be mine! I worked hard for it! And everyone goes on and on about how sweet and delicious his cum is. I'd like to get to know his taste a lot better. But, fuck! What can I do with Brenda there?! Dammit!

Despite her frustration, she continued to assist with her stroking. She even brought her other hand over to fondle his balls.

Brenda kept on bobbing and bobbing, gulping Alan's cum straight down her throat. She was in seventh heaven. She loved it so much that she didn't stop when his cum ran out. She hoped he'd simply stay erect if she was active enough, but he slowly went flaccid in her mouth. She gradually went from bobbing to just lightly sucking, and then licking, as she thoroughly "cleaned" his dick and balls.

She'd guzzled his cum down so quickly that nearly all of it was gone. When she finally finished her cleaning and sat up, all that remained were a few dribbles of cum on her chin.

The other women weren't too pleased. Suzanne spoke for them all when she said, "Brenda, we don't mind that you took quick action and sucked him off. A lot of his cum would have been wasted otherwise. But to just swallow it all down cleanly like that is selfish. Sharing is caring. If you'd shot at least some of his cum on your face, or at least saved some in your mouth, there's all kinds of ways we could have shared that."

Brenda dropped her head sadly. "I'm sorry! I wasn't thinking!"

Suzanne said, "That's okay. You're pretty new at this, so it's a very understandable mistake. But in the future, think first, and THEN suck and bob like a woman possessed. Not only did you miss out on sharing, but you missed out on getting to truly enjoy his taste. Savor it, like fine wine. You don't down a glass of wine in one gulp, you draw it out, and swirl it around inside your mouth."

Brenda dropped her head even lower. "Oh, God! I'm sorry. I'm really, really sorry!"

Susan got up and walked over to Brenda. She knelt down to get face-to-face and wrapped her arms around her, deliberately pressing her huge, bare tits into her friend's. She smiled encouragingly. "Don't be sad. All Suzanne is saying is learn from the experience. If you want to be one of Tiger's favorite personal cocksuckers--"

"I do! I do!"

Susan nodded, though of course she knew that already. "Well, then, it's a constant process of getting better. We take our cocksucking VERY seriously around here. It's not just some mindless sex act; it's an art. Ten years from now, after sucking my son off countless thousands of times, I hope to STILL be improving and learning new things."

Brenda nodded with determination. She had the same goal. She clenched a fist and shook it. "Susan, you're my inspiration. I'll do better next time. Much better!"

"That's the spirit!" Susan leaned forward and French kissed Brenda. That picked up Brenda's spirits, and soon they were playfully rubbing their nipples against each other while their tongues dueled.

Then Brenda broke the kiss and turned back to Alan.

He was resting and leaning way back, with Xania cuddled up against him with her arms around his waist.

Brenda lightly held his balls again and resumed licking them. As she did, she looked up at him and prepared to speak.

He was feeling the usual post-orgasmic weakness, but he was alert enough to keep his eyes open. Before Brenda could say anything, he cut her off. "Hold it, please. Brenda, I can guess what you're going to say. You're going to be all apologetic. Don't be. You did great. Thank you for what you did." He turned his gaze to Xania, who had her head on his chest. "And thank you." He tilted his head down and kissed the top of Xania's head. "I'm so lucky, and so blessed. So, not another word, Brenda, and that's an order. Just enjoy the moment."

Susan wrapped her arm around Brenda's torso and rubbed her tummy. "Yes, enjoy the moment. Just think: you have a belly full of Tiger's cum!" She leaned in and whispered right into Brenda's ear. "And who knows what'll happen before the night is over?" She licked Brenda's ear while she added, "How much more of his cum will you have in you or on you? Maybe your face and tits will be thoroughly soaked from multiple loads! Or maybe his cum will be oozing out of your hot cunt after getting a royal fucking! I have a feeling tonight is going to be a very special night for you!"

Any trace of Brenda's disappointment was long gone. She gleefully rubbed her tummy. Our master thinks he's lucky and blessed? What about me?! Susan's right. Already, this is the best night of my life, and it's only just begun! True, I made some mistakes, but I'm going to get better, a lot better. Tonight, I AM going to get royally fucked! I just know it!

Chapter 809 The Taboo Makes Jacking Him Off Extra Hot !

After a couple of minutes cuddling comfortably with Xania in his arms, Alan announced, "Hey, everybody. I'm feeling pretty good. I'm sure I'll be able to get erect again soon... but not right away. So why don't we all take five, and have a snack break?"

The others liked that idea. Xania got off of Alan. She joined all the other women helping themselves to snacks and drinks in the kitchen. She covered her chest with one arm while cupping her pussy with the other as she wandered around in just her heels.

Alan, though, just remained sitting alone in the living room. He was feeling mentally overwhelmed from so much non-stop sexual excitement. So he was glad to close his eyes and zone out for a while.

Xania had noticed that Susan was completely naked, but the others were either down to their panties, or in Katherine's case, a miniskirt instead of panties. Xania felt more exposed than if she was strutting buck naked down a busy city street, and she didn't understand why. So she came up to Suzanne in the

kitchen, and asked, "Can I please put some clothes on while we're taking a break? Pretty much everyone else is wearing something, at least."

"No. The rules are, once your clothes come off, they stay off, at least until the game is over. Although we're not big on wearing a lot of clothes here in general."

Xania rolled her eyes with annoyance. For once, when she asked to wear clothes for a little while, she wasn't just acting. She felt she needed a break from all the non-stop sexual arousal too. Just standing in the middle of the kitchen covering her privates was keeping her wet and tingling with arousal all over.

She leaned in closely, and whispered, "I understand. But my panties ripped off by accident, so can't I at least get a new pair?"

Suzanne used the close whispering as an excuse to wrap an arm around Xania's back and pull her in still closer until their great racks were pressed tightly together. She slid her hand down to Xania's ass and whispered back, "No. Whose fault was it for making those panties rip? I'm sure it didn't happen by itself. You were careless and you have to pay the price. But don't say anything out loud about it, or else we're going to see a lot more ripped panties in the near future."

Xania was chagrined. She was hoping to get some sort of actual reprieve from the sexual heat during the break time, but the way that Suzanne was pressing her tits into her and firmly clenching her ass was only arousing her even more. To make matters worse, their whispering had drawn the attention of Brenda, Katherine, Amy, and Susan. They'd stopped talking amongst each other and had most of their attention on Xania.

Suzanne subtly squeezed one of Xania's bare ass cheeks as she pulled back slightly and asked her in a normal voice, "So... what do you think of all this?"

Xania couldn't answer honestly, since the four other women were listening in. So she pretended to be more prudish than she really was, although there was a lot of truth in her answer. "This has been very... challenging for me. I thought I was sexually liberated and I could roll with the punches, but this house, it's like an entire sub-culture in itself. And everything is so sexual, and, and... HOT!"

She addressed the group, since it was clear that everyone in the kitchen was listening anyway. "Look at you all! I feel completely naked walking around like this-"

Katherine joked, "That's 'cos you ARE completely naked."bender

Xania took a step or two back to look down at herself, extricating herself from Suzanne in the process. "Good point. But in fact you're all exposed like me, even though most of you are wearing panties. You're not even trying to cover up, so you must be used to it."

"Yup!" Amy said with a satisfied smile.

Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine chuckled, since they knew just how true that was for Amy.

Xania continued, "All of you are so beautiful, not to mention extraordinarily endowed and curvy, and yet you're all totally devoted to this one boy. I don't understand it."

Normally, Susan would have been offended by that question, but she was so giddy from what she perceived as the start of Xania's "taming" that she didn't mind. She just beamed with joy and patted her on the back. "You will, you will. Besides, you're not exactly ugly yourself."

The others all stood back and took a good look at Xania, to fully appreciate just how beautiful she was.

Xania had been hoping to sneak off to the bathroom so she could secretly finger herself to climax and thus get some much-needed relief from the sexual heat that had been steadily building higher and higher. She did go to the bathroom, but Susan followed her, acting as if she also needed to pee very badly.

As a result, Xania couldn't do anything except actually pee and then wash and freshen up. After that, Suzanne was calling for everyone to return to the living room, so there wasn't any time for Xania to dawdle, or diddle.

In fact, Susan was just pretending to need to pee. She could sense Xania's sexual need, and she wasn't going to allow her to take the easy way out. Once Xania left the bathroom, Susan went in to freshen up as well, but mostly to make sure that Xania didn't have time to go back and get off.

The game resumed.

Xania went right back to her "penis tending," sitting on Alan's lap again. She was still hot to trot, almost as if there hadn't been a break at all, so it wasn't long before she was stroking and kissing Alan, as well as rubbing herself all over him. But Alan had a proper strategic break. This was very frustrating for her, because she'd had him close to cumming before the break, and now he'd gone completely flaccid. She was able to get him fully erect almost immediately, but even so, she felt like she had to start from scratch.

Alan was very pleased at how events were going, particularly with Xania. During the break he'd been thinking about how to "hook" her even more, so she'd want to visit often. He knew orgasm denial was an effective trick that seemed to fit the situation. So he whispered in her ear, "You're not allowed to cum, you know. If you do, I'm going to have to give you a spanking. You'll lie across my lap and I'll spank your naked body like a baby, right in front of everybody!"

Xania had trouble breathing, that aroused her so much. The spanking idea didn't arouse her per se, but being humiliated like that in front of everyone else certainly did. The overall submissive atmosphere affected her, because she didn't even question his "right" to punish her. Instead, she asked in a whisper, "What if I make you cum? Can I cum too then?"

He considered that, and then whispered back, "Yes. If I cum, or if I give you permission. Otherwise, you've gotta hold out!"

Xania nodded, and then steeled her nerves. She didn't want to beg for permission. She was fiercely determined not to cum until she got him to cum first.

Susan was feeling very smug and satisfied at how Xania was behaving. She said to her, "It looks like someone is settling nicely into her penis tending role."

Xania blushed as she felt the eyes of all the others suddenly on her. She stopped sliding her pussy against Alan's thigh, but she couldn't bear to stop jacking off his hot cock. She closed her eyes in embarrassment, and said, "I'm just... uh... obeying the rules."

Susan asked, "So you're not enjoying yourself?"

Xania thought about denying it, but Alan was in the middle of fondling her ass and tits and she was clearly rubbing his boner with enthusiasm. Those things, plus the overall atmosphere, had her so hot already that she couldn't stop her writhing and panting. "Um... My body is betraying me."

Suzanne was feeling smug and satisfied too. "We don't want you to suffer. Maybe you'd prefer if someone else would take over the penis tending duties?"

"NO!" Xania cried loudly. She forced herself to calm down, and said, "What I mean is, this is all part of the experience. Treat me just like I'm one of the gang."

Katherine was feeling jealous towards Xania, but not nearly as jealous as she would have expected. It was so arousing seeing a proud and gorgeous woman like Xania blushing and succumbing to her lust that she was able to keep her jealousy buried. In fact, she even exclaimed, "If you're 'one of the gang,' then watch out! You're gonna be sucking a lot of cock before the night is over, that's for sure!"

Xania could only moan and close her eyes as her cheeks reddened still more. She had a vivid image of herself kneeling below Alan and bobbing on his thickness while all the others stood around and critiqued her every move. Ugh! Dammit! The scary thing is, that probably really IS going to happen later. And I'm gonna love it and hate it at the same time! I've never wanted to suck a cock so badly. My entire body is burning up. Why is everything ten times hotter in this house?!

Brenda took this all in with wide eyes. She was thrilled to everything happening to Xania. It was almost like it was happening to her too. She often touched herself in the exact same way Alan was touching Xania.

The next round of the game began. Xania wasn't dealt any cards since her hands were busy, but Alan and all the others did participate. The round resulted in Katherine losing her miniskirt. That was all she had left on, not counting her high heels. It wasn't much of a miniskirt in the first place, since it didn't even cover her pussy in the front, and only covered the upper half of her ass in the back.

Xania had to temporarily get off Alan's lap so he could properly take part in the undressing ritual. However, she stood right next to him so she could reach down to his lap and continue to stroke his boner.

Katherine immediately hopped up and backed her ass practically into Alan's face so he could take her miniskirt off. He could have pulled it off in a matter of seconds, but that wasn't the point. Katherine spread her legs as wide as she could while remaining standing between his legs, and then bent down and clutched her ankles.

Her voice dripped with lust as she asked, "Brother, could you help me get off? Er, I mean, get my skirt off?" She giggled at that.

"Sure thing, Sis." Far from pulling her miniskirt down, he actually yanked it up higher, so that it hung uselessly around her waist. Then he pulled her in close and rubbed his face in it.

Katherine laughed as he "blew a raspberry" on her pussy, making funny noises on it.

Then, using his hands to both fondle her ass cheeks and hold her steady, he got busy kissing and licking her slit and clit. At times, he even licked up close to her anus.

Xania protested, "That's outrageous! Suzanne, how can you allow that? Isn't there a clear rule against touching pussies?"

Suzanne smirked. "I don't know if it violates the game rules or not, but who cares? It looks like they're both having fun. I suppose the pussy touching rule has been suspended. Besides, who are you to talk, with the way you're going to town on his cock?"

Xania looked down at her hands. Of course she was aware that she was jacking him off, but she hadn't realized just how fast her hand was pumping up and down his pole, while her other hand slowly fondled his balls for good measure. It dawned on her that the sexy sight of his face buried in Katherine's ass had caused her to pump much faster. Embarrassed, she tried to go back to her previous "mellow" pace without drawing attention to the change.

She also realized that her perfect, round tits were steadily bouncing up and down, thanks to the way she'd been putting her entire upper body into her stroking as she leaned down and over Alan. She waited until her body was still and took a few deep breaths to calm herself. That took a good half a minute.

Meanwhile, Suzanne smirked at her with amusement. The others kept on staring, more at Xania than what Alan was doing to Katherine.

Finally, Xania felt calm enough to respond. "No, I'm not against sexual activity in general. I knew some of that was going to take place here. It's just that... I'm having trouble with the fact that they're brother and sister."

"A-ha!" Susan spoke up. "See? It's one thing to say it's fine in theory, but it's another thing to actually see it with your own eyes and then feel the same way. But I could see how your hand was practically flying up and down my son's great big cock a minute ago. The taboo makes jacking him off extra hot, doesn't it? Can't you see how it was impossible for me to resist that siren call?"

"Well, uh..." Xania didn't know what to say. In truth, it wasn't so much that she was turned on by the incest as she was turned on by absolutely everything that was happening. But she didn't want to admit that, so she stayed silent. Besides, seeing Alan fondling his sister DID greatly arouse her.

Susan triumphantly took Xania's silence as agreement. "Yep! Just like I thought. A part of you thinks it's wrong, but it doesn't matter, because look at Angel bent over and clutching her ankles. Too sexy! She's a fuck toy for her brother, and she's proud of it!"

Katherine was more than a little distracted by Alan's tongue. She was having a hard time just remaining upright, but she was following the conversation enough to shout, "YEP!"

Brenda thought, I wonder what the exact difference between being a "fuck toy" and a "sex pet" is, if any. And is it possible for me to be both? That sounds exciting! I'll have to ask Susan about that later.

Susan smiled from ear to ear, and said to Xania, "You see? That's my daughter. I'm so very proud of her too. Just look at her. Have you ever seen a more beautiful, fit, tanned, and voluptuous teenage girl? She could have her pick of any boy in school. But no, she'd rather be one of her brother's fuck toys. Just like her big-titted fuck-toy mommy!"

Brenda caressed her bare breasts. "Big-titted fuck-toy mommy!" I love the sound of that! I wish I could be his mother, or his sister. They're so lucky!

Susan was also fondling her huge breasts as she continued to talk to Xania. "Mmmm... She knows that a good sister serves brother cock! It's about so much more than just the sexual pleasure. It's love. It's devotion. It's total submission! Even now, it may look like he's servicing her, but really, she's using her body to enhance the pleasures of your handjob. And speaking of which, your hand seems to be going a lot faster again. Hmmm..."

Susan's eyes sparkled with delight as she nodded towards her son's crotch. Sure enough, Xania's hand was zipping along nearly as fast as before, and she was pumping him faster all the time. Her bare chest was back to heaving up and down as well, lightly slapping against Alan's chest.

This time, Xania was even more embarrassed than before, but she didn't see the point in ridiculously trying to deny her lusty desire. In fact, she had such an intense need to get Alan to cum that she wasn't sure if she could stop her hands, even if she was ordered to. She was amazed at just how hot to trot she was when she was "merely" giving a handjob. She'd had many wild sexual adventures in L.A. over the years, but she had a strong feeling that by the time the night was over, this experience would top them all.

Suzanne spoke up, saving Xania from having to think up something to say. "Xania, why is your face so red? You've been blushing all evening, but it's especially red now. You were the one who told both Susan and Katherine that there's absolutely nothing wrong with their incestuous love. Don't you still stand by what you said?"

"I do..."

"Then what are you complaining about?"

Brenda chimed in, "I'd bet you'd love nothing more than to drop to your knees and swallow Alan's entire cockhead! Then bob deeper and deeper until you're choking and gagging on all that fat THICK cock! What a struggle just to cram that hot meat in your mouth, but... mmmm, it's worth the epic battle! Mmmm! YES! Don't you want to suck and suck and SUCK, until he blasts a creamy load down your throat?" She was freely fondling her pussy and nipples now, and she didn't care who saw.

Xania whined helplessly, "Oh! GOD!" She stared at his thick boner in her hands and whimpered. That DOES sound good! Almost impossibly good! I want that! No, I need it! I don't even care who sees. I'm too horny!

Then, as if some kind of tractor beam or powerful magnetic force was pulling her, her head started to slowly drop down towards Alan's boner, which was poking right up at her. The closer her lips got to his throbbing hard-on, the faster she moved. There was no acting involved at all, nor had she expected anything like this to happen. Her willpower was visibly crumbling in front of everyone.

But just as her lips were about to make contact, and her mouth was opened as wide as possible, a hand was thrust in the way.

Startled, Xania looked up to see who the offending hand belonged to. She was shocked to see Suzanne standing there. Suzanne could tell what was coming, and she'd moved quickly from her spot at the table. She'd gotten there with only a second or two to spare.

Xania's head pulled back, but her hand was like a blur now, flying up and down Alan's throbbing pole. She complained, "What's the big deal?!"

Suzanne said, "Girl, I love the idea, but he's only human, after all. If you do that now, he's going to blow his load in a matter of seconds. Sweetie, can you finish up there so we can get back to the game?"

That suggestion was met with a chorus of disappointed groans.

Alan had gotten so carried away licking Katherine that he'd forgotten about the need not to cum. The problem was he had only so many "bullets in his gun," and he didn't want to face the embarrassment of being flaccid for long stretches of such an arousing evening. So he tried his best to resist Xania's rapidly sliding fingers, and focused his lips on Katherine's clit.

Katherine was close to orgasm already, and his renewed effort quickly pushed her over the edge. Her legs grew weak, and she would have literally toppled over from her rather precarious stance. But happily, Suzanne was standing right there and was able to keep her steady.

As usual, Suzanne took charge and tried to get the game back on track. She commented, "Xania, you look a bit preoccupied there. Would you like to rejoin the poker game?"

Xania wanted to yell, "Fuck the poker game!" She was ready to cum, hard.

An obviously amused Suzanne said, "I'll take that as a 'no.'"

Xania just grunted. Then, realizing that might not have been clear enough, she grumbled, "That's a no."

She was grumpy because she was determined to get Alan to cum, and once that happened, that gave her permission to let go with a great big orgasm of her own. She didn't want any interruption to that sequence of events.

She couldn't keep up the blazing fast stroking pace, so she switched to keeping her hands nearly still. But that was even more effective, because she was using all ten fingers to rub his sweet spot and his other most sensitive spots. She sensed that it wouldn't be long. She really needed the release.

Chapter 810 Xania's Descent To Debauchery !

Now that Alan was done with Katherine, Xania sat back in his lap.

The game resumed with everyone else back in their seats, including a very sexually satisfied Katherine. But nearly all the participants were still too aroused and distracted to think much of the game.

Suzanne alone cared about the card game, and she took full advantage of this to help guide the sexual fun and games. She knew that Xania was going to get Alan to cum if she kept doing what she was doing for much longer, and she knew the problem of Alan cumming too soon and too often as well as anyone. So she secretly mixed the cards she got for herself to make sure she won. It was easy for her to cheat since hardly anyone was paying attention to the game in the first place.

Suzanne said, "Xania... Hllloooo? Xania?" She waited until Xania finally noticed. "I won, and I'm making you part of my dare. You have to stand up and face Sweetie so he can play with your body. ALL of your body, including your pussy. Oh, and put your hands on your head and keep them there. I like how you looked when you were doing that earlier."

Xania visually grimaced, thinking about her desire to cum. She stood up, letting go of Alan's cock in the process. She asked guardedly, "And how long am I supposed to do this? A minute? Two?"

Suzanne replied, "No, indefinitely. Until some other dare has you do something else. Someone else will have to take over as penis tender, of course."

Xania was annoyed beyond belief when she heard that last detail. "What?! But that's..." She caught herself, remembering that she wasn't supposed to be too enthusiastic about the handjob.

She tried to get out of performing the dare, but she couldn't think of any even remotely plausible excuse. She decided to explain part of her genuine reasoning. "Now's not really a good time. You see, Alan gave me a secret order a little while ago. It seems I'm not allowed to cum unless I get him to cum first, or he gives me permission. If I'm standing with my hands on my head, how on Earth can I make him cum?! I can't! Worse, I really have a powerful need to cum right now, and if he plays with my pussy, I'm going to totally lose my mind!"

Suzanne smirked. "Sucks to be you, then. All us women here are in danger of losing our minds from total orgasmic ecstasy. It's a daily threat. Seriously. So we don't have much sympathy."

Xania looked around at the others. Sure enough, none of them seemed sympathetic to her plight. She complained, "I don't get it. All of you are so focused on servicing Alan's cock. It's practically a 24-7 thing. I understand how that's great for HIM. He must be cumming buckets daily. But how can the rest of you be losing your mind with big orgasms so often?!"

Amy spoke up. "Look at yourself."

Xania was confused. "What?"

Amy repeated, "Look at yourself. You've been the penis tender for a good while now. That sounds all unfair, I know. But you're the one complaining that you're in danger of losing your mind, 'cos you're so super duper horny. How does that happen?"

Xania flopped her arms in sincere confusion, setting her enormous boobs bouncing. "I don't know!"

Suzanne said, "To be honest, I don't think we quite understand it either. There's some kind of group dynamic, a collective energy, that develops, and just grows and grows. We all feed off each other. But

the bottom line is, even though the focus is on him, us ladies have even more big orgasms than he does. A LOT more! It gets so intense that we even pass out sometimes."

Katherine picked up Suzanne's point. "So that's why we just kinda chuckle when we hear you say you feel like you're losing your mind. If I had a dime for every time I felt that exact thing, well, I'd have a hell of a pile of dimes!" She giggled at that. "So stand there like a good, obedient slut, and try your best not to cum too soon. What's he going to do to you if you do, by the way?"

Xania shamefully admitted, "He's going to spank me."

Susan raised her eyebrows. "Oooh! Sounds fun! You might want to lose on purpose. I would!"

Xania reluctantly got in position. She was already standing, but she drew in closer. That allowed him to reach up and out to fondle her breasts and pussy.

Even though her entire body was trembling from his caresses, she managed to put her hands on her head. Dammit! Shit! So close! A couple more minutes, and he'd have cum for sure. Then I could have too, without penalty. Now, he's gonna take ages playing with my body. And someone else gets to be penis tender? Fuck that!

She sighed, realizing there wasn't anything she could do about it, or about the way he was still playing with her body. Daaaaamn! What a disaster. I've never felt so helpless yet powerfully aroused at the same time. And look at this humiliating pose I'm in. I don't know about visiting this place. It's scary!

She moved in still closer, pushing Alan's legs together until his knees touched. Then she moved way forward, right up to the edge of his chair, so her legs were spread widely on either side of his. She hoped that if she was up close like that, more of her body would be within easy reach for him, so he'd spend less time playing with her pussy. She worried that more pussy play would set her off.

Brenda quickly took Xania's seat next to Alan. She asked, "So... Who is going to be Alan's penis tender while he's busy with Xania?" She clearly hoped that her proximity would make her the logical choice.

But Suzanne gave him a long, careful look, and then said, "Unfortunately, no one. Not for a while. I know my Sweetie well enough to know all the signs. He's far too close to shooting off. Sorry."

To everyone's surprise, Alan scooted his chair back and stood up. "That's true. Things are getting a bit dangerous. But it so happens, I have to go use the bathroom. Maybe by the time I get back I'll be ready for some more tending. If I am, Brenda, I'll let you know."

He went to the bathroom.

Xania sighed and dropped her hands. Despite being dangerously close to cumming, she was very frustrated that he hadn't even touched her since she'd stood up.

In fact, Alan didn't really need to relieve himself, he just wanted an excuse to have another strategic break without looking "wimpy" for taking a break so soon after the last one. Seeing Xania standing there with her hands on her head, ready and willing to be fondled all over, was very nearly the breaking point for him, forcing him to retreat. He wanted to enjoy playing with her remarkable body at length without having to stress about being right on the cusp of orgasm.

He stayed in the bathroom for a few minutes, washing his face and freshening up, but mostly just thinking non-sexual thoughts and playing for time. He'd been so supersaturated with sexual sights and sounds that he needed a mental break from it all. He was almost too effective: he was able to clear his head of sexual thoughts, which caused his penis to go completely flaccid.

However, that turned out to be no problem at all, because once he walked back to the living room and saw the truly extraordinary naked women there, he could feel his penis starting to engorge again right away.

Standing at the front foyer, he looked around at all the women, and thought, I'm so fucking lucky that it's crazy! If this isn't the greatest collection of female beauty in the world, then I don't know what is! Brenda and Xania would be such incredibly worthy additions to my, uh... Not harem... My stable, let's call it. Even that's a fucking mind-blowing term! Wow!

By this time, all the women had noticed his presence. Xania even stood up expectantly, hoping to pick up right where they'd left off. So he knew he didn't have much time to just stand and stare. Xania and Brenda. What's up with them? Are they just going to be around for a while and then move on? I sure hope not! They're so fucking stacked and sexy! I need to hook them even more so they'll want to be a permanent part of... whatever this is. My stable. I'm recharged and ready. I think it's time I have fun with both of them at once!

He walked into the middle of the living room and announced, "Okay, I'm back. Xania, if you're ready to continue, I'm ready. And Brenda, it looks like I'm gonna need some tending. In fact, my dick has gone kinda soft, so if you want to bend the rules a little bit, you can blow me to get me fully aroused."

"Okay!" In a flash, Brenda grabbed him, pulled him down to the nearest sofa, lay down next to him, and engulfed his cockhead with her mouth. In her excitement, she kicked her legs in the air, causing her high heels to fall off.

It happened so fast that he had to laugh out loud.

Amy giggled. "Geez Louise! Somebody's eager!" She giggled some more, with Katherine joining in.

Susan nodded and smiled approvingly as Brenda bobbed, just as if she was a proud parent at a talent show. And that wasn't a far-off comparison, because she considered herself Brenda's sexual mentor of sorts. It was a heady feeling for her, considering how quickly she had sexually evolved in recent weeks, as well as how quickly her relationship with Brenda had evolved.

She thought, Look at her go! It almost makes me want to cry, I'm so happy. She gets it! She knows what a big-titted beauty is born to do: serve superior cock! Even from here, I can see how overjoyed she is. She's got her mouth stuffed full of Tiger's great thickness, her lips are sliding, her tongue is dancing, and she's kneeling near-naked in high heels! There's no better feeling in the world than that! God, it makes me SO HOT!

Then Xania walked up to Alan's crotch, keen to get in the exact same position she'd been in before the bathroom break. Luckily for her, Brenda was leaning over his crotch from the side instead of kneeling between his legs.

Like before, Xania spread her legs widely near his legs. She put her hands on her head, striking a stiff, proud pose with her back slightly arched and her enormous tits thrust forward.

That was a very tempting sight for him. But realizing that Xania was still rather difficult to reach, he scooted forward on the sofa, moving Brenda with him, then leaned his upper body forward.

Xania was able to scoot up even closer to his crotch this time, thanks to his new position sitting so far forward. She could have scooted closer still except for Brenda's bobbing head coming in from the side. She didn't want Brenda to fall off the sofa.

Alan's bathroom break had given Xania a chance to cool down some too. She was still very, very horny, but she wasn't frantic with the need to cum. That allowed her to enjoy herself a lot more. She'd also warmed up to the idea of performing Suzanne's dare.

Alan immediately reached a hand around and began gleefully caressing her ass cheeks. His other hand aimed directly for her pussy. But rather than going straight for her clit or slit, he started teasing around the edges of those sensitive privates,

Xania found the pose incredibly arousing. She wasn't getting off on the submissiveness of it exactly, but it fed into her fetish for being sexually embarrassed in front of others that she wasn't even consciously aware of. No one had ever treated her like this before, and the fact that there were no less than six others in the room gave her an incredible head rush that never seemed to end.

Yet she felt like she needed to maintain her reluctant persona, if only so Susan wouldn't doubt her psychologist identity. So she complained, "How does this help anything?"

Katherine quipped, "I don't know if it helps YOU, but it sure helps him enjoy your body. Remember, this is Alan's world, and we just live in it." She giggled.

Xania grunted, both in frustration and because he swiped a finger down her wet slit.

Suzanne wasn't sure if Xania was really reluctant or not. Just to be sure, she told her, "Remember, you said that while you were here, you'd take part in our traditions and follow our rules."

"I know," Xania replied. "I just didn't know that it would result in THIS." She shivered all over and moaned loudly, because Alan leaned forward and blew air on her clit while poking a finger into her slit.

Susan smirked. "That sure sounds to me like someone is protesting too much. Tell me that you're not incredibly aroused, and he'll stop right now."bender

Suzanne added, "Remember, the rule that you're gonna get spanked in front of everyone if you cum first is still in effect."

Xania just whimpered helplessly upon hearing that. FUCK! I forgot about that! UGH! I thought things would be fairly normal here tonight. I knew I was gonna play some sexual games, like strip poker, but I've never been this horny playing ANY game before. Hell, this is about as aroused as I've ever felt! And I'm not even getting fucked!

Jesus Christ! Everybody's staring at me. Could I be in a more ridiculous position? I think not! Unless he spansks me, that is! I can't even think about that, because it'll make me cum and then it'll come true! I knew I was gonna get fucked tonight, but it's like I'm getting mentally fucked. I hate it! But it feels SO FUCKING GOOD!

Alan could tell that his fingering was having a big effect on Xania. He wanted to up the ante by using his tongue, but unfortunately he couldn't see how he could bring his head close enough to do that, given that Brenda's head was bobbing in his lap. He might manage, but it would be awkward and difficult.

For the next minute or two, he had a field day fondling Xania's ass cheeks and fingering her pussy and clit, while Brenda kept bobbing up and down his shaft. No words were said, and all the others were happy to just sit and watch (and furtively masturbate).

In fact, it was so quiet that Xania finally paid enough attention through her fog of lust to hear Brenda's loud slurping. Oh, FUCK ME! Fuck, fuck, fuck! I'm so far gone getting fondled and fighting the urge to cum that it totally slipped my mind that he's getting his cock sucked at the same time. Talk about being spoiled rotten! Sheesh! I'm centerfold worthy. That's just a fact, since I've had offers from major magazines, not to mention my film career. And Brenda's in the same league, definitely. So what's this kid doing with the likes of us?! And why am I so fucking AROUSED?! And why is the thought of Brenda slurping on his big tool driving me wild?!

Susan pulled her chair closer to Suzanne's so she could whisper privately to her. "What do you think? Isn't this great?! Tiger is taming both of his sexy, ultra-busty guests at the same time!"

Suzanne whispered back, "Yes, it's very impressive. I'm not surprised about Brenda, but for him to get this far with Xania this fast is unexpected."

She meant that, even though she knew Alan had fucked Xania in L.A. She'd expected him to have more sexual fun with Xania tonight, but she hadn't anticipated Xania being willing to pose like that while someone else was sucking him off, and in front of everyone else, no less. She knew that Xania herself had to be surprised at what she was willing to do too.

Susan leaned in closer towards Suzanne and eagerly clutched her upper arm. "It's so exciting! Suzanne, big things are happening here! History is unfolding, right in front of us! Just think if he fully tames them both!"

Suzanne wasn't as thrilled by that idea as Susan was. Hmmm. Sweetie might be getting a little TOO successful here. After all, there's only so much of him to go around. But it'll be okay. We're going to split Brenda's considerable sexual energies with her son Adrian too. And I know Xania. True, she's a sexy bitch in heat, but she's also a loner type, and she's got her own life in L.A. Let her get all excited and visit us a lot. I very much want that. But there's still no way she's going to move here and join us.

Not even Suzanne bothered with the idea of continuing the poker game, at least not yet. The four other women were transfixed by the sight of Brenda bobbing on Alan while he fondled Xania. Suzanne's rule against masturbation was long forgotten, and even Suzanne was playing with herself.

Time passed. Alan did whatever he liked to Xania, and no matter what he did, she loved it. He generally kept one hand fondling her pussy or clit while his other hand reached up and played with her G-cups. But he spent a lot of time exploring elsewhere, usually on her more reachable front side. At one point, he reached a hand all the way up to her face, clumped three fingers together, and slid them into her mouth.

Xania sucked on them like they were an undersized version of his cock. She thought, Fuck me! This has gone so far beyond a dare, especially with Brenda here. Susan, Suzanne, Amy, and Katherine - they're all staring at me! I can't dare to look, but I can feel their eyes on me! They must think I'm a total slut, letting him fuck my face with his hand. But I'm just too hot! My entire body is on FIRE! Just standing here naked in this humiliating pose, with my legs spread wide and my ass cheeks clenched tight... UGH! Too much! I'm gonna cum, and then I'm gonna get spanked, and then they'll all point and laugh, and I'll cum some more! UNH! So much more! I'm gonna cum and cum and cum until I die!

Xania was feeling flustered, to say the least. She could feel a great big orgasm coming, and that scared her, especially since she didn't have permission. She protested between heavy gasping breaths, "I'm... lodging... a... a... formal... UH! Formal... protest... It's no... No... No fair! OOOH! Aaaaah! Nooooooo!"

No one was able to find out what her "formal protest" was about though (not even her!), because she started screaming as Alan fingered her through a multiple orgasm. Before long, he had to use both hands to grip her waist and hold her up, since Suzanne wasn't nearby to help with that this time. But even after he stopped frigging her, she kept on cumming and cumming.

Eventually, she slipped down, exhausted. Although her legs had been on either side of Alan's legs, she managed to flop to the floor without trouble. She felt semi-comatose, yet she managed to turn her head and look up at Alan.

The sight of Brenda's lips still sliding steadily on his shaft sent an electric jolt through her body. Fuck me, AGAIN! That's too damn HOT! Doesn't he ever cum?! He's just reduced me to a quivering wreck, and he's still getting blown like it's nothing at all! Jesus fucking Christ!

As she sat there trying hard just to breathe, she had a minor epiphany. You know, Susan is right. It is a whole different perspective seeing this in person. How COULD she resist, even if she is his mother? There's no way! This place is like a sexual hothouse. It feels like it's 120 degrees in here. I must be sweating like a pig, just from being fondled. FUCK!