

## 6 Times 821

Chapter 821 Overwhelmed Alan !

The next round took place without Brenda, who was still passed out, or Xania, who was lying on the ground recovering, or Amy, who was cuddling with Xania.

Even the remaining players were in a low energy mood for a while. So, when Alan won the next hand, he turned to Suzanne, who was merely cuddling with him on the sofa. "Okay, this is a weird one, but I think it fits our energy level. Aunt Suzy, I dare you tell us a story about your wild college days with Xania."

"Phew!" Suzanne sighed. "Really?"

"Really."

"Oh God. Okay. Let's see..." She had a lot of wild stories to choose from. "Hmmm. Xania, should I tell him about our famous 24-hour all-star blowjob competition?"

Xania was resting with her eyes closed, but she was still awake. When she heard that, she exclaimed, "No!"

Katherine complained, "Awww. Why? That sounds interesting."

Xania answered while still lying there as if comatose, "Because. It's too embarrassing. You'll think we're total sluts."

Suzanne gleefully said, "But we ARE total sluts! At least I know I am. It's just that I'm a slut for my Sweetie now."

Xania said, "Still, I think it would be upsetting to Susan, since she values loyalty to one man so highly."

"That's true." Suzanne sighed.

Susan asked. "I can take it, I'm a big girl. At least give me a hint."

Suzanne said, "Well, it involved seeing who could give blowjobs to the most men in a twenty-four hour period. I won, of course."

Xania opened her eyes and sat up. "You did not! It was a tie!"

Suzanne grinned and rolled her eyes. "Some say it was a tie."

Susan was frowning. She asked Suzanne in a harsh voice, "And just how many men did you orally service?"

Sensing Susan's disapproving tone of voice, Suzanne said, "You don't want to know. A lot. I couldn't do just anybody though; there were strict rules, and the challenge was finding the eligible guys."

Susan crossed her arms and looked at Suzanne with deep disappointment. She was so loyal to Alan that she couldn't conceive of having sex with many men.

Suzanne was slightly abashed, but she tried not to show it. "Remember, that was then, long before Sweetie was even born. I was young and reckless. Anyway, let's try a different story. Xania, how 'bout our 'naked on Halloween' adventure?"

"Oh, that's a good one." Xania managed to get up and sit back at the table to get more involved.

Suzanne said, "Okay. It was the Halloween of 1982. Xania and I were sharing an apartment off campus because we'd kind of overstayed our welcome with the housing authorities for the campus dormitories. But that's a whole other story."

Alan asked, "Wait. So when you say you were sharing an apartment, were you, like, living in the same room, or did you have separate bedrooms, or what?"

Suzanne looked to Xania as she replied, "We kept separate bedrooms, for appearance's sake. For instance, if our parents came to visit. But as a practical matter, we always slept in the same bed."

Xania quipped, "Not that there was much sleeping going on!"

Suzanne chuckled. She sighed in fond memory. "Yeah. That's true. Boy, those were good times. We were close, real close." She thought back to one time when the two of them even role-played getting married to each other. They'd put on dresses that passed for wedding dresses and had a sexual parody of a wedding ceremony, with just the two of them. Then they'd fucked each other all night long with a variety of sex toys, including strap-ons.

Suzanne's smile turned to a frown as she recalled that that had happened not long before their falling out.

Xania, interestingly enough, was thinking about the exact same thing.

Alan could see that both Suzanne and Xania were a million miles away in their thoughts, so he prodded, "Aunt Suzy, you were saying?"

"Oh, right." Suzanne snapped back to the present. "Anyway, we didn't belong to any sorority and we didn't want to belong. But we hung out a lot with the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority because they were the most desired and exclusive sorority, which meant they had a high number of seriously smoking-hot women. That meant they drew the most desirable and hunky guys. We had this one good KKG friend named Samantha, or Sam, who was as wild and slutty as we were."

Xania cut in with a big grin. "Nearly."

Suzanne smirked. "Yes. Nearly. Anyway, a couple of weeks prior to Halloween, Xania and I were making love in the yard behind the KKG house, because, well, we did that kind of thing a lot. There was a party coming up later that evening at that very spot. Joanna thought it would be funny to play a trick on us, so she spiked our drinks with some kind of sleeping pills. We were knocked out!"

She continued, "It was the late afternoon and we were in the shade already, luckily, so that wasn't a problem. But we kept right on sleeping through the start of the party. When we woke up, it was dark

and there were dozens of people milling about all around us! I was lying on top of Xania, more or less, and we were both stark naked, while everyone else was fully dressed. Furthermore, the clothes we'd had with us were gone!"

Amy was highly interested, since she'd never heard any stories about her mother's wild college days before. She asked, "What did you do?!"

"We hightailed it out of there! We rushed through the crowd, covering our privates as best we could, and ran up the stairs to Samantha's room, figuring she'd help us out. But the door was locked and all the other doors were locked. We were trapped! Samantha came up eventually, with a few of her KKG friends. They wouldn't give us any clothes until we 'licked' our way out there, meaning we had to go down on them all. A lesbian orgy ensued. Well, it started out a lesbian orgy anyway, but that's yet another story."

Xania was grinning madly in fond memory. She said, "You forgot the best part, about the flag!"

Suzanne blushed. She gave Xania a mean look and the middle finger.

Naturally, that only increased everyone else's interest.

Katherine asked, "What flag?!"

Suzanne looked away. "Never mind about that."

Alan was still next to Suzanne on the sofa. He had his arms around her, even though they otherwise weren't doing anything to each other. He started tickling her underarms, and then her sides. "Spill the beans on the flag, or I'm going to tickle it out of you!"

She was laughing hard from the tickling, even though she was mostly fending him off. "Okay, okay! Sheesh!" When he stopped, she said, "As if that wasn't embarrassing enough, someone found a small American flag, with a pole that was about a foot high, and attached it to a butt-plug. Then they put the butt-plug in my ass. For weeks afterwards, all kinds of strange people would come up to me and salute me, or even sing the national anthem!"

Everyone in the group had a good laugh at that. Even Suzanne had to laugh some, although she kept on blushing too.

Then she said, "But that's not the end of the story. Of course, we had to get revenge! We weren't mad at just Joanna, but all the KKG girls, since any of them could have woken us up before the party started, and none of them did. With Halloween coming up, the KKG sorority was having a big Halloween party, and of course all the beautiful girls wanted to out-do each other with their sexy costumes. We pretended to make-up with them, and then we hung out a lot in their sorority as the big day approached. We also stole a pass key to get into any room. Then, whenever the chance came, we would sabotage their costumes. For instance, we would weaken the seams so they'd easily come apart with just a slight tug in the right place."

Xania eagerly added, "But that's not all! We didn't get everybody, of course, but we got Joanna and the other ringleaders, the ones who made us lick them out. Then, for the ones we got, shortly before the party, we found this great itchy powder, and sprinkled it on the insides of their costumes. The great thing was that the powder wasn't obviously itchy at first. It took a while before it bothered you, and then it slowly got worse and worse."

Suzanne was grinning madly as she recalled that. "Yep! That was great. Then, once the party was in full swing, there was a lockable door that led upstairs to all the bedrooms. We essentially super-glued that door shut so no one could get upstairs. Then, about an hour in, the itchiness began! As our targets started to scratch and pull on their costumes, their costumes started to fall apart! At first, it was just one or two seemingly minor accidents. But then, one of the girls tried to go upstairs to change, and found she couldn't! That's when the panic set in!"

Xania added, "You should have seen it! Keep in mind that virtually every girl had a male date. And the itchiness was getting worse! Suzanne and I pretended to be concerned. We walked around trying to help. But we less helped and more 'accidentally' pulled on the parts of their costumes that we'd weakened, causing them to fall apart!"

Suzanne said, "Before long, there was a lot of screaming and running around. The costumes were so revealing that not many wore bras, although nearly all wore panties. So when the costumes came off, there wasn't much left! Some girls got so itchy that even if their costume hadn't fallen apart already, they took it off on purpose and then poured water all over themselves in an attempt to relieve the itching!"

Xania deadpanned, "Needless to say, it was a very memorable party. Over a dozen girls wound up standing in the middle of the party in just their panties! For Joanna, we helped her dress, and along the

way managed to get some of the itchy powder in her panties, and a lot of it! So she wound up completely naked and wet!"

Suzanne smirked with satisfaction. "The moral of the story is, never mess with the Tongue Twins!"

Alan raised a curious eyebrow. "'Tongue Twins?'"

She said with some embarrassment, "That was sort of our nickname. Well, one of them."

Amy said, "Wow! I totally never knew any of that! It sounds like you two have a super fun time. But what happened at the party after that?"

Xania said, "Someone figured out how to get to the bedrooms by going through a window. So all the itchy girls soon escaped and showered. But we helped their boyfriends get upstairs too, and although the girls were frantic, their boyfriends were VERY horny by that point. Let's just say that a VERY interesting private party ensued upstairs, with Suzanne and me right in the middle of it. But, as she would say, that's another story."

Amy was wide-eyed. "Wow! Double wow!"

Katherine said, "I totally can't wait for college now!"

Susan leaned towards Katherine and gave her a disapproving glare. "Is that really the kind of lifestyle you want to live? Sex with strangers in orgies in sorority parties? Are you serious about being your brother's personal fuck toy or not?"

Katherine replied defensively, "Of COURSE I'm serious about it! He's the only man who will ever know my body, and that's a fact! But just put him in that situation. Certainly, he'd have his own private harem of sexy, stacked KKG girls before long. So I could be part of our own private orgy."

Susan sat back in her chair. "That's true." She smiled as she imagined that. She had no doubt that Alan would have such a private harem. "Boy, I'm really HOT right now. Am I the only one who's kind of excited?"

Xania said, "Definitely not!" She gave Suzanne a loving and lusty look. "Suzanne, that story brings back so many memories. We were such great friends back then. And the sex was fantastic. Those were the best years of my life!"

"Not me," Suzanne replied. "THIS is the best year of my life. And it's just the start of a great thing that's only going to get better and better." She smiled at Alan and held his hand. Then she looked back to Xania. "And you're going to be a big part of it. You'll see."

Alan suggested, "Hey, let's play another round. I'm ready for more dares."

Suzanne said, "Good idea." She looked to his penis and saw that he was erect. She used both hands to hold his cock and balls, and even dug a finger towards his perineum (taint). She whispered in his ear, "Don't be jealous about all those guys I had sex with in college. That was a loooong time ago. I belong to you and only you." She licked his neck, up to his ear.

Then she looked him in the eyes again from just a couple of inches. With her hands slipping and sliding all over his privates, she added, "Unfortunately, I can't give you my virginity, like your sister and Amy did. But I belong to YOU now! Exclusively you, forever! I love YOU! I don't like the name, but call me one of your fuck toys if you want!"

He replied, "And I love you!"

Suzanne and Alan shared a very electric kiss. Alan hadn't been feeling jealous about Suzanne's college adventures, since that was before he was even born, but he was thrilled by her arousing plea not to get jealous. Hearing her refer to herself as one of his fuck toys was a particularly big deal. Even hearing her say "I love you" was a rare pleasure, since she hated to get "mushy."

Brenda said, "Wow! That's beautiful!"

The others turned around in surprise, because they'd figured Brenda was still asleep. However, she'd been awake and listening to Suzanne's story from her sofa. She'd just moved back to the table to rejoin the poker game. She was bedraggled and cummy, but alert. Her nap had done her a lot of good.

Suzanne was embarrassed, since she'd thought that only Alan had heard her intimate whisperings. But it turned out the others had heard it all, even Brenda. But there was nothing Suzanne could do about it now. She just kept on kissing and stroking him.

The game kicked back into gear a short time later. Xania finally won a dare. She wasn't sure what to do with it at first. After a pause, she said with the detached air of a doctor, "I'm fascinated by the incestuous love in this family. Katherine and Susan, I order you two to do the most incestuous thing you can think of with Alan, short of getting fucked by him."

Katherine and Susan stood up and looked at each other. They didn't know what to do. Katherine joked, "Hmmm. I can think of a LOT of things."

Then Katherine whispered in her mother's ear.

Suzanne had been jacking Alan off, but she disengaged and moved out of the way.

Susan got up and moved the coffee table out of the way. She opened a sofa-bed to make it into a bed.

Katherine lay down on top of her.

They spread their legs in such a way that both their assholes were winking up towards Alan.

Katherine spoke, "Mommy and Sister have a present for you, Big Box of Pringles Brother. We thought we'd give you an anal sandwich. Whose ass will you take, or will you take both? Or will you just spank us for being bad, naughty little girls?"

Susan then spoke as she wiggled her ass enticingly. "Please, Son, regardless if you anally violate me or not, please spank me? Mommy has been so bad! She needs her little baby's strong hand to teach her and control her. Show Mommy who's the real boss around here. Take us up the ass and make your anal sluts beg for more!"

Xania spoke out loud, as if making a psychological diagnosis. She said in a dispassionate tone, despite the vibrator still buzzing in her pussy, "Interesting role reversal issues. I must say you two make up a



very fascinating control fantasy. Why, I myself am growing extremely aroused imagining myself in your position. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm wishing Alan could whip me into line with his big cock." She raised a curious eyebrow, like she was an intrigued Vulcan analyzing the situation in a totally logical manner.

Susan cheered, "That's the spirit! And he CAN! I love how you put it: whip me into line with your BIG COCK! Tiger, whip us all into line! Whip my ass with it!" She wiggled her ass some more. "Gaawwwd, I wish I could shove it down my throat right now!"

But Alan was in the middle of having a strategic break, ever since Suzanne had let go of his erection. He wasn't on the cusp of orgasm by any means, but he wanted to be fully recharged before he entered this extremely exciting situation. He raised a hand in a "hold on a minute" gesture.

Susan calmed down a bit as she waited. She gave Xania an understanding and benign smile. "Xania, I'm glad to see that you're coming around. Sorry for being a little forceful earlier, but as a mother I can't help but be supportive of my Tiger and his insatiable sexual need. I hope you understand."

"Yes, I do," Xania replied. "I've learned so much this evening. It's been a complete sexual awakening. I'm glad I came."

She thought, That last comment, definitely yes, but the first part is surprisingly true too. This has been a very educational and eye opening time. I really do want to be whipped into line with his cock, and I'm normally a dom! Is it just the intense competition making me act strangely?

Susan prodded, "So you accept your new purpose as one of Alan's fuck toys? That's good to hear."

Xania protested, "Hold on. I didn't say anything like that! Don't put words in my mouth. I'm merely saying that while I'm in the house..."

Susan and Xania launched into a vigorous debate about just what Xania's role should be. Susan was already gung-ho that Xania should join the harem, although she didn't go that far with her verbal argument (in part because Alan continued to deny that he even had a harem). But as far as she was concerned, the more "tamed" and involved Xania was in the Plummer sex life, the better.

By contrast, Xania had a big aversion to personal commitments. She loved the idea of coming to more Plummer house parties like this. She even liked the idea of becoming a poker party regular. But she certainly didn't want to rush into any commitment now.

While this conversation was going on, Alan examined the mother-daughter duo. Susan had rolled onto her back so she could better look at Xania while talking to her. That caused the mother and daughter pussies to practically touch each other.

He thought, You know, it's just as much a pussy sandwich as an anal sandwich, since those holes are so close together. Dang, it's so tempting to go after any of those holes, especially the way they look right now, all sweaty and leaky.

He laughed to himself. Of course, there's nothing really unusual about that, lately! Look. Their cunts are both slightly dilated, as if they need something to fill them, whereas those assholes look so tiny and hard to get in. Mother and sister are both my complete sexual- Oh God! I'm losing it! Too fucking much

He staggered back and sat down on his sofa, near Suzanne. "Oh, man! I can't! I just can't!"

Suzanne ran a hand across his chest, and asked him gently, "Why not, Sweetie?"

"I was just filled with an overwhelming desire to fuck them both! But not in their asses. In their pussies! Both of them, but especially Mom!"

Susan said to him while still pinned under Katherine, "I'm not psychologically ready for that. I'm close, so close, but I'm not quite there yet."

"I know!" He sighed and wiped his forehead. "That's the problem!"

"Can't you just fuck our asses? How many boys get to enjoy a mother-daughter ass sandwich? Doesn't that sound like fun?"

"Oh, so much! So much! But I just couldn't control myself for a minute. I wanted to have it all, to have YOU! To become a real motherfucker! I'm sorry. Don't worry; I'll be good in a few minutes. I just need to get a hold of myself."

He slumped down on the sofa and just said, "Aaaaah." He griped, "You see, Xania? So much for all the hype. I'm just a regular guy. I can't take all this arousal. Dang, I really want to enjoy that anal sandwich, too. Shit..."

Xania kicked into her therapist role. "Don't knock yourself. You're facing incredible temptation. Your mother is extremely, extremely fuckable. The fact that you've held out this long shows just how much you love her, and how hard you're trying to spare her from feeling emotionally torn apart."

"That's true," he said. "It's really important to me that she doesn't do it until she's totally okay with it."

"Keep hanging in there. It won't be long now, I'm sure. In the meantime, you have more tempting sexual options than most guys will ever enjoy in their lives. Including me." She gave him a sexy "come hither" look.

He saw that and just groaned. He felt overwhelmed by the sheer sexual heat that seemed to fill the room.

Chapter 822 Warming Up!

Susan and Katherine remained on top of each other.

Katherine pointed out to her brother, "Big Champagne Bottle Brother, your family anal sandwich is still here when you're ready again. Mommy and I are real comfy like this. We're all lubed up and ready for a deep anal probe or two, if you know what I mean, nudge, nudge, wink, wink."

But Alan said as he slumped further down the sofa, "Sis, tell you what. I seriously need to chill out for a while. But you two want a spanking as well. Xania and Brenda, why don't you two do the honors?"

Brenda reacted with horror to that suggestion. "Oh no, Alan. I could never spank another. I only deserve to get spanked myself."

"Okay. Up to you." Alan still didn't understand the level of Brenda's subservience, and he didn't have the energy to think about it at the moment. Plus, just looking at her while talking caused him to realize that she was a bad choice, because even though she was more alert than before, that was only true in a relative sense; she was looking more wiped out and bedraggled than anyone else. So instead, he asked, "What about you, Xania?"

Xania fiddled with her glasses. "Well, I suppose I could try, in the spirit of cooperation that Susan has encouraged. But really, this has to be the last wild sexual thing I do. When I wake up tomorrow, I won't be able to blame it all on the wine."

A number of eyes rolled in the room, as no one believed her reluctance anymore.

"Okay, there's one spanker," Alan said. "Aunt Suzy, we all know you're a good spanker. Why don't you start and show Xania and everyone else how it's done?"

So Suzanne and Xania tag-teamed spanking Susan and Katherine's asses.

Xania could slap hard if she wanted to, but she pulled her punches, so to speak. She pretended to be uncertain and reluctant (though slowly and continually breaking), still hoping to stay in character.

Suzanne, on the other hand, swatted with great confidence and authority. She also kept up a good verbal barrage, accusing both mother and daughter of sexual "crimes."

Their supposed crimes largely consisted of failures in properly sexually pleasing Alan. With Susan it was easy: Suzanne accused Susan of failing to give Alan her cunt, and making him suffer. With Katherine it was harder, since Katherine had pretty much done everything humanly possible to sexually please her brother lately. So instead Suzanne complained that Katherine was too jealous and didn't have the proper cock-sharing spirit.

Since Xania didn't feel inspired to do much spanking, and Suzanne did, Suzanne soon took over doing all the swatting. Xania fell into the healer role, which consisted of soothing red asses between spankings,

and fingering their pussies as much as possible. With four ass cheeks and two pussies to work with, her hands stayed busy.

Although they didn't receive many slaps, mother and daughter kept grinding their clits together during her ministrations. They were also lying together face to face, so they kissed when they weren't too busy panting for breath.

Once Suzanne was done spanking, Xania was also able to lick from near Susan's asshole, through her leaky pussy lips, and on up to Katherine with little space in between. Then she kept on licking through Katherine's overflowing pussy lips all the way up to the edge of her asshole in a single stroke. It seemed to her as if mother and daughter shared one long and constantly grinding pussy. For all of Xania's sexual experience, she'd never licked anything like that before, and she loved it.

Brenda and Amy fingerbanged each other while watching. Brenda in particular found the spanking very exciting, because she imagined it was Alan spanking her. Amy understood this and gave her some playful smacks on the side of her ass. Brenda couldn't get enough, and asked to be smacked harder. But Amy was too nice to be able to really give her a good whack.

For once, the only person left out of the proceedings was Alan, because he was still in mental recovery mode. He wanted his dick to go flaccid, but there was no chance of that happening with all the other sexual activity happening around him. But for him now the main thing was to have a mental break.

With more climaxes all around, everyone was exhausted, and they all took a long break.

Xania was astounded at the number of climaxes all the women were having, including herself. She thought, It seems everyone's having climaxes every five minutes. Including myself! I never cum this much, even when I've been the target of a gang bang. Sometimes I get fucked by a guy and I'm lucky if I cum even ONCE!

Is there something in the water in this town? Look at Brenda. I didn't even know it was possible for a person to leak that much fluid, much less cum non-stop for so long like she was doing earlier! Maybe it's infectious. The room smells like a giant vulva, with a healthy taste of penis thrown in. I'm staying constantly erotically buzzed from the general smell alone. I seriously, seriously, love these people!

The nude women walked around the living room with drinks in their hands, casually chatting, as if they were at a cocktail party where the only allowed clothing item was high heels.

Alan remained on the sofa, just recovering and enjoying the passing scenery.

Suzanne was as much of an authority figure as the group got, so she walked up to Alan at one point, leaned over, and quietly said to him, "I just checked the clock. It's one hour until midnight. I know we said we'd stop at midnight, but something occurred to me during the break: what about that big school paper you have to do? Isn't that due tomorrow?!"

He leaned forward and whispered near her ear, "Aunt Suzy, just between you and me, I've got that paper covered. It's done already."

"Really?" She whispered back in her delightfully scratchy voice. "Why just between you and me?"

"Because if I tell the others, they won't give me enough personal space tomorrow. They'll want to play, as usual. But I still have a lot to do before Friday. I'm good for tonight, though. I figure we can go for another hour, after all."

Suzanne said, "That's good, because this is a very special evening."

"Yes. It is." He playfully leered at the huge pale tits nearly dangling in his face.

Suzanne just grinned and rolled her eyes. She was about to walk away, but then Alan dramatically reached out and grabbed a leg to keep her from going. No longer whispering, he pleaded with urgency, "Suzanne, be strong for me."

She looked around and saw the others weren't paying attention, and in fact Brenda and Amy had both fallen asleep. "What do you mean?"

"Look at this. Everyone's casually strolling around in their birthday suits while my friends are probably at home watching Seinfeld reruns or checking e-mails or something. Brenda in particular has really

unnerved me with the way she's so subservient. And Xania, look at how hot to trot she's been. I mean, I'm just a kid! Can you see why my brain is kind of fried?"

She nodded.

"You're pretty normal, and you're decisive. Can you make sure I don't let all this go to my head? I know I'm just incredibly lucky and not some sex god, and you know it too. Help me stay sane."

"Don't worry, Sweetie. I'm here for you. I know you can handle it. We'll handle it together."

They hugged, and Alan felt a lot better.

But in fact, Suzanne didn't feel very sane or competent at the moment. She felt wild. There was a big pause in the action, true, but she was ready to let loose and lose herself in the moment as soon as things resumed. However, now she resolved to try to keep her urges under control, for Alan's sake. She felt proud that Alan counted on her so much, and she hoped that was a sign that she was rising up to Susan's level of importance in his life.

In fact, a minute or so later, Suzanne caught up with Xania, who was buck naked except for her heels and mingling with a cocktail in her hand. Suzanne wobbled over to her, unsteady on her high heels after drinking too much wine.

Xania spoke first, leaning into Suzanne's ear and whispering tipsily, "How do you like my performance?"

But Suzanne was focused on her own problems at the moment. "Good. Xania, they still see you as a wise psychologist, but now you're a sexy slut too. But I've got to talk to you about something else. You know how you told me on the phone yesterday that I could completely lose myself in the moment without submitting to Alan?"

"Yeah?" Xania found herself staring into the cleavage on Suzanne's bare chest.

"How do I do that?! I need to know right away because I've been on the verge of losing it for the past hour or more. I totally lost it this afternoon, and just like then, I can barely think now. I mean, this whole

room is throbbing with sex, and everywhere I look, I see, smell, or touch something exciting. It's great, of course, but I want to rise to an even higher level. I want to be like Brenda!"

Xania lowered her voice and looked concerned. "Brenda?! Are you kidding me?! She's way too submissive!"

Suzanne waved her hand dismissively. "No, I don't mean that. I agree completely. It's true that lately I've been getting off on having Sweetie dominate me sometimes, but I'd never want to be THAT submissive. No, I mean the way that she let go with her orgasms. When I cum, it's just an orgasm. But sometimes she gets so caught up in the moment that her orgasms can be transformational, rapturous moments of complete ecstasy! Like when she passed out earlier. I want THAT!"

Xania forced herself to look up from Suzanne's cleavage and concentrate on her words. "It's complicated. It's not like that happens to me a lot either. I can try to help you. But remember that you still owe me a victory fuck since we didn't really do a proper one before the card game. Tomorrow morning, I'll teach you with some very hands-on lessons." She winked seductively.

Suzanne pouted, "You're just making it worse with your sexy tone of voice. Seriously, I need to know, now! Anyway, what do you call all that fucking we did earlier? The fucking in the restaurant, the department store dressing room, and the car?"

Xania deadpanned, "Warming up." However, she saw Susan walking up to them, which meant that their private talk needed to end. So she said, "Hang in there. We'll talk more on this later." Then she went off to intercept Susan and chat with her for a while.

Suzanne found herself frustrated, but thoroughly unable to think coherently about her problem. Fuck. I want to cum like that. I want Sweetie to fuck the hell out of me until I pass out, RIGHT NOW! But I guess that's not going to happen tonight.

I need to get my act together. I sound like a petulant, spoiled child. Sweetie says that he's counting on me to direct events to a good outcome, and that makes me feel good. But my usual cunning has been blunted by a lusty fog. For instance, all evening I've just been another slut in heat having lots of fun. I haven't been strategizing or guiding events at all. Hell, my schemes are in tatters in general. I'm supposed to be the leader here, but I told Sweetie that I'm one of his fuck toys! That's fucked up, especially because it's true. And I like it!



I hope I can have a long talk with Xania in a non-sexual situation before she leaves tomorrow. She's always been a smart cookie, and lately she's been giving out particularly good advice. Maybe she can help me get my head together. AND teach me how to completely let go, so I can have epic orgasms like Brenda! There's no reason I can't be a clever schemer AND cum like a feral beast!

After a few more minutes, everyone wandered back into the living room.

Suzanne brought the group to order and resumed the game. She pointed out that she'd announced at the start that the party had to end at midnight, and they meant they had one hour left. That caused a new sense of urgency for everyone.

Alan still felt out of it. He was feeling okay physically, and he knew his penis could get erect if he wanted it to. The problem was that he was experiencing mental burn-out. The party was such a cornucopia of beautiful, sexy women and incredible sexual pleasure that it seemed his brain simply couldn't handle it and needed a more extended time out. This was frustrating since time was starting to run out on the party, but he felt he had to heed his mental and physical limitations.

He told the others that he needed to sit the game out completely for a while, and not get involved in any of the dares. However, he couldn't resist the temptation to at least sit and watch. He also told them that he felt confident he'd be able to get back into the swing of things in a little while.

One upshot of his non-involvement was that most of the next dares involved Brenda in some way. She was still very bedraggled and covered in cum, but she'd benefited from napping and taking a break after that, so she was more or less back to normal and fully engaged. She was ready and eager to kiss and fondle and have fun.

But Xania ran a close second in interest, since she was also new.

By this time, Xania hardly bothered anymore with putting up a prudish pretense. Sometimes she still made a verbal complaint, saying things like, "I really shouldn't be doing this!" But her body was very willing and able to do any dare offered, and the others knew it.

Susan won the first dare. She said, "I think we need to get the girls more involved, especially you, Angel. I like what happened when Alan licked Xania's cunt while Amy kissed her. So let's do that, except Angel, I want you to lick Brenda's cunt, and Amy, you'll keep the rest of Brenda occupied."

That dare was a big success. But with time a concern, it only lasted a few minutes before Suzanne called everyone back to the table for the next dare.

Katherine won the next round. She understood and shared Susan and Brenda's submissive nature, and she wanted to do something with that, even though Alan wasn't participating. So she said, "Okay, this dare is for Mom and Brenda. I want you two to stand right in front of Brother and dance a slow dance. We'll put some romantic ballad on the stereo for you to dance to. Except I'm going to call this the Dance of Submission. I want you to finger and generally fondle each other as you dance, with an eye to the fact that Alan is sitting there and watching. Definitely rub your tits together at an angle that lets him enjoy that sight. And while you're doing all this, I want you to seriously think about what it means to be totally dominated by him, and how you can sexually serve him better. Feel free to whisper your thoughts to each other as you do all this."

Brenda and Susan stood up and stared at each other with wide eyes. Already, their hearts were racing and their chests were heaving as they panted with arousal.

After a long pause, Susan said, "Wow!"

Brenda replied, "Yeah! Wow!"

Susan turned back to Katherine and said, "Remember earlier in the evening when I told you 'Best dare ever' after you rubbed Tiger's cock on Brenda's cunt? I take it back. THIS is the best dare ever!"

Katherine giggled at that as she went to the CD player and selected a song to play. She took a minute trying to find a romantic ballad that had some kind of submissive theme. Unfortunately, nothing quickly came to mind, and she knew it would take many minutes for her to sort through CDs, and even then she might not find a good song. So she went with "Let's Get It On" by Marvin Gaye for its general romantic yet sexual vibe.

Brenda and Susan started dancing. Each of them wrapped an arm around the other, and they drew close so their massive racks were pressed tightly together. Their free hands could have done many things, but both immediately started slowly fingerbanging the other one.

Although Alan was watching from only a few feet away, Brenda and Susan could hardly take their eyes off each other as they slowly danced.

Right away, they started to share their submissive thoughts. Between their quiet voices and the music playing, they were able to have a truly private conversation. (Unless someone paid careful attention and read their lips, that is.)

Since Susan could feel Brenda's long nipples rubbing against hers, she started out by whispering, "Big tits!"

Brenda whispered back, "Big-titted mommies!"

Susan replied with "Big-titted mommies who serve their big-cocked master! That's what we are!"

Brenda sighed, and whispered longingly, "Mmmm... 'Master.' I love that word. Just hearing it makes me hot. Hell, thinking it makes me wet!"

Susan nodded, and whispered, "Master Alan."

Brenda moaned erotically. "Aaaaah! Even better! So much better!"

"It is," Susan agreed with her own longing sigh. "Do you know what big-titted mommies do?"

She was going to answer her own question, but Brenda beat her to the punch. "They serve and suck superior cock!" bender

Susan nodded. She stared intently into Brenda's eyes. "They do. A good big-titted mommy lives for the moment when she's naked and kneeling with a mouthful of Alan cock!"

Brenda moaned erotically. "MMMM! Yes... A mouthful of master cock!"

"Yes. But that's not all. Do you know what else we do? We spread our legs like you did earlier, so he can... he can... fuck us! DEEP! We get FUCKED!"

Susan and Brenda were so aroused by this that they mutually drew their heads closer and French kissed with more electric excitement than they'd ever kissed each other before.

They both felt extremely lusty, but had little way to express it except through their kissing, so they necked intensely throughout the rest of the song. As a result, they weren't able to say anything else, but each of them were lost in thrilling, submissive thoughts.

Even though Alan was sitting right next to them, he didn't pay much attention. He started to, but as soon as he saw Brenda say "Big-titted mommies," he made a conscious decision not to try to follow their conversation, or even watch much. Since he was feeling emotionally overwhelmed, he knew that their enthusiastic, submissive talk was just about the last thing he wanted to hear if he hoped to get over his mood soon.

Hearing all their "master" talk in particular would have weighed heavily on him. A big reason why he was resistant to the words "master" or "harem" was that he doubted he could handle that role for long. It sounded great in a fantasy, but in reality it was a tremendous responsibility for someone who was still only eighteen years old.

When the song ended, Susan and Brenda quickly returned to the table, eager for more dares.

Several more dares took place, and Brenda was involved in all of them. Even though Alan wasn't participating, she was in seventh heaven.

Bit by bit, Brenda's lust started to overwhelm her. The previous card game had been the most incredible experience of her life, but this evening's events made that day seem as sexually mild and ordinary as a peck on the cheek. She usually could be found panting and heaving, attempting to recover from yet another orgasm.

One dare from Katherine put Brenda and Xania together. It was very free-form, just for them to go at it, so they went at it.

Xania ended up spanking Brenda for most of the time allotted to that dare. She had realized that Brenda seemed to want to be spanked, and she wanted to know whether she could spank someone in the same aggressive manner that Suzanne had earlier.

It turned out she could.

But it didn't last for very long, because Brenda went into total orgasmic screaming mode, just like before. She wound up collapsed on the ground, with her pussy leaking like a broken faucet. Suzanne was envious. Again, she wished she could totally let go like that.

Events seemed to carry on just fine without Alan.

Susan's pussy grew sore from too much masturbation, stimulation, and orgasms, not to mention she was having her period, so she reached a point where she had to beg off. So she didn't get involved in much. Plus, it just wasn't as much fun for her if Alan was sitting things out. But the others carried on quite well without her too.

Alan thought as he watched, These women are all so insatiable! How can I possibly ever please all of them, much less them AND the rest of the cheerleaders at school too? And Glory, for that matter! The only solution is what's going on right now: they have to tire themselves out first and leave just enough for me to handle. Thank the friggin' Lord for lesbian sex, or I'd be a dead man.

Seriously!

Chapter 823 Brenda Or Xania?

The game was slowly unraveling, because without Alan there were six females and they started pairing off. Suzanne was with Brenda, Katherine was with Xania, and Amy was with Susan.

Alan was amused at how neglected he was, compared to the usual situation. This was especially true since his penis finally came to life, and yet he couldn't get anyone to notice it. There was so much moaning and even screaming going on that no one could hear him, even when he raised his voice.

Finally, he was forced to get up and find Susan's cowbell on the floor. He picked it up and rang it.

That caught their attention. All eyes looked at him, and the women saw him standing in the middle of the living room with his erection jutting up proud and high. That really got their attention, and the room fell quiet.

"Thank you," he said to the suddenly hushed room. "As you can see, Alan Junior is erect again. We could pick another penis tender and go on with the game. But rather than do that, it's getting late and some of us have school tomorrow. I think we should start winding down."

That met with anguished and disappointed groans and complaints.

He responded, "Now, now, I said start winding down, not end. I've been stroked and fondled and even blown all evening long. I thank you all for the attention. But I think it's time I finally fuck somebody."

That quieted all the complaining. The others all gathered around him, sprawled out on the sofas. Everyone was tired and sore from all the sex, but there was still some energy left for more.

He paced back and forth for dramatic effect, surprisingly pleased to be the center of attention again. "Now, Mom, Sis, Aunt Suzy, and Amy, sorry. I love you all, but I've fucked you before and I'll fuck you many times again, or the time isn't quite ripe yet. Whereas we have two visitors who are completely unfucked. I think I must choose between them."

Alan had fucked Xania already, but only Suzanne and Katherine knew that, so he had to keep up that pretense. With a hand on his chin, he said, "The question is whom should I choose."

Xania spoke up. "Now just a minute. This goes too far. I know I said that already, but this time I really mean it. You can't just talk about fucking me without letting me have a say in the matter. That's rude, crude, and, and, and... despicable! I know that I said I wished Alan could 'whip me into line with his big cock,' but that was just in the heat of the moment! Things have been so erotic and arousing that I'm very confused and making all kinds of mistakes that I'll regret later. Playing around is one thing, but fucking is serious!"

Susan again got a fierce look in her eye. "Now, Xania, normally I'm a very accommodating person, but I have to put my foot down. I don't know if Tiger wants to fuck you or Brenda, but if he chooses you, you're right that you have no say. He likes his tits big, and despite all your fancy psychology degrees, you're still a big-titted centerfold-quality babe at heart, and God put women like you and me on this Earth to be fucked by the likes of my son! Period! The problem is that you feel the desire to be tamed by his cock, but you still haven't been tamed sufficiently. Tiger, please take care of that, will you? Turn her into one of us."

Xania looked around frantically. "Turn me into one of you? What is this, the invasion of the pod people or something? I refuse to play your twisted games any longer. You all have gone too far!"

She wasn't sure if anyone would still buy her prudish front after all the things she'd done, but she thought she'd give it one more try. She further hoped that playing hard to get would make her more desirable, causing Alan to choose her over Brenda.

Xania looked over to Brenda. "I'm sure you agree with me. Right? Alan can't just fuck whomever he chooses. We have rights!"

Brenda answered firmly, "No. Actually, I don't. Maybe you have rights, but I only want to serve. Serve this whole family, but especially serve Alan! Susan is so right with her tit rules. I often wondered why I was saddled with such annoyingly big tits, but now I know. I know my place, and it's on the floor or bed with my legs spread for Alan!"

Xania sighed. She muttered, "God, the pod people did get to you."

Ignoring that, Brenda immediately assumed that position on the floor. She spread her legs invitingly, just like she'd done earlier when Alan ran his cockhead up and down her slit. "Mas... Mister Alan, please fuck me? Please?" Again, she had a hard time not calling him "Master," and barely managed to cover her mistake. She wasn't aware that she'd screamed out "Master" quite a few times earlier in the evening when she was beside herself with desire.

Alan was impressed, if not overwhelmed. Most of all, such talk made him horny beyond belief. But he remembered Xania, and turned to her.

He had a strong hunch that Xania was acting and in fact she very much desired to be fucked, so he too decided to ham it up. He figured that if he was wrong, she would leave little doubt about her true feelings. "Xania, this is my house, and I refuse to permit this kind of behavior. If you actually had a steady boyfriend that would be one thing, but you don't. I'm sorry. Brenda and Sis, hold Xania down."

Alan had chosen Brenda to help even though he barely knew her. He had a hunch that she'd do just about anything for him, and he was right. In fact, Brenda loved the idea of helping; she managed to drag herself off the floor to do so.

Xania let out a string of expletives and curses while her arms were pinned back by the two females. She wiggled in ways that would look alluring, but in fact she didn't try to physically resist at all.

Alan could see she was only making a sexy show, and not really trying to get away. So he went to the kitchen and brought out a coil of rope.

Susan's eyes lit up. "Rope! Yes! It's about time!" She pumped her fist. "Alan, Tiger, are you going to tie her up? When you're done, can you do me?"

"Yes, I'm going to tie her up, but you and I will wait for a special time. You should have told me you were into this kind of thing."

Susan said with exasperation, "You didn't figure that out? Come on! I love anything you do to me!"

Katherine also seemed very excited by the rope, but Amy had no special reaction and Suzanne just rolled her eyes.

Surprisingly, Amy spoke. "Alan, you're not going to do anything Xania doesn't want, are you? Because the Alan I know and love wouldn't do something against someone's will." bender

Alan was touched by Amy's goodness and concern. He thought, Once again, thank God for Amy. I live a very crazy life and I think that ultimately Amy is the one who's going to keep me sane. Actually, Amy's empathy and Suzanne's willpower. Thank God for the Pestrldges.



He responded, "Of course, Amy, I wouldn't do anything anyone wouldn't want to do. Xania very much wants this. Listen to her body, not her mouth." As he said this, he started to tie Xania's arms together behind her back.

Amy asked, "Xania? Are you cool with this? Alan's not a meanie, you know."

Xania too was pleased and amused by Amy's innocence and kindness. "Don't worry, Amy. Come here and I'll tell you a secret. Then, if you want to stop everything, just say the word and I'm sure Alan will stop."

So Amy listened to Xania's whispering. She left satisfied.

The truth was, Xania even now wanted to maintain the pretense of her prudishness and reluctance, but Amy was ruining it by forcing her to admit that she desperately wanted to get fucked. The whispering allowed Xania to keep the appearance of reluctance going with the others, even though, by this point, everyone sensed more or less what Xania really wanted.

Alan was left with the task of tying Xania up. He had an awkward time with it, as he'd never tied up a person before. He stood there with the rope in hand, uncertain as to how to start.

Katherine said, "Big Güiro Brother, would you like some help?"

He asked, "What the hell is a 'gweero'?"

"A musical instrument made out of a gourd. Very long, thick, and phallic-shaped. Anyway, let me guide you through using the rope."

"And how would you know about tying people up?"

"I've been researching the subject so I'd be ready when you wanted to do it to me. I know all kinds of ways. A good fuck toy has the same motto as the Boy Scouts: 'Be Prepared.' I hope this is the start of a new phase of increasing your control. You should have your various nymphos naked and tied, bound and scattered all over the house, ready for fucking!"

Alan rolled his eyes. "Sis, you're too much. As if! You scare me sometimes, and I seriously mean that. But I could use the help."

With Katherine's direction, Alan tied Xania's hands behind her back, then also tied her arms to her sides by passing rope above and below her breasts. The extra rope for the arms didn't have much practical purpose, but it made Xania look more helpless and sexy. The fact that Xania added a proud defiance to her usual stern glare only aroused Alan (and everyone else) that much more.

Then Katherine stepped away, leaving Xania lying prone on one end of the sofa while Brenda sat on the other end.

Alan walked back and forth between his remaining choices of Xania and Brenda, assuming a dramatic posture as if he were a military officer performing an inspection.

He thought, Realistically, I've got only one orgasm left in me tonight, if even that. I'm running on fumes. I can't ruin my reputation by trying and failing to get it up, particularly with everyone watching.

So. Brenda OR Xania. I have to pick.

He turned to Brenda. On the one hand, I've fucked Xania already, but not Brenda. I'd love to give Brenda a good fucking. I'd start with a titfuck just to warm up, and then work my way down. She's already so covered with cum, it would be perfectly lovely to end up adding my load to her messy face and chest. She's such a great screamer and leaker, I'm sure she'd be a total blast to fuck. She's like a living Jessica Rabbit, with a body clearly designed by God for a lot of fucking. Wow!

Then he looked over at Xania, who was still tied up on the sofa. But on the other hand, Xania has been so great this evening. I've been getting a huge kick out of her protests. And now that she's all tied up, how can I not fuck her? I've never tied someone up before and I'm finding it really turns me on. I'd love to see her squirm and protest helplessly while I ram her pussy repeatedly until I fill it with my hot seed. Man, that would be great. Not only that, but she was a really good fuck. Very experienced. Tonight I think she'd be an even greater fuck because she's so randy and uninhibited.

In some ways, Xania is even more built to fuck than Brenda. While Brenda is all soft and squeezable, Xania is toned and muscular. I like them both, but Xania's tall too; I can French kiss her and fuck her at

the same time. She's got a great squeezey cunt with vaginal talents right up there with Aunt Suzy. That's hard to turn down.

But then again, Brenda and her tits. So tough to pass up. But Brenda lives near here, while Xania just passes through town once in a blue moon. On the other hand, Brenda hasn't been fucked yet. Also, it's not like Xania won't be back often, not after a night like this. Yet I can't just leave Xania all tied up and ready to fuck. Look at how clean and dry Xania is, relatively speaking... Then there's Brenda. Like Brenda. Her energy does seem to be reviving, which is good...

He walked back and forth, genuinely unable to make up his mind. He kept thinking of more good reasons to pick one, and then the other.

Everyone waited to see what he'd do. Brenda and Xania sat still and waited with bated breath. The fact that his rigid erection bounced around with every step he took drove them and everyone else wild with lust.

A problem came to his mind. "Hey, what about STDs? Have either of you fucked anyone else lately?"

Brenda proudly said, "Definitely not! As I hope you know, I'm in the middle of a divorce. My husband hasn't fucked me for three years. Hell, I don't think he's even touched me in the past year." She added with growing excitement, "In fact, there's no reason for you to use a condom. I'm on birth control, and I'm totally clean. I hope you take me bareback!"

Alan nodded with approval. He remained poker-faced, but on the inside he felt a thrill race down his spine as he considered fucking Brenda bareback.

He turned to Xania and asked her, "What about you and your boyfriend?"

Since she didn't actually have a real boyfriend at the moment, she lied in a way to arouse, "Like I said, we've only gone out on a few dates. Well, more than a few, but still, I haven't let him fuck me yet. I'm not some kind of easy lay."

Susan loved that. She couldn't help but note, "And yet, look at you now!"

Actually, Xania was ready to be fucked bareback too. Alan had had to use a condom when he'd fucked her on Friday (although they forgot to use one their second time). Suzanne had made clear that she'd have to keep using condoms if she fucked him again unless she proved she was completely clean. So she'd been tested, and she'd just gotten the results and now had an all-clear from Suzanne. Furthermore, she was using pill-based birth control, which let her both avoid pregnancy and control the timing of her periods.

Unfortunately, she felt she couldn't reveal any of that right at the moment or it would blow what little was left of her cover.

Alan continued to ponder his options. Then a thought occurred to him that helped him make up his mind. Brenda has to go home soon because it's nearly midnight, and her son Adrian would worry about her. He's said to be a real mama's boy. Xania, on the other hand, told me she's staying the night. In fact, now that I think about it, I even brought in her luggage. That means I can have my cake and eat it too!

#### Chapter 824 Deep Throating Xania

Suddenly, Alan stopped and smiled. Everyone knew he'd made his decision, but he was silent and let the tension build. He stepped forward with his slobber-soaked erection leading the way, ready to fuck. He felt his energy and enthusiasm revive even more as he contemplated his choice.

The others all leaned forward from where they sat, waiting to find out who he'd do. Well, everyone but Xania, since she couldn't move.

He announced, "It just occurred to me that since Xania is staying and Brenda is going home shortly, I should fuck Brenda now and Xania tomorrow morning before school. Would that work for both of you?"

Brenda nodded enthusiastically. "Yes, M- Alan!" She again had trouble not calling Alan "Master," because that's how she saw him.

Xania started to protest when she wasn't chosen, but then realized that in her role as the sexually reluctant psychologist, she couldn't protest. After all, her reluctance was supposedly why he had her tied up right now. Not sure what to say, she just remained silent.

He waited for a response from Xania, and when he failed to get one, he told her, "I feel bad. Especially seeing how we have your hands all tied up and all." Reaching out with one hand, he gently brushed his fingertips over one of her stiff nipples.

She just closed her eyes and shivered with tortured delight at his touch.

He added, "You're my first experiment with rope but hopefully not the last, because I have to admit it looks quite sexy. I think we'll keep you like that for a while." He pinched her other nipple.

Xania was still surly and silent, but she reacted to the nipple torment by writhing her whole body around like a beached fish. She was trying to look pissed off, but she couldn't hide her body's arousal. God dammit! This sucks. Royally. Why didn't he pick me?! Sure, he'll fuck me later, but I want it now!

Katherine raised her hand. "Need another volunteer?"

Alan smiled at that, but he had his hands full for the moment. Pulling his hand away from groping Xania's 38G breasts, he spoke to the group at large. "I'd like to be alone with Brenda for a while. I've had plenty of group fun tonight and I think a bit of one-on-one would be a nice change of pace. But if any of you still have some energy left, I suggest you play with Xania here. All tied up like that, she's helpless to resist, so do whatever you like to her. And you heard her troublesome attitude earlier tonight. I think she could use some more breaking in." He smiled at her in a friendly way, and winked.

Amy saluted and said, "Yes, sir!" She seemed to see the breaking in as some kind of new game, now that she knew Xania secretly approved.

Alan looked great, but he felt wicked. Even though he knew Xania was just pretending to be reluctant, he still got off on the idea of "breaking in" a reluctant woman, turning her into a submissive sex toy. He found himself powerfully attracted to the sight of a woman bound by rope.

But a part of his brain said, Watch it, Alan. That's your dark side rearing its ugly head again. Your evil side. You have to fight that. Where's the "Good Alan?" What happened to him? You're getting worse with every passing day.

He spoke to himself as if there was a conversation occurring in his brain. He's still there. After all, Xania is just playing around. It can't be denied that she's having fun. And anyways, isn't breaking in someone a good thing sometimes? For instance, I'd be doing Heather a big favor if I could overcome her bitchiness and teach her some humility. I think it wouldn't hurt her to learn to worship my cock.

No! I didn't mean that! I'm just going wild with all of my incredible sexual success tonight. I'm letting it go to my head too much!

He cut off his internal dialogue, trying instead to focus on Brenda. "Come here, Brenda." He gave her his hand and graciously helped her up off the sofa.

Brenda needed the help because she was so far gone from a night of nonstop sexual activity that she could barely stand.

He looked at her, examining just how thoroughly she was covered in cum. He'd never seen anything like it. Most of it was her own pussy juice, smeared all around by many hands. It had been fun to keep her like that for most of the evening, but he realized it was starting to get gross. "Brenda, I want you to go take a shower. I like looking at you like that, but don't relish the idea of fucking a sticky, cum-soaked zombie. Make it cold and rouse yourself. Then wait for me in my bedroom. Okay?"

Brenda nodded obediently and then slowly made her way upstairs to a shower. She felt a new burst of energy as she realized the implications of what he had said. This is it! It's about to happen! Master Alan is about to fuck me, and take me, and make me his! He's going to OWN me after he squirts his hot cum up my cunt! Good God!

With the situation resolved, Alan wandered off into the kitchen and helped himself to a snack. Not only was he hungry, but he had to stall for time until Brenda was ready. He needed time to clear his head, and he actually welcomed a chance for his penis to be flaccid for a while. He grabbed an apple and a glass of pineapple juice, then made his way back to the living room to see what the others were doing.

He was greeted to a wild sight. A hide-a-bed sofa had been unfolded. Xania was in the middle of the bed, with Katherine and Amy working away on her. Katherine was generally focusing on Xania's upper half and Amy on her lower half, but their hands were busy and seemingly everywhere at once.

Susan was just sitting nearby, watching. She looked quite tired.

Suzanne was getting her things so she could go upstairs to the other shower and clean up before heading home. She said to Alan as she walked past him, "Ah, the energy of youth. I think your mother and I are all fucked out."

Susan clarified, "I'm pretty beat, it's true, but I'm going to stay here a while and keep an eye on Xania, just to make sure our two daughters 'break her in' properly."

Alan was curious by her use of "break in," as that suddenly popular term hadn't been used around the house before. "Just what does 'breaking in' mean to you, Mom?"

Despite her weariness, she spoke with enthusiasm. "It means that she becomes like us: completely and utterly addicted to sex, and in particular, ready to serve you in every way. Look at her. What a body! What a face. Someone like that needs to be seriously fucked all the time. So we have to instill the right attitude by giving her enough mind-blowing orgasms that she'll need and crave more. A woman with a body like that needs to dedicate herself to serving your sexual needs first and foremost. If your sister and girlfriend can't do a proper job by themselves, I'm ready to leap in to help. But I hope I won't have to, as I'm simply pooped. All this sex is so exhausting."

He chuckled, "You're telling me!" He felt exhausted just watching Katherine, Amy, and Xania bouncing all over each other. He thought, I'm gonna need that kind of energy to do what needs to be done to Xania and Brenda. I'm not happy seeing a beautiful naked woman unless she's so deeply and profoundly fucked that she's too tired to move. I kind of feel like it's my responsibility to keep them that way. And that type of intense sex is so tiring.

He asked his mother, "Is 'breaking in' the same as 'taming?'"

Susan stared off into space, pondering the two terms as if comparing the subtle differences between fine wines. "They're similar, but different. 'Breaking in' is more of the initial stage, like what's happening tonight. To be 'tamed' is much more; it goes much deeper. There may not be an end to how deeply and completely you can tame me. I don't know yet."

He shook his head in amazement. "Okay. Whatever."

He saw Suzanne walk the rest of the way upstairs. (She had paused, wanting to hear what Susan's idea of 'breaking in' was like.) Then he found a spot in a remote corner of the living room where he could watch the proceedings from a distance without being disturbed while consuming his snack.

It was a good time for his introspection, while he waited for Brenda to get herself ready. I suppose this evening will be pretty typical of my life from here on in, barring some kind of major disaster. Sex parties and orgies. Can I handle it? Is this what I want? Is constantly filling women's holes with my dick and flooding them with cum basically what I want to DO with my life?

Well... Yes, and yes, and yes again! It seems that all I do lately is fuck and kiss and fondle, and have my cock sucked a hell of a lot, of course. But by God, it feels so good! I never understood what pleasure was before, just how intense and great it could be. And I never really knew love, either. I've bonded so tightly in mid-fuck that sometimes it seems like two people are really one.

Besides, it's not like I can't fuck a ton and have higher aspirations and do other things. Didn't Wilt Chamberlain brag that he fucked, like, 20,000 different women? And he had a Hall of Fame sports career too. I can't imagine getting bored, either. If we do this again next week with the same bunch of people, it'll be the same in some ways, but completely different in others. I'd love to keep the Wednesday night card game tradition going forever.

But Brenda... She's both really amazing, and yet somehow disturbing. She still strikes me as somewhat unreal, like a cartoon character with an inhumanly proportioned body come to life. She was talking about her mother earlier, and that shed some light, but even so, I'm not sure if I fully understand what makes her tick. I just don't get what's come over her. I remember when she first came here and she was so moody and easily pissed off. I can't imagine that now. It's like her personality has actually changed somehow.

He finished his snack. Well, no time like the present. Man, I can't wait!

He stood up and announced to the others in the room, "I'm off to fuck Brenda. Wish me luck. You all take care of Xania, okay?"

From where Susan sat on a sofa watching the action with Xania, she leaned forward and said expectantly, "Goodnight kiss!"



He went over to kiss her. Once he had his hands on her naked body, he couldn't resist fondling her a lot too, including playing with her clit. But he was mindful of Brenda waiting, and kept the necking relatively short.

Susan had started stroking his flaccid dick when the kiss began, and she was stroking his fully erect boner by the time it ended. She whispered, "Dick Brenda really good, please, will you? Sperm her!"

He chuckled. "Of course."

She looked down lovingly at his erection, and her fingers sliding up and down it. "I know you will. You're such a GOOD son!" She made eye contact again, and said seriously, "Keep in mind what this means. Brenda, as you know, is very submissive. She's already very hooked on you, and she's becoming my new best friend. This is a very, very big deal for her. Once you fuck her, there's no going back."

He asked, "What does that mean, 'no going back?'"

She stared off into space as she pondered that. "I honestly don't know." She looked back at him, and down at her sliding fingers mostly rubbing his sweet spot. "She's obviously a horny, sexy, big-titted babe. I'm sure you'll be fucking her cunt and her face a lot from now on. She already proudly considers herself one of your personal cocksuckers, even if you haven't made it official yet. Beyond that, who can say? Her son Adrian complicates things, but she could wind up having a big role in our lives. A lot of it will depend on you and how much you enjoy her body. Just keep in mind that she's eager to be one of your fuck toys, and maybe more."

"Okay, Mom."

She drew him closer, and put his hands back on her G-cups. Then she resumed jacking him off with both hands. "One more thing. Remember... you'll be fucking me soon too! Maybe, when you're in the middle of fucking her, think of that!"

He groaned lustily. "Oh, man! Okay, I will."

She gave him another French kiss, then she bent down and gave his cockhead a kiss and a brief swirly lick. Then she finally let him - and his stiff cock - go.

He naturally was obliged to give goodnight kisses to Katherine and Amy as well. Katherine was wearing a strap-on and continued to thrust in and out of Xania even while he make out with her.

As that kiss ended, he thought, You know what's great? I can do whatever I want with these super sexy women. Anything. Anything! So many orifices, and so little time. I wish I had, like, nine dicks and an endless supply of cum, so I could pump a whole bunch of holes all at once and keep them all overflowing with my cum. But lacking that, I can still have a lot of fun!

He'd kissed Amy last, but he noticed that Katherine had gotten up to go to the bathroom. Furthermore, he figured that Brenda needed more time to shower and make herself ready. That meant he had a few minutes to kill, and he was very aroused at the prospect of fucking Brenda. So he said to Amy when their kiss ended, "That kiss was good, but let's make it better. Stand up over here."

"M'kay!" Amy had been sliding an anal dildo in and out of Xania's butt to great success, but she left it in and stood up where he indicated.

He positioned himself so his erection was hanging down towards Xania's face while his own face was high up and level with Amy's. He fed his cock into Xania's mouth.

She took it enthusiastically, letting him slide his cockhead all along the welcoming bed of her remarkably long tongue and on down into her throat. She actually was deep throating him, right from the get-go! She even surprised herself that she felt so relaxed that she could pretty much ignore her gag reflex, almost as if she didn't have one.

He loved that he didn't even need to tell Xania what to do. She was already pretty far gone into her own orgasmic dreamland, especially after what Katherine and Amy had been doing to her.

She didn't sustain the deep throating for long, because now that she thought about it, she worried about doing that when she didn't have the use of her hands. She pulled back until just his cockhead was in her mouth. It looked and felt like she was readying herself for some prolonged, intense cocksucking.

Susan was amazed. It was one of her greatest desires to be able to deep throat her son, and even though Xania didn't do it for long, Susan didn't miss the fact that Xania had done it. She was doubly excited that Alan got his cock deep throated while he was making out with Amy.

At first, it seemed like Xania's mouth suckled at him in an automatic response. But as time passed, she got more into it and truly impressed him with her blowjob technique. She'd demonstrated her oral talent to him before, more than once, but now she was so far gone into lust that she'd lost all her inhibitions and so was truly outdoing her previous efforts. Just like Suzanne's freakishly long tongue, her tongue could practically wrap itself all the way around his erection and jack it off as if it were a couple of fingers. But at the same time, her lips knew just how to apply great suction. It was like being blown and jacked off at the same time.

Xania thought as she bobbed, This is nuts! I've been in orgies and S&M scenes before, but nothing like this. I've never felt so, well... dominated! I can't use my hands, and he's kissing Amy at the same time, plus he's obviously just biding his time fucking my mouth until Brenda's ready. It's hard not to be impressed at a stud like that. It feels like he IS "whipping me into line with his big cock," and I actually like it! I'm not into that kind of thing, but Alan and the girls somehow make it a total blast. It's almost like joining a super-exclusive yet super-fun club.

Meanwhile, Alan kept on kissing Amy and playing with her lovely body. This might have been too much stimulation at once for most guys, but he was getting used to this sort of thing.

He actually chuckled into Amy's mouth. This is beyond the beyond! Oh God, man! Xania's so fucking great! I swear, this is one of the best friggin' blowjobs I've ever enjoyed. The only oral technique that beats this is Glory's all-too-rare deep throat sessions. This is a close second! She's doing so much with her freakish, awesome tongue. Geez, just imagine if Mom had a tongue as long as hers. Scary!

More extremely enjoyable time passed for him, with Xania showing no signs of slowing down. Playing with Amy's curvy body and kissing her was also endless fun. He thought, The wildest thing of all is that I haven't cum yet. No man should be able to endure this much pleasure for this long. But it's like everything that's happened to me for weeks now has been non-stop practice for me to win the sexual endurance Olympics. Just how much more can I handle and still not cum?! What's my limit?!

He noticed out of the corner of his eye that Katherine had returned from the bathroom, and had probably been watching for a couple of minutes. That led him to pause in his kissing of Amy and ask, "Xania, is there room for one more tongue down there?"

Xania pulled off and nodded. She started to reach for her face to wipe the cum and slobber from her chin, only to realize that her hands were still tied. That realization thrilled her all over again. She looked at Katherine, who was already kneeling in position beside her, and said, "More the merrier. But could

you scratch my pussy a little bit? It seems to be a bit, uh, itchy down there, and obviously I can't reach it with my hands."

Katherine smirked. "'Itchy.' Right." She giggled. But she gladly played with Xania's pussy and clit while she joined in pleasuring Alan's cock.

Since Xania was tied up, she had no ability to adjust the position of Alan's erection. So Katherine held and stroked it near its base, while the two of them licked it together. They used what was becoming their standard procedure, of imagining an invisible line running down the middle of his stiff rod and then attempting to keep their tongue and lip work to their side of the line.

Every now and then, one of them would get inspired and want to engulf all of his cockhead and bob on it for a while. This only happened occasionally though, since Xania couldn't really do much when Katherine bobbed, due to her bound hands.

At one point, while Xania flirted with triggering her gag reflex and made lewd gagging noises, she thought, This guy is a FREAK! I'm giving him my absolute best. I wanted to make him cum before he got a chance to be with Brenda upstairs, just to tweak him a little bit. But not only does he not cum, he has his sister join in too! It's gonna be hard to go back to normal back in L.A. after this. FUCK!

After five minutes or so of mutually delightful cock-sharing between Katherine and Xania, Amy broke the latest kiss, saying, "Hey! I've got an idea, my yummy Official Boyfriend: round robin! We ladies can keep switching positions: two licking and one kissing."

But Alan disengaged, saying, "Nice idea, Aims, but some other time. I just realized that I'm getting far too close to cumming. I've gotta save myself for Brenda!"

In truth, he'd been so carried away that he'd almost forgotten that Brenda was waiting upstairs. But also, he was getting close to cumming and he didn't want to be too tapped out to enjoy Brenda to the fullest.

The three women were okay with that, since they had each other to play with. Amy and Katherine returned to their double dildo attack on Xania as if they'd never been interrupted.

Xania too gave no sign that she'd just been thoroughly fucked in the mouth, but she continued to whimper, pant, squirm, and writhe with her arms tied down, just as she'd been doing before.

As Alan started to leave the room, he was startled to realize that Susan was still there, and still watching everything from a nearby sofa. "Hey, Mom. What's up? You just missed out on a lot of cocksucking. We could have easily found room for one more."

Susan sighed. "I know. And believe me I would have if it was at all possible, but I'm just too tired. Can you believe it?"

Worried, he asked, "Should I help you upstairs or something?"

"No way! I can still hang out here like this just fine."

He nodded.

Susan commented about how he'd just treated Xania, "Tiger, you asked about 'breaking in?' THAT'S what I mean. You just stick Alan Junior somewhat near her face and she leans forward and gives it a good suck. She doesn't think, she just does it. That's what I'm talking about!" She beamed with deep contentment. "She's practically broken in already. Whereas to properly tame her, that's going to be a lot more difficult. But I'm sure you'll do it! See the difference?" bender

"Um, I guess," he replied.

She opened her arms invitingly. "Come here, Son."

He walked next to her, expecting one last kiss and hug before he headed upstairs. But instead she remained sitting, then grabbed his ass cheeks and pulled him in between her legs. She brought a hand to his boner and leaned forward to kiss it. Then she started licking it. "Our family is blessed. Mmmm! You're going to make SO many women happy with this!" She suddenly engulfed his cockhead, and bobbed on his sweet spot for about a minute.

In fact, she was too exhausted to do much more than just suckle on it. But she was extremely delighted just the same. Mmmm! I can taste Xania on him! And Angel too! Maybe it's just my imagination; I suppose I can't really. But they did just slobber all over it together! That's SO HOT! If only I were my usual self; I'd make Brenda wait and have a four-way cocksucking epic adventure!

Then she pulled off. "Ugh! I wish I wasn't so tired right now. I'd love to suck your cock for hours. But this is Brenda's time. Go! Fuck her good. Make me proud!" She swirled her tongue around his cockhead, and lapped on his sweet spot a little more before finally pulling off.

"I will." He smiled widely as he thought about his loving mother and her second goodbye. "I love you!"

"I love you too!"

#### Chapter 825 Are You Ready To Do This?

Alan walked upstairs, thinking, FINALLY! As Mel Brooks said in that "History of the World" movie of his, "It's good to be the king." Geez. Xania's right: this house is developing a little culture of its own, like a separate society. We're developing so many rituals and traditions that it's hard to cross the house without kissing three people and fucking two more. Not that I'm really complaining, when they all look so delicious.

Speaking of tasty treats, let's see how Brenda's doing.

He looked in the bathroom for Brenda, but couldn't find her there. His own room was dark, but when he turned on the overhead light he found Brenda kneeling on his floor. She had been in the room for a while, so she had to briefly close her eyes until they adjusted to the bright light.

Brenda was taking Suzanne's advice that partly clothed was sexier than completely naked, and also Suzanne's additional advice to keep her long nipples bared at all times. The only thing she wore was one of his dress shirts strategically unbuttoned so her mammoth tits aggressively announced their nakedness, completely exposed but with the shirt straining around them on all sides.

Alan was already erect and aroused, since his boner had been in his mother's mouth only a minute or two earlier, but he was impressed and inspired just the same. Wow! That look reminds me of Mom's

great cutout T-shirt, except that Brenda almost makes Mom appear flat-chested in comparison. Well, not exactly, but almost. He chuckled to himself.

Brenda slowly adjusted to the bright light. A big smile crossed her face as she realized Alan was standing there. She'd been dazed and groggy, not to mention more than a little bit icky, but the shower had done her a world of good. She looked fresh as a daisy, sparkling clean, and very expectant. The idea of getting fucked really inspired and energized her.

He said, "Hey, Brenda. You look great!"

"Thanks." She felt a jolt of pleasure run down her spine, because any compliment by her master was a big thrill. She looked up and down his naked body, and felt an even bigger jolt as she saw that his penis was not only jutting out stiffly, but it was drenched in cum and the saliva of other women. She replied, "You don't look half-bad yourself!"

She brought her hands to her face in what seemed like a bashful move. But in fact she knew that raising her arms was a sexy gesture that would draw even more attention to her fantastic breasts. She ran her hands all over her face. Aaaaah. My face is silky smooth and clean now, but how long before it's splattered and soaked with his cum? I can't wait! But getting fucked will be even better than THAT!

He asked, "So, are you ready to do this?"

She responded by simply smiling at him, trying to convey all her desire for him. Then she spread her legs extremely wide in invitation. Her pussy was red and engorged from being stimulated so much all evening long. But it was surprisingly free of sex juices, for once, since she'd just come out of the shower a couple of minutes earlier.

His thoughts drifted back to Brenda's comment made earlier in the evening: "I know my place, and it's on the floor or bed with my legs spread for Alan."

She was obviously recalling the same comment as she thought, I DO know my place, and it's right here! Wow! This is really going to happen!

She tested her feelings. Hrm. Curious. I feel surprisingly calm, considering that this is going to be one of the most pivotal events of my life. This is what I was made for, to serve as a vessel for my master's pleasure. Once he takes possession of my cunt then I'll truly be owned by my lord and master, even if he doesn't fully realize it yet. My two marriages were nothing compared to this!

Her feelings were not conflicted at all, though her heart raced fast from sheer excitement. She'd had so many orgasms over the course of the evening that it had more or less wiped out all of her worries and nervousness. She had unfailing faith in Alan, and she truly felt that when she was in his hands, nothing could go wrong. She continued to smile at him, trying to convey just how strongly she desired him.

He smiled back at her, and thought, I've never had anyone speak to me so clearly without actually speaking. Cool. She's really into me. But what makes her this way? I know she had some kind of weird lust thing going on with her own mother, and she's drawn to the whole incest idea, big time. Now she wants her son. Meanwhile, I want my mother, and can barely wait another two days to finally fuck her. That gives me an idea that'll make this an extra fun fuck for both of us.

He said, "Just a second. I'm going to come in again." He walked out of the room and then turned around and walked right back in it. Shutting the door behind him, he yelled as if to another room, "Hi Mom! I'm home!"

Brenda was puzzled and asked aloud, "'Mom?'"

He turned towards the voice, and pretended to just notice Brenda for the first time. He said with apparent great surprise, "Mom! What are you doing there? And why are you kneeling half-naked on my floor? In my own bedroom!"

Brenda was unused to the whole role-play idea, and couldn't figure out what was going on.

So he repeated, "Hey Mom! Brenda Plummer! What's wrong with you?"

The combination of her first name and his last name caused the idea of her as his mother to finally click. A big smile came across her face. Fuck YEAH! She broke into goose bumps all over. If she had any doubts that this would be the greatest sex of her life, they were immediately banished.



She nearly jumped up for joy, but then she remembered her role as an embarrassed intruder. However she was in an improbable position in the role-play, and asked herself why she would be half-naked in her son's room. She came up blank and just asked him, "What am I doing here? Dressed like this?!"

He said with a straight face, "You're probably just airing out your boobs."bender

She giggled. "Oh yeah. They need a lot of airing out." She lifted them up and then let them drop and jiggle, as if that would help "air" them.

She giggled some more, utterly euphoric. She looked down at her lower body. "And my pussy's getting aired out too. That's why my legs are opened wide in a very unladylike fashion." She giggled even more.

He couldn't help but laugh too.

Then she looked up at him and asked, "But why are you naked too?"

"Mom, it's my room. I thought I had some privacy. Geez. I happen to be airing out my dick." He suddenly pretended shock. "Oh no! You're looking at my pecker. How embarrassing!" He put both his hands over his jutting erection and tried to pretend shame, but purposely didn't do that good of a job. He kept it pinned against him up towards his belly button, making sure that his hands didn't cover very much of it.

She picked up on his supposed embarrassment, and tried to imitate it. "Now you're looking at me! Don't look at your mother that way." She made the motions of covering up her tits and pussy, and she did cover her pussy and nipples. But for Brenda, mere arms and hands had no chance to cover up much of her tits, even if she wanted to - there was simply far too much flesh to cover.

He walked forward, eager to speed things up so they could soon get to actual fucking. "Oh my God, Mom, you've been masturbating in my room. Again! I keep coming home and finding you in here, and then my room smells funny afterwards. But this is the first time I caught you red-handed in the act. What on Earth are you doing?"

She was still getting up to speed on the role-play, but she gamely came back with, "Um, okay, you caught me. I have to admit I was masturbating. Even a mother has sexual needs!"

"But why here? In MY room?" He now sat on the floor next to her. He reached out and held her hands as if consolingly, but that left no hands for either of them to cover up.

His hard-on sprang out invitingly towards her again, and her long nipples reached back towards him. Her excitement was growing and her chest was heaving.

She dropped her head in shame, enjoying the role-play more and more with each passing second. "Son, you've discovered my horrible secret. I do it here because of the fact that it is your room. Do I need to make it any clearer?"

"Mom! What are you talking about? Do you mean that you have feelings for me? THAT type of feeling?"

She nodded. Her supposed shame was undercut by a big smile on her face, but that was okay because this was a very playful role-play.

He still convincingly pretended some shock. "What were you thinking, Mom? Were you hoping I'd come in and find you?"

She nodded again, trying to act shy.

"Did you expect me to do something like, oh, I don't know, cup one of your outrageously huge boobs? My own mother?" He bent down and cupped her left tit as he said that. He could scarcely believe how hefty and sizable her breasts felt. Even though he'd touched them a good deal already, there were some things one just could never get used to.

She nodded again as her grin grew.

He briefly looked down at her pussy and noticed it was starting to leak. "Mother, you must know that I'm drawn to your huge knockers. Who wouldn't be?"

He grabbed her other tit, then began lifting and lowering them together as he spoke. "But what may surprise you is that I also have a big thing for cunts, especially leaky ones like yours. I have a confession,

too. I've been sneaking into your room and stealing your panties. I love to smell your musky scent. Is that wrong?"

She whispered breathlessly, "I think it is!" She was getting into the role-play in a big way. "It's... very improper!"

He snickered at her use of Susan's catch phrase. He forced himself to play things straight some more. "But that's not all. Then I take them back here and jack off into them. You know what jacking off means, don't you? It's like this."

He briefly removed one of his hands from her tits and guided her dainty hand to his erection.

She naturally began stroking it, and he returned to groping her huge tits. She thought, Good God! Susan is so right! Master is just unstoppable! With this little incest game of his, how could I possibly hope to resist?! And I get to pretend I'm Susan, the luckiest woman on Earth. That makes everything ten times better!

Chapter 826 So Close To Fucking Brenda!

Even though Brenda loved the feel of his thick erection in her hand, she'd had enough jacking him off from earlier. She wanted something different, something more. She gamely came back with, "I have a confession too, Son. I also have fantasies. I've been fantasizing about you fucking my tits."

She held her great J-cups from below and squeezed them together. Teasingly mimicking the words he'd just said, she said, "Is that wrong? You do know what a titfuck is, don't you?"

"I do." He stood up.

She said, "Son..." She loved the sound of that so much that she repeated it. "Son... I'm thinking of doing some very naughty things to you! Now, I'm your mother, so you obviously could never, ever fuck me."

"Never!" He was all smiles, since they both knew he'd be fucking her in a matter of minutes.

"But maybe it'll be okay if you fuck my tits instead. I think that's something we both need, to get all of these naughty desires out of our systems." She rhythmically squeezed her tits from below, both to entice him and because it felt so good.

He pretended to be doubtful. "Hmmm. Well, I don't know..."

She literally pulled his boner into her chest. The rest of his body was forced to follow. "I do! Trust your mommy on this one."

This wasn't the first time his cock had been buried in her cleavage, but her euphoria was off the charts. She thought, YES! YES! This feels so right! Master owns my body now! Fuck my tits! Fuck 'em!

She did all the work of the titfuck, her entire body bouncing back and forth while he just stood there with his hands on his hips. When she was in the bathroom she had coated her tits with some lotion, so they were slicked up and slippery.

He felt a great rush of pleasure to his suddenly throbbing cock. The extra slippery feeling was a very nice sensory bonus. Oh man! This is the life. My dick could seriously get lost in all that slippery cleavage!

She said more to herself than him, "Oh, baby! Your snake belongs between my tits!"

He wondered why she used the snake term, though he did recall her using the word at least once before. That reminded him of how "Snake" was the nickname for Xania's long tongue, and that in turn made him wonder how things were going downstairs. I hope the girls are driving Xania wild. I hope she falls asleep all tied up, so I can fuck her like that tomorrow morning!

Meanwhile, Brenda was thinking, Master's cock is like a great anaconda! I love that I have such big tits, because it takes really big ones to fuck a cock this huge! (Like Susan, Brenda had come to believe that Alan's penis was ten inches long, at least.)

Time passed. She switched from raising one tit while lowering the other to raising and lowering them in tandem. And while she did that, she experimented with different speeds and different amounts of pressure. I love this! I wish I could have his cock in me or on me all the time! Well, no, I can't say that.

That would be selfish. He has so many other women he needs to fuck, face-fuck, titfuck, and all-around dominate. I need to treasure these special times when he chooses to be with me!

Brenda continued to titfuck him with breathless excitement. "You know what? I'm doing a re-think on what I said, about how you shouldn't fuck me. Now that you know my true feelings for you, there's nothing that's going to stop me from becoming your fuck bitch, is there?"

"I suppose not." He got a heart-pounding thrill from her casual use of the term "fuck bitch." She sounded like she meant it, whatever it was, exactly.

"I guess it's inevitable... You're going to fuck your mother! Now that you know my dirty, secret lust, you're going to fuck me non-stop! Like, like I'm another one of your sex pets!"

He groaned lustily. He was particularly proud of coming up with this role-play, because Susan had told him to think of her when he was fucking Brenda, and now it almost felt like he was with both of them in one body.

She was just as pleased by the role-play, if not even more so, because it allowed her to freely call herself terms like "sex pet" to his face. Merely saying those words gave her a mental orgasm more powerful than most physical ones.

It was obvious to Alan that Brenda had a similar sexual mentality to Susan, and thanks to what he'd learned with Susan, he knew exactly the kind of thing Brenda wanted to hear. He said with confidence, "Yep. My dick is gonna live inside your holes from now on. All day long. Sorry, Mom, I hope you can deal with it, because that's just a fact."

"Oooh! I guess I really AM going to be your mommy-slut! Your big-titted mommy-slut!"

She gasped with delirious delight. She'd heard Susan refer to herself as Alan's "big-titted mommy slut" many times in their daily phone calls, and she'd felt a special tingle every time she heard it. She felt his boner twitch, even though it was tight and snug in her cleavage, and she knew he got an extra thrill from hearing that term too.

She thought, This is so much fun! I feel like I won the lottery of life! I know it might seem like it should be the other way around, with him thanking his lucky stars to be balls-deep between my big tits. But just look at how he dominates Susan, Suzanne, Xania, and the rest! This is superior master cock, so I have to do all I can to treat it the way it deserves to be treated. Thank God I have these huge, soft breasts to fuck him with!

Holy shit! And he's gonna fuck me tonight! Not just my tits, which is incredible, but my cunt too! I'm so excited that I can't stand it! I can hardly breathe!

She wanted to do more to reward him for thrilling her so much. She tilted her head downward and managed to lick the tip of his cockhead, although just barely.

The whole situation was all so improbable and exciting to him that again he could scarcely believe it was really happening. Dang, that feels good! But why do I deserve Brenda? Why is she so enthusiastic? Even after everything that's happened with her, I still can't understand that. If she were in a magazine like Playboy or Penthouse, she'd be one of their most famous models. Plus, she's a multi-millionaire. Not because she earned that money, but the rich and powerful marry totally gorgeous women like her. And yet she's on her knees, serving me with her tits and mouth like some kind of, well, sex pet! Why?!bender

She interrupted his thoughts by asking, "Son, I noticed your big fat cock is already soaked with saliva. Why is that?"

He couldn't resist boasting a little bit. "I must admit... I've been a naughty boy. Downstairs, Xania deep throated me a little bit, even though she's tied up."

"Oh my!" Brenda exclaimed. "That's so naughty!"

"You don't know the half of it. Like I said, she only deep throated it a little bit. Oh, and she did that while Amy kissed me. Then she sucked it the regular way a lot longer. That is, until Katherine came along and joined in with her lips and tongue."

"OH GOD!" Brenda was getting even more aroused.

He quickly added, "Then this other sexy woman named Susan wanted to suck on it for a while. So she did. Mom, she reminds me of you."

Thanks in large part to his comments, Brenda was so horny that she felt she was truly losing her mind. She struggled to channel her arousal into pleasuring his cock. Even as she slid her big globes all over his erection, she managed to lick a little further down, enabling her to swirl her tongue over most of his cockhead. She was straining to her utmost just to reach that much.

He could tell how hard she was trying, and that increased his puzzlement (as well as his arousal). The truth is, I'm lucky. Aunt Suzy scouted her and selected her, and is helping me with her seduction. Mom apparently has been hyping me up to where Brenda must think I can do no wrong. But I'm not just a bump on a log. I've played my role in her seduction pretty well, I must say. She digs my "hard to get" attitude - Aunt Suzy was soooo right about that!

I guess one way of looking at it is that most guys presented with this situation would come in here acting like complete babbling idiots, overawed by her body. Then, once they'd managed to fumble their cocks out they'd be so excited that they'd prematurely ejaculate just at the sight of her, leaving her high and dry.

He couldn't help but inwardly laugh in frustrated sympathy for her at the idea of Brenda ever being dry during sex. He looked back down at her pussy and confirmed that it was gushing like a river now. Okay, metaphorically dry. He chuckled.

For another minute or two he just stood there, observing the way she was giving her all to pleasure his cock, and doing a damn good job of it. She was steadily licking her way around and around his cockhead, even as her enormous tits continually squeezed and slid all over his raging erection.

He thought, I do have other things going for me. For instance, not only do I take a commanding and cool attitude, if I do say so myself, but I also came up with this role-play. A pretty apt and clever one, judging from her reaction and the little I know about her. So, sure, I'm incredibly lucky, but this isn't just due to Aunt Suzy's clever scheming. I've got growing sex skills too, and I'm gonna prove that she isn't wrong in submitting to me. I'm gonna fuck her burning hot cunt better than anyone else she knows, and maybe even better than anyone she's ever likely to meet!

With his confidence surging, he got more into the titfucking and began thrusting his hips back and forth. He loved how lubricated her oiled-up skin was. His erection slid back and forth as easily as if he was

rubbing up against silk pillows. Plus, she kept licking much of his cockhead, causing more slobber to dribble down his shaft in the process.

She thought, Aaaaah! Master is really going for it! He's taking control! I'm so giddy and dizzy I could faint! This is no ordinary cock. It was just sucked by Xania, Katherine, AND Susan! He's such a virile stud that I can't stand it! I can't breathe! Master! My lord and master! UNGH! I can't even say those words to myself, or I really will faint!

After a couple more minutes of sliding her breasts up and down his cock, Brenda lifted her head up from licking around his cockhead, and asked, "How am I doing, Master? Are you close to cumming? Most men would have cum by now."

He replied with a swagger, "I'm not most men." Gotta build up my reputation. She seems to really dig that kind of stuff. But then he replayed in his mind what she'd said. Despite his supposed cool, he exclaimed incredulously, "Master?! Did you just call me that?"

"Oh no!" Brenda dropped her head in embarrassment even as she continued to pump his boner with her soft yet tight tit-tunnel. The manly smell of his erection nearly drove her crazy, but she tried her best to think. "Suzanne's going to be mad at me. She said I shouldn't use that word yet, but I just can't help it!"

He smirked. "Did she, now?" Hmmm. Must be another one of Aunt Suzy's schemes. I wonder what she's got cooked up for Brenda next. I'm sure it'll be something fun. He asked, "What else did she tell you?"

"Oh, please, Master!" (She figured since the cat was out of the bag and he didn't complain, she'd keep calling him that, at least until he told her to stop.) "Don't make me tell! I'll only get in more trouble with her. As it is, I imagine someone is going to have to give me a very stern spanking!" She trembled at the thought, even as she not-so-subtly suggested he should spank her.

That set her tit-mountains quaking in a delightful way around Alan's shaft that he had never quite felt before. Gaawwwd! He's so virile, and he NEVER needs to cum, ever! And now he's acknowledging that he's my master, which means it's TRUE!

She shyly asked, "You don't mind if I call you 'master' sometimes, do you? It really turns on! Can it just be our little secret for now?"



She looked up at Alan and gave him her most pleading puppy dog face. Her face was remarkably chubby, cute, and childlike for someone with such an adult body. It seemed her whole body had never really lost its baby fat.

He couldn't resist that look. "Okay. For now."

"Mmmm! Goody!" With a loud, lusty groan, she immediately engulfed all of his cockhead and then some. She started to bob and suck with just as much passion as she'd put into the titfuck. Technically, they were still titfucking since most of his boner was enveloped by her soft-yet-firm globes, but those weren't moving since her focus had shifted to sucking.

She thought, Fuck me! This is the hottest thing ever! He's admitted that he's my master! My MASTER! Which makes me his sex pet for real! Nay, his sex SLAVE! My whole life now, it's going to be all about serving his cock! I'm sucking his great cock and titfucking it, and he's going to fuck me! I could die in total bliss right now!

He hadn't planned on titfucking for this long, or even at all. But it felt great and his cock wasn't even close to cumming yet, so he figured he'd enjoy it before getting down to some serious fucking. However, he decided enough was enough. If he let her get going with the cocksucking, she could be at it for a long while, and he just might accidentally cum at any time. So he said, "But I came up here for a FUCK, not a titfuck, or even a blowjob."

He remembered their role-play, and commanded, "Get on the bed now, Mom. I don't care what you say. I'm going to fuck you whether you like it or not. And I don't care if you are my mother. Actually, it's much better that you are, because you'll be my sex pet living just down the hall!"

The latest reminder of her mother role greatly excited her, causing her to let out a high-pitched squeal. And she loved that he'd picked up on the term "sex pet." That was one of her absolute favorites.

She thought, This is so fucked up! He's my master, and I'm his sex pet. It's wrong! So very, very wrong! But I fucking love it! I love how wrong it is, how society hates this. I truly want to dedicate my life to serving this wonderful man, this magnificent cock! And furthermore, I love that he'll never, ever be mine, all mine. I'll always have to share him with Susan, Suzanne, Katherine, Amy, and so many others! Total knockouts like Xania. As it should be! I'm not just his sex pet; I'm one of many. And now, soon to be one of his many fuck toys too!

Since Alan said he'd had enough titfucking, Brenda disengaged, stood up, and literally threw herself on the bed behind her. The bed bounced up and down nearly as much as her chest did, with her remarkable orbs crazily crashing into each other until she settled down.

Looking again at her drooling pussy, he wondered where all that liquid was coming from. Certainly she'd have to run out after a while, wouldn't she? She's been cumming a bucket load tonight! If we have sex for a long time, will her skin shrivel up like a prune for lack of moisture? Freaky.

Lying back with her legs spread out wide, she said provocatively, "You need to punish me for catching me. Punish my tight, wet little pussy with your massive COCK! And you're right about having your own mommy sex pet living down the hall. In fact, I imagine you're going to make Mommy your very own fuck slave!"

She hoped she didn't go too far with her language, but since he was just standing there and watching her, she couldn't resist saying more. "Mmmm! I just love that term: 'fuck slave!' I guess there's no use in fighting it. After all these years where I was the bossing parent, my son is going to dominate me, sperm me, and completely own me! I suppose I'll have to call you 'master' from now on!"

He smiled at how quickly she'd managed to incorporate "master" into their role-play. His stiff cock also appreciated her use of the word "mommy" which always made him think of Susan. He still felt as if he was fucking a Susan-Brenda combination with this role-play, and that was a very delightful prospect.

He simply said, "Yes, that's right."

However, there was one frustration. Even his stamina had limits. He knew that he was so worked up he wouldn't last long once he started fucking her. He seriously considered taking a prolonged strategic break first. But then he decided, Fuck it! So what if I cum in a minute or two? I'm sure I'll get hard again, and then I'll really be able to fuck her for ages! I know I've been through a lot tonight, but if I can't get erect again while fucking Brenda for the first time, then I don't deserve her.

He was up on her now, holding his erection, ready to put it in. But then he lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "We should be quiet so Dad doesn't hear. He's just down the hallway, you know."

"He is? Oh. He is!" She revealed in his latest addition to their story. "Well, don't worry about him too much. He's going to have to get used to the fact sooner or later that his wife is sleeping in here from now on. Starting tonight and every night, she sleeps with her son. Her master!"

## Chapter 827 First Time With Brenda!

Alan crawled up on the bed and was just about to get down to fucking, when he remembered about protection. Stepping out of his role-play role for a moment, he asked, "Brenda, should I get a condom?"

"Are you kidding? Son, if you want to knock up your mommy, that's your right!"

He found that almost painfully arousing, but he persisted, "Brenda, all sex games aside, I'm asking you seriously: are you on the pill?"

"I am! Remember? I told you so earlier."

"Oh yeah." Needless to say, he'd had a lot of distractions that night.

She ran a hand down to her pussy and spread her lips. "I want you bareback! It's been so long since I've been fucked that it feels like I'm a virgin again. It's been three years!"

That startled him. Plus, he was trying to stall for time, to give his over-taxed cock at least a little break. "Really? How's that?"

But she was far too worked up for conversation. "Really! So... please! Fuck your mommy without a condom, like mommies need to be fucked!" She grabbed her legs with both hands and pulled them up until her feet were on either side of her head. She couldn't think of a more vulnerable and needy position to signal that she needed him inside her that very instant.

He thought briefly about getting a condom, just to be on the safe side. If nothing else, the chance of pregnancy with a woman her age was never absolutely zero. Awww... fuck it. She's just too sexy to actually dig around for a condom and all that time-consuming crap!

He lay down on top of her and pulled her legs back down, because her lewd pose, while exciting, was blocking his access to her breasts. Then he positioned his erection on her pussy lips. He was ready for a good fuck. He rubbed it around briefly, but didn't push in.

That made her wild with anticipation. Yes! IT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN! And with NO CONDOM! That means he's going to squirt me full of his spermy love! He's going to flood me, drown me in master cum! Then I'll be his sex pet, for real! But get on with it already, get on with it!

He knew that if he had one sexual skill that lived up to all the hype, it was his ability to control himself and delay his orgasms. He used that control at that moment to toy with her great desire. Also, he figured he needed another minor strategic break after all, so it was good to stall for time before he began the fucking in earnest. He could work her up into even more of a fuck frenzy even while he was pulling back from the brink.

Soon, her hips, arms, and legs were writhing around as her entire body suffered with cock need. Master, take me! Master, Master! Arrgh! What are you waiting for?! Gaawwwd, he's so masterful! Even now, he teases me to demonstrate his total control!

What was left of her resolve very quickly broke down. Tears were actually leaking from her eyes. She humped her hips up and down as if trying to catch his dick and draw it in, but to no avail. "Son! Master! Alan! Do you want to hear your mother beg? Is that what you want? Because I'm begging. Please fuck me! Fuck me now! I've never wanted ANYTHING in my life as much as I want you to spear yourself deep inside me! I NEEEEED it! Take your big-titted mommy and use her like a cheap two-dollar whore!"bender

He loved that she often used the exact same wording Susan favored, for instance by calling herself not just "mommy" but his "big-titted mommy." He would have loved to simply fuck Brenda as Brenda, but the reminders of Susan doubled his pleasure.

Since his face was right above Brenda's now that he was lying on top of her, he brought his lips down hard on her mouth, silencing her pleas. But getting in position to kiss her shifted his body a bit and caused his boner to slide further away from her vaginal opening. Her breasts remained crushed beneath his body, with her hard nipples poking into his chest. The kiss excited her so much that when it ended and he pulled away, he noticed that her hips were humping up, trying to find his stiffness.

She panted, breathless with anticipation. Her eyes were shut as she strained to feel the first hints of her impending penetration. She muttered, "Am I a whore? Your whore? That sounds so very, very dirty!" But clearly, she was nothing but delighted at that.

He cupped her flushed face in his hands, saying, "Sure. I'm going to use my own mother like a cheap, disposable, one-shot whore picked up off the streets. That's how hard and relentlessly you're going to be fucked! But don't worry. I love you and I'll never leave you. You're my mommy-whore, now and forever!"

He kissed her, leaving her even more breathless. "I want to keep you as my very own favorite fuck, a private whore just for me, so I can spread her thighs and fill her with the love that only I can give her until I flood her with happiness and she overflows with joy."

Brenda was so emotionally overcome that she cried tears of joy. Please, God, let it be true! Master, make me your mommy-whore forever! Your sex pet! Your fuck toy! Your SLAVE! Now and forever! I hope you really mean that, especially the "now and forever" part!

She wrapped her arms and legs around him and simply held on for dear life as she shuddered through what felt like yet another full body orgasm. She was overwhelmed by his saying "I love you," even if it was only in a role-play. She fantasized that he really meant it and she really was his mother.

He waited until her orgasmic thrashing quieted down, which took quite a while. Then he kissed the wetness away from her cheeks and eyelids, which made her gasp and clutch him to her again. He found it ironic that she was crying tears of joy after just being called a cheap whore.

He was having great fun dragging things out. He was buzzing with so much arousal that he didn't feel a particular hurry to get started, but he knew she did. He asked, "Are you ready?"

She bit her lip and nodded eagerly.

"Good. But first, Mom, I need to check to make sure you're wet enough for me to start fucking you."

Her eyes flew open in surprise at the absurd notion that he could think she might not be wet enough to fuck yet. But then she looked into his grinning face and saw that he was teasing her. Oh Gaawwwd! This

is what it's going to be like. Torture, divine torture! To be teased, humiliated, and used, over and over! What BLISS!

He started slowly sliding down her body, dragging her trapped breasts along with him. His boner slid to slightly below her pussy lips, and then it kept going down between her thighs. As much as he wanted to fuck her right away, he also wanted to give her the most mind-blowing experience of her life, and he knew this build-up would help.

At first, she felt like he was abandoning her, taking his thick cock further and further away from her needy hole. She grasped at his head, trying to stop him.

But then she realized where he was going, so she relaxed her hold on him. She opened her thighs up with a breathy sigh and tangled her fingers in his unruly hair as she pushed his face down closer and closer to her drooling pussy. Too much! He's going to eat me first?! Good Lord! What a kind and loving master. I just hope I don't pass out!

Welcome to Lake Brenda! He thought to himself as he licked through her wetness around her pussy lips. He imagined he was a Scoutmaster leading a scouting troop to a new campsite in the wilderness. Directly ahead, you can see Gushing Pussy Falls. It flows all year round, regardless of weather. In fact, it's almost always extremely hot and humid out here in the bush. It is recommended, campers, that you drink straight from the source, although you should be aware that flash floods can and do happen frequently, at any time, and without much warning. He snickered silently.

It was nearly too much for the helplessly aroused Brenda. She had to let go of his head and clutch the bed sheets above her head to try and still her tremors for fear of passing out already.

He continued to avoid directly licking her pussy lips. Instead, he mostly cleaned her thick flow from where it had spilled down towards her ass.

Soon, she was moaning and panting breathlessly.

When he finally did swipe his tongue through her pussy, he explored between her inner and outer pussy lips. Then he settled down to play his tongue all the way up and down her slot.

She alternated between gasping for air and ecstatic babbling as her back arched up off the bed and her hips tried to fuck their way up onto his probing tongue. Her arms flew wildly in every direction while her thighs fluttered open and closed.

He enjoyed himself quite wholeheartedly. She was such a responsive and vocal woman that it was easy for him to figure out what pushed her buttons. Any kind of sex with her was a very low stress activity for him, because he had no fear of performing poorly. It seemed that just about anything would push her buttons. He only half-jokingly imagined making her cum by merely rubbing her knee cap. But he didn't want to just be good or even great for her this time, he wanted to be incredible.

He found her juices delicious, although they were a bit thick for straight-up drinking, having a consistency closer to his own cum. She positively flowed: it seemed he was facing a losing battle because the more he licked, the wetter she got.

It wasn't long before he covered her entire pussy with his lips and drank straight from the source. He sucked her never-ending juices right out of her while she kept on cumming and cumming in surges into his mouth. It almost seemed like drinking from a drinking fountain.

When he got tired of drinking from her ever-flowing pussy, he stopped swallowing her juices, but he continued letting them pool in his sucking mouth until he had a mouthful in his cheeks. Swishing his tongue through the viscous fluid to stir it, he moved back up to lie on top of her again. Then he kissed her face and let her own sex fluids drain between his lips into hers. He fed the taste of her pussy down into her waiting, thirsty throat.

Brenda had never experienced that before, and she loved it. She especially loved the naughtiness of the act, and that he did it to her without even asking first.

She reached down and grabbed his ass with both hands, trying to communicate to him her urgent need to feel his cock deep inside her. She grunted and sighed in great desperation.

He broke their kiss and simply looked into her eyes without moving. He wanted to see just how worked up he could make her.

She began to whimper until she couldn't stand it anymore. "Master! Please! Stick it in, already! Have mercy on my throbbing, empty cunt. Master, please! I beg you! I need to get fucked so bad!"

He liked the way she desperately begged for his dick, and he decided to reward her. Plus, his erection had been away from the action for a while, and he was ready to fuck. "If I'm your master," he grunted, pushing his cock forward into her pussy, "that makes you my slave!"

## Chapter 828 Fucking Brenda Continuously

He didn't realize it, but "master" and "slave" had become the two very most arousing words for her, so his word choice was extremely fortunate.

The idea of being taken as a slave excited Brenda tremendously. Combined with the thrust of his seemingly unstoppable stiff cock, it seemed her body turned to mush as she trembled and shook with an overpowering climax that had no end. She was so giddy that she had to fight to hold herself together mentally.

HOLY FUCK! UNNNGH! Just LOOK at that! He's shoving that fucking cock-monster into me, splitting me in two! That snake! That god-damned ANACONDA! HNNNNG! SO GOOOOOD! Oh, MASTER! Master, Master, Master! I'm your SLAVE! The happiest slave! UNH! Fuck your slave to your heart's content!

Alan thought back to a similar fuck he'd had with Glory. He recalled that instead of giving his sexy teacher space to recover from her intense multiple orgasm, he had just fucked her harder, and in the end she'd loved it. So he was determined to do the same with Brenda.

First, though, he paused to enjoy the sensation of being fully impaled in her. Aaaah! I love all the cocksucking and titfucking and such, but nothing beats a tight cunt for sheer pleasure! And Brenda's got a nice, tight one! He wiggled his boner around some to get a better feel for her while remaining deeply sheathed.

She could scarcely breathe. Each little wiggle or movement he made was driving her out of her mind. And he hadn't even started thrusting in earnest yet! She seemed on the verge of hyperventilating as she tried to catch up and recover.

Then he pulled back and thrust all the way in.



She screamed like a wounded hyena. Her back arched like a bow and she clutched at the sheets so tightly she nearly tore them. "AAAAAAIIIIIEEEEE!" She had another big climax, just from feeling him fill her again.

Alan was relentless. He would have liked to just luxuriate in the feel of his erection sheathed in her pussy some more, but he didn't want to let her catch her breath. He kept pounding into her at a fast pace.

"I'm not just going to fuck you," he said in the most calm and commanding voice she had ever heard him use, even while his cock frantically hammered her and his balls slapped wildly. "I'm going to split you in two! You're gonna die of pleasure. I'm gonna practically fuck you to death!" He said this as though he were simply announcing an established fact and her death by fucking was a foregone conclusion.

Then he backed up his words with action. He picked the pace up another notch and drilled into her like he really was trying to force his way right through her body.

Brenda had never been fucked like this before. She'd been married twice, but both times had been to men who were good with money and not so good in bed. Plus, she'd never desired either of them nearly as much as she lusted for Alan now. She would have loved being fucked by him even if he was terrible at it, just because of how she'd built him up in her mind. The fact that he was actually very good at fucking her was almost too wonderful for her to handle.

There was a knock on the door. "Sweetie? Brenda? I heard some screaming. Is everything okay in there?"

Alan had to pause in his thrusting and laugh. He said, "Come in, Mom. You know you're just curious. Come take a look."

Brenda felt another orgasm hit her. YES! Oh, yes! I was just thinking that the only thing that could make this better was if Susan and Suzanne were holding my hands. Especially Susan! She's become my new best friend. Just having her here will be perfect. She needs to witness this and tell me I'm not dreaming!

Susan opened the door. "I'm so sorry. I guess I'm just too nosy." Indeed, Susan had heard the screams when Alan first thrust deep into Brenda. Even though she was sleepy, curiosity won out and she'd

managed to get upstairs. She'd gone down to her bedroom first. After noticing that Suzanne must have showered and gone home, she'd changed into a see-through nightie and picked up a camera. Then she'd gone back down the hall to Alan's bedroom.

She took a good look around the room and then squealed "Oh my!" as she confirmed her hopes that Alan was balls-deep in Brenda. She quickly walked to the side of his bed, both so he could appreciate her sexy nightie and so she could get a better look. She knelt by the side of the bed and took Brenda's hand.

Brenda stared at Susan with love and appreciation. "You're here for me!" She held out her hand.

Susan squeezed her hand supportively. "Of course. We big-titted mommies have to stick together. Tiger is fucking you!"

Brenda chuckled. She said with wry understatement, "I noticed!" At the same time, her heart was soaring. "We big-titted mommies have to stick together." That's so true! I love that I'm part of a team. A cock-pleasuring harem! She squeezed Alan's hard-on with her pussy walls as tightly as she could. A cock-loving team, totally devoted to serving our master!

Alan had paused in his fuck rhythm due to Susan's arrival, but he didn't want to give Brenda any respite. So he resumed fucking her. It wasn't as fast as before, but it was deep and steady.

Susan just stood there, staring at Alan's cock sliding in and out with unabashed longing. After a long pause, she asked Brenda, "How is it?"

"You know how it is! Soooooo great! Incredible! Everything I hoped for... and MORE! Master has just started thrusting, but he's already tamed me! He's tamed me! You see these tears of joy running down my face?!"

Susan squeezed Brenda's hand even tighter. She was secretly delighted that Brenda had used the word "master" without any objection from Alan. "Oh God! I'm so happy for you that I want to cry too. Can I take some pictures? I figured you'd want this precious moment documented forever."

"Yes, please!"

Susan lifted up the camera and started snapping away. She let go of Brenda's hand and stood up, because she wanted to get pictures from various angles and distances.

Alan kept right on thrusting. He said, "Mom, aren't you going to ask me how I'm enjoying it?"

Susan smiled as she replied, "Nope! Why should I? Brenda's a top notch fuck toy, and you're my big, powerful, sex stud son. I'm sure her cunt is tight, hot, and needy. Of course you're going to love it!" She chuckled at that.

He chuckled too, while smiling from ear to ear. Fuck, yeah! I'm having the time of my life! AGAIN!

Susan snapped a few more pictures, then said, "You know, I'd better go."

Brenda whined, reaching a hand towards her friend. "Do you have to? Please don't. I love that you're here, and not just to take pictures. Plus, I feel you're such an integral part of my taming. I want you to be here when he blasts his cum deep inside my hot cunt for the first time!"

Susan avoided taking Brenda's hand again. "That sounds so hot! But... I really have to go. If I stay any longer I'm going to want to get involved. Brenda, this is your special private time." She started to head to the door.

Brenda's body was rocking now, because Alan was starting to thrust faster. But she still managed to say to Susan, "Wait! Before you go, we were playing a role-play just now, and he was calling me 'Mommy!' I was you, and he was fucking you in his mind!"

Susan gasped lustily. "Dear God! So hot! Tiger, I love you SO MUCH! Soon, I'll be one of your fuck toys too, in every possible way! And Brenda, be strong! Remember all I told you about how to serve him and be a great sex pet."

"I will!" Brenda cried. She winced. "Oh, Susan! He's so deep inside me! It feels so divine!"

Susan bit her lip as she watched Brenda writhing around. She pictured herself in Brenda's place, and that aroused her so much that her legs nearly gave way. "I've gotta go!" She rushed out the door and closed it behind her.

Alan had slowed his thrusting down considerably for Susan's visit. But her visit, including her sexy lingerie, had inspired him and given him a second wind of sorts. He began fucking Brenda more aggressively than ever before.

A couple of minutes sold fucking fly by. Hearts were pounding and sweat was flying.

Brenda felt like she was in a fix. She discovered that she craved this overpowering, dominating style of fucking. Of course Alan was speaking metaphorically about fucking her to death, but the way her body was bucking and writhing, it seemed as if she took him literally. But that was also her problem. Her recent orgasms made her feel like her bones had turned to jelly. She felt incapable of doing much more than lying there getting royally fucked. But she didn't want to be lifeless; she wanted to impress him with her sex skills so he'd fuck her again and again.

She gathered up all her willpower, clutched his upper arms, and started subtly churning her hips. She also rhythmically squeezed her ass cheeks, hoping that would help keep her cunt feeling tight. But, frankly, there wasn't much more that she could do than that. He was in the driver's seat, and he was pounding into her long and hard. The best she could do was hang on for dear life.

A few more minutes passed. He continued to pound her hard and deep. He was feeling on top of his game. He loved the fact that he was fucking Brenda, one of the most beautiful and sexual women he could imagine. But he was fucking at a fast and relentless pace. He loved how that caused her huge tits to rhythmically bounce on her chest. And looking at her stunning face, flushed and dazed, was a great thrill. So was hearing her erotic moaning, as well as smelling her lust.

He was so aroused by so many things that he felt he could fuck her forever. Plus, whenever even all that wasn't enough and he started to tire, all he had to do was think that he was fucking Susan instead, and it was like an electric jolt spurring him on.

Yet somehow, despite it all, he still didn't cum. The strategic break he'd managed to take before starting the fucking was paying off.

Brenda was wracked by another multiple orgasm. That seemed to drain whatever energy and willpower she had left. She wondered if she could even manage to simply keep getting enough oxygen, or if she might pass out mid-fuck. She cried out, "Stop! Stop! I can't take it! Too much! Master! Please!" Her small, soft arms pounded on his muscular chest, but to no avail.

Alan remembered his mother's advice to not take no for an answer, and he was putting that advice into practice. It really does seem like I'm fucking her to death! She sure carries on. Maybe I should give her a short break after all? Nah. I gotta remember how well things worked when I did this to Glory. It sounds like she's suffering, but I'm sure she can deal with it. As long as she can keep breathing. He felt somewhat worried about the way she was desperately gasping for air, but he kept right on pounding.

Brenda felt as if she was in a state of permanent orgasm. The euphoria that lasts for just a second or at most a few seconds at the height of climax for most people now seemed to be a continuous state for her that would never end. She felt transported, as if time stopped and she was able to live an hour in each and every second. She thought to herself, I can't take it! This is too much! So good, but too intense! Can't breathe! Stop!

In the back of her mind, she realized that the only way she could bring this too-wonderful-to-be-endured experience to an end was if she could get him to cum. That conclusion caused her to find new energy. Her hips bucked upwards, lifting her butt completely off the bed. Even though she was still far gone and continually climaxing and gushing like a broken dam, she frantically rotated her hips and squeezed her vaginal muscles with all her might. It was like a desperate last gasp for survival, to get him to cum before he truly fucked her to unconsciousness, or even to death.

He had been up on her, as if doing push-ups over her. But she reached up, grabbed him, and pulled him down. Taken by surprise, he let her roll over on top of him.

The situation radically changed, now that she was riding him cowgirl style. She was still riding a wave of energy, and she saw this as a chance to prove her worth as a high-quality sex pet.

As intently as he was fucking her, now she seemed determined to fuck back with even more energy. She slammed her hips up and down as if she was the dominant master. Her timing was excellent; her hips and his moved like one well-oiled machine. Their mutual thrusts doubled the exquisite feeling they both were getting. She cried out through gritted teeth, managing one word with each thrust, "SLAVE ... MUST ... MAKE ... MASTER ... CUM!"

Then she simply started yelling "CUM!" with each thrust, trying to force the cum out of him every way she knew. She did her best to grind her tits into his face as she rode him. "CUM! ... CUM! ... CUM! CUM! ... CUM! ... CUM! ... Fucking CUM already!" On and on it went.

Not surprisingly, the more she implored him to cum, the more he resisted. It was a battle of wills. He felt he couldn't lose, if he was going to maintain his domination over her.

A couple of minutes later, she suddenly ran out of energy. She fell forward, so her face was right in his. She gave him a wild and impish smile from very close up, making him smile back. Gaawwwd! He STILL hasn't cum, despite all my best efforts! Fuuuuck! He truly is worthy of being my master, our master. At this rate, he might not cum all night!

He was needing a short rest too, since he'd been fucking her hard and fast for five minutes straight.

But she wasn't done, by any means. She felt better lying on top of him, and with his cock relatively still for now, she started letting her hips do most of the work. She rotated and gyrated her hips this way and that, determined to constantly surprise him and prove her worth. She did her best to rub her soft tits into his chest enticingly, which wasn't hard since her body was writhing around in so many different directions already that her slippery tits slid all over his skin. Some moments she rose up so she could bounce up and down on his prick forcefully, and at other moments she came crashing back down onto him, mashing his chest with her fluffy melons.

Then her energy ebbed and his picked up. Suddenly, he was in the lead again, drilling her hard and fast with renewed purpose.

She kept on cumming. She hadn't been ready for that. She moaned, "No! Too much!" She even punched his chest some more. But she kept on cumming on his stiff cock, again and again. And no matter what she did or what position she took, he kept up a rapid but powerful thrust, just like an oil derrick pumping up and down at the same pace for days, never stopping. He was feeling truly inspired.

She was still trying hard to get him to cum, but she didn't have much energy for anything anymore. She felt completely helpless and dominated. She realized there was no way she was going to make him cum, and all she could do was take it and hope that he'd cum soon, before she went completely crazy. She kept on screaming things like: "CUM! CUM! CUM! CUM! CUM, DAMMIT! CUM!" in the hopes that could help. Her desperation reached such a fever pitch that her screams filled the whole house.

The cries would have disturbed Susan and Katherine's sleep, had they been asleep. But Susan had gone back downstairs, and she was watching Katherine with Amy and the tied-up Xania. Susan had just told the others what was going on upstairs, as if Brenda's screams hadn't made it obvious enough already, and that had gotten the others re energized. Brenda's continued screaming, faint though it was through the door and down the stairs, served as a heady aphrodisiac for them all.

Normally, Alan would have eventually cum in the face of this merciless sexy onslaught, but he took it as a personal challenge to cum in his own time, not Brenda's. He still felt he had to do his utmost to impress her and live up to all the hype, especially now that she was calling him "master." He held back with all his might using his PC muscle. He didn't thrust for a few moments, and focused all his willpower on preventing a climax.

It was a very close call. He didn't really know what he was doing, but in his desperation not to cum he squeezed the base of his shaft with his hand. It turned out that helped a great deal. He endured and then managed to recover.

After another minute or two, he resumed thrusting at a slower pace.

Brenda felt even more overwhelmed and helpless. She'd never put so much energy into a fuck as this one, but remarkable orgasms were still hitting her, one after another, and she simply couldn't take it anymore. Her privates had gone into a sensitive zone where normally she would have recoiled from all touching, but he had simply fucked right through that, and now her senses were heightened to a completely new level.

Although she was already lying on Alan, he could feel her body go limp.

She thought, I've battled to get him to cum and I've lost. Now I'm completely at his mercy! So fucking intense! I hate it and I love it too! This is what being a sex pet is all about!

She whimpered, "Please stop. Please stop. Too much... Master! ... OH GOD! AAAIIIEEE!" Another intense climax wracked her whole body, interrupting her.

He had to stop thrusting for a while, because her pussy walls spasmed unpredictably, and it took all his attention to fight off the urge to cum, until her particularly powerful orgasm came to an end.

As she recovered from that, she tried to use her pussy muscles to pull him out, except that she no longer had the energy to even do that and instead she merely squeezed him in a highly delightful manner. His cock seemed welded to the insides of her pussy. She resigned herself to being fucked into unconsciousness.

He didn't want to stop now; he was almost insane with lust, and her newly obvious helplessness just excited him more. The momentary break convinced him that he could keep going for a while more without cumming, so he pushed her up into a sitting position straddling his hips with his penis still fully impaling her. Once she was sitting up, he levered his upper body up higher and found that her massive breasts were now perfectly situated in front of his face in this position.

He firmly grasped her hips, and then started to swivel them around on his deeply embedded shaft. He couldn't get much more than a fraction of a rotation going since she was practically limp everywhere except inside her vagina, which kept involuntarily clenching around his rod. He gave both of her stiff nipples a quick lick and a suck, which shot new fireworks all through her sexually overwrought body, straight down to her clit and all through her pussy.

Then he resumed thrusting as if he had never stopped, knowing that it was almost cruel to do so with her in her current, nearly delirious, horny state.

Leaning down, he whispered in her ear, "My slave doesn't know her place. I tell YOU when to cum. You got that?"

"YES!" she screamed back. "Yes, MASTER!" She really loved to use the word "master," and hearing him say "my slave" was like the fulfillment of a lifetime fantasy (although it was one she'd only consciously admitted to recently). More intense lusty feelings washed all over and through her. Her whole body felt like it was tingling and burning up. It seemed like all her nerve endings were firing off signals to her brain at once.

He kept right on fucking her, but at an even slower pace than before. He wanted to go faster, but he was tired too.

His slower pace apparently allowed her to keep her sanity, but only just. It seemed in her sex-addled brain that each thrust was taking ten minutes or more, though of course they were nowhere near that prolonged. She just babbled "Master," "fuck," and "cum" in no apparent order with each thrust. "Master, Master, cum, fuck, cum, Master, fuck, fuck, fuck, Master..."



She lay lifeless and just took the fucking, except for great shakes and twitches periodically running through her body.

Convinced that he had now "won" something of a battle of orgasmic wills, he gave up clenching his PC muscle. It was time to stop struggling and give in to pleasure. He began quickly pumping again, but that only lasted a few strokes because he'd stopped trying to hold back. His ropes immediately shot into her as he cried out in desperate release. His body demanded the fuck be seen through to the very end. All of his energy flowed out of him as he came down from a very high emotional and erotic peak.

Her head flailed around like a fish thrown into a boat, and her nipples bored into his chest so hard that it was almost painful for both of them. She was almost too exhausted to scream, but she did scream some. She also was a squirter, and squirted hard as she came.

He still rammed his stiff erection in and out with long strokes, determined to give her the finishing touches to a fucking of a lifetime. When he shot the last of his cum, he finally stopped moving.

She continued to violently writhe for some time afterwards.

Now that he had finished, it was all he could do to stay conscious. He pulled himself up and looked at her.

She'd just lost the battle to stay awake, and she appeared to be in a very deep and contented sleep. There was a large smile on her face, and her pussy was still spastically sucking at his deflating dick, although the contractions were fading away and getting farther apart as her climaxes slowly wound down.

He noticed one very strange thing; something wasn't normal about his chest. He felt around above his stomach as he pulled up from her and realized there was a surprisingly large amount of wetness there. Sitting up, a flow of white liquid poured down towards his stomach.

He thought, That Brenda. Is there any limit to how much pussy juice she can squeeze out? But then he couldn't figure out how the cum had gotten on his chest while the in-between area had remained dry.

He smelled and then tasted a bit of it. Wait! This is milk! Strangely sour milk. She came milk?! Is that possible? Is she lactating? How bizarre. And why does it taste so sour? Wait until Mom hears about this. She's going to be totally jealous!

He was oblivious that she had ejaculated/squirted too, or he would have been even more confused and amazed.

He got up and staggered his way across his room to get to the bathroom. He was so thoroughly exhausted that he could barely walk. Taking one look back at Brenda, he thought, Man alive, that was beyond great. I really did what I set out to do. I'm pretty fuckin' good at this! And that whole incest idea... I just wish it really was my mom that I'd just fucked. Susan... My Susan... Mom! He sighed.

He somehow made it to the shower and turned on the cold taps. Not only was he in great need to clean off all the cum that had collected on him, but he needed a long, bracing shower to revive his now totally exhausted body.

Chapter 829 That's What Life Is All About: Love, Friends, And Family.

Still downstairs with the others, Susan heard Brenda screaming a lot more, and she felt a warm, blissful glow suffuse her. She couldn't actually make out any words, but it was a remarkable testament to just how loud Brenda could scream that Susan could hear anything at all through the walls of her son's distant room, especially considering the loud moans and pussy squishing noises emanating from the sofa in front of her.

She thought back to the sight she'd seen upstairs, of Alan's cock pistoning in and out of Brenda's wet cunt. If she'd had any energy left at all she would have masturbated, but she was so tired that she could only smile in fond memory.

From the tone of Brenda's voice, Susan thought, Yep, that's my boy! He's tamed another big-titted babe. I'll bet he just shot a big, spermy load into her. I'm so proud I just want to burst! I can't wait for my turn to get a brain-melting cunt fuck. That'll be the ultimate joy! If only that was me up there!

She longed to go upstairs and watch so badly that it almost physically hurt her. But she knew that if she did, she almost certainly would lose control and be a cock hog, for instance licking his cock and balls

clean afterwards. She decided this was Brenda's special time and she didn't fit in. Most any other time, yes, but not for Brenda's first time. She already visited once and took some pictures, so that was enough.

Sometime later, Susan heard the shower running upstairs. She wanted to go upstairs and congratulate Brenda, Alan, or both of them, but she also felt it was her duty to make sure that Amy and Katherine relentlessly dildo-fucked Xania into submission. Plus, she was dead tired. She remained and watched the three other women pleasure each other.

They seemed to be doing quite an excellent job of it. bender

Amy was learning to love the remarkable talents of Xania's tongue, so she was lip-locking with her while fingering her own pussy in preparation for her turn to sit on Xania's face and get a good tongue reaming.

Amy had never felt anyone actually lick her tonsils before. She couldn't believe how dexterous and agile Xania's softly caressing tongue was as it insistently probed all over the insides of her mouth. As much as she wanted to sit on Xania's face and get the ride of her life, she really didn't want to end the deep throat-styled kiss she was experiencing.

Katherine was still recovering from her exhausting orgasmic turn at having her pussy fucked by Xania's incredible oral digit. She casually touched and stroked Xania between her legs, mainly concentrating on Xania's clit and G-spot. Although Katherine's tongue wasn't near as impressively long as Xania's, she fully intended to return at least part of the pleasure the other woman had just bestowed upon her.

Xania, Amy, and Katherine were all so lost in their own sex haze that they tended to forget that Susan was even there.

Although Susan was too tired to join in the tangle of bodies, she wasn't too tired to gently stroke her own clit every now and then to keep a happy erotic buzz going. She thought, Boy, you'd think that after a while this burning sexual hunger inside me would be quenched, but it never is. Ever since that first fateful Tuesday when I gave in completely to my cocksucking urges, it's like it gets more intense and wonderful every single day. Heck, it goes all the way back to the first appointment with Akami. In retrospect, what a great day that was! The very start of my total, loving submission to my son and his mighty cock.

Look at me now. Tiger isn't even in the room, I'm so tired I can hardly keep my eyes open, and yet I'm still horny. I can't even keep my eyes off my own daughter; I'm deeply in lust and love with her too! Not to mention Amy! And Xania sure is giving Brenda a run for her money in the most-liked-guest department. I feel so happy and loved that I just want to get sexy with them all.

But things are in good shape here; I should probably pack it in. I need the rest because doubtlessly tomorrow will be another busy day of cocksucking, titfucking, tit fondling, hot dildo action, and who knows what else! There are so many different ways to have fun with my son's cock. Hee-hee-hee! Maybe I'll get my ass fucked. Or if the good Lord is willing, it might even be the day he fucks me good in my most needy hole. I wish this damn period of mine would end.

I'll just check again to see how he and Brenda are getting along on my way to bed. Oooh! That'll be fun! I can't get the image of him drilling Brenda's defenseless cunt out of my mind. So hot! I'm glad I took pictures.

As Susan made her way upstairs, she again noticed the sound of the shower going. She peeked into Alan's room and saw nothing more than a naked and wet sleeping Brenda there. Shucks. I was just thinking what a great opportunity it would be to hide in the closet and get really aroused secretly watching my son fuck, but it looks like they're all fucked out. That closet idea sounds like fun, though. I'm going to have to follow through on that some other time.

But then she paused, looking closer in between Brenda's legs. Mmmm! Yummy! So much cummy goodness. It's like an ice cream sundae with all my favorite flavors just going to waste, dripping onto the bed. I wonder how much of that goo is my Tiger's and how much is Brenda's? Maybe if I just take a little taste? One swipe of a finger?

Nah. I'd better not. Once I get started I won't be able to stop and then it'll get really embarrassing when Tiger comes back in and sees me with my tongue deep up Brenda's twat, poaching his girl right in his own room, hee-hee! Then he'd have to give me a good spanking. If only I wasn't so sleepy...

Anyway, I've got him waiting for me across the hall, even if he doesn't know it yet.

She took her nightie off and dropped it on the floor, in hopes that she'd be able to get wet with Alan in the shower. Then she quietly opened the door to the bathroom.

In days past the door would have been locked, but there was no real point in such privacy anymore. However, an opaque shower curtain hid all but the distorted shape of Alan's body from her eyes, and similarly kept her presence hidden from him. Nonetheless, his flesh-colored blobs were enough to get her excited, because she knew that collection of blobs was her naked son.

She thought as she stared in his direction, What a great day! My son's harem grew by one, if not by two! Just one look at Brenda and I can tell he fucked her into a completely satisfied, cum-soaked unconsciousness. Not long ago I would have been very jealous of her and her reality-defying tits, but now that she's so obviously subservient to both Suzanne and I that we can make sure that she doesn't get too much in the way of our own lust for him.

Obviously, she'll be his sex slave first and foremost, as no one can resist submission to his potent cock.

Just like me, for instance! Hee-hee! My cutie Tiger is totally irresistible! She stared at him longingly through the curtain.

So it's a win-win for everybody. I noticed that she called him "master" while he was fucking her and he didn't seem to mind. That's encouraging. I wish I could call him that all the time. "Master, your big-titted mommy is ready to suck and serve." Oooh! Chills!

Then there's Xania. She may still have some freedom now, but by the time she leaves tomorrow, she'll fall completely under his spell too. Suzanne and I should definitely give her an extra good time after Tiger is done fucking her, to guarantee she'll come running back to this house any time we want her. Or should I say run back cumming, hee-hee! A great therapist for the family and a big-titted, long-tongued, fuck toy for my son. And she's bisexual! What a great combination!

Yes, this house is certainly filled with the sounds of joyous sex tonight. But when will I feel the glory of torrents of my son's sperm surging into my womb?

She ran her fingers through her bush. When will I get to be his motherly cum dump? Tomorrow? Sunday? Monday? When?! When will I be able to join the line of all the horny cunts getting their appointed daily pussy splittings and reamings? Even tomorrow is too far away! My pussy feels sore, but empty. Look at him. Tall, dark and handsome. So manly! I wonder if he has another load of cum he'd like to shove down his mommy's throat right now?

No. If he's up for it, he'll probably want to fuck his new piece of pussy some more. That's his right. I shouldn't be so pushy. This is Brenda's special time. I'll just have to try my best to go to sleep and let the hours pass until it's my turn.

It's strange though: somehow being denied his cock because he's fucking other women is almost as thrilling to me as a good long cocksucking! It just proves that incestuous submission is the BEST!

Susan slipped back out of the bathroom without Alan ever realizing she had been there. He'd never turned away from the direction of the showerhead.

Alan returned to his room and found Brenda still sleeping in his bed, still naked and messy with fluids. He gently shook her awake.

Brenda slowly came to. Looking up at him, she stared into his eyes adoringly, and simply said, "Master."

To her, that said all that needed to be said. She was practically glowing with bliss and euphoria as she remembered the powerful fucking, as well as the fact that he'd called her "my slave." That made it official, in her mind. Her new slave status was a fact of life to her, like the sun rising and setting.

He said rather apologetically, "Sorry for waking you, but it's past midnight and I imagine you'll need to get home. Not only that, but I'm gonna need my bed."

"Don't apologize, Master! Masters never need to apologize, especially after a fuck like that! Susan has told me many stories about how you tamed her and the others with your cock, but I didn't fully understand it until I felt it myself tonight! I kind of thought that you'd tamed and enslaved me already, but I was soooo wrong! I've fallen so much deeper under your control. I've never come close to orgasms like that, not even during all the other times I've been at your house! This slave has never been happier!"

She grew more awake and animated with every passing moment. "Oh, Master! You get me so excited. Look, my nipples just got hard again from the thought of being in the same room as my fucking king."

He thought with some amusement, I didn't know her nipples were ever NOT erect. Dang, those are long, though!

"Alan, the way that you- Oops! I'm sorry for calling you that. Master, the way that you showed this slave who's boss with your penis control, and that fantasy you had us play, well, I've never-"

He interrupted, "Just a minute. Why did you say 'Oops' when you called me Alan? That's my name. And you called yourself a slave? The sex is over. You don't have to keep on like we're still doing a role-play."

She was reluctant to explain that she considered him her master now, so it would not be her place to call him by his name. She worried that he still had issues with accepting his masterly role.

Instead, she said, "Oh no. Have I displeased my master? I have! This slave is so sorry. Please let me make it up to you." She sat up and moved so that she was on the bed next to where he was sitting. She pressed her tits into his chest and rubbed. Meanwhile her hand found and closed around his penis, since he was still naked.

However, his penis was flaccid and seemed determined to stay that way. Even though his shower had been bracing, he still felt like he'd just run a marathon.

She continued, "I deserve a really hard spanking for my inadequacies. Please hurt me with your strong hand! I need it! I need it bad. My ass needs to be taught to behave." As she said this, she tried rubbing his penis as aggressively as her tits massaged his chest, but his penis wasn't responding at all. This only increased her distress. "Oh no. Oh no! I can't do anything right. Master! Please get hard!"

She was about to drop her head down into his lap to see if she could suck his penis back to life, but he held her back with his hand. She froze and then looked sadly into his eyes, disappointed at her failure to arouse.

"Brenda, I hardly know where to begin. First off, you shouldn't feel bad that I'm staying flaccid. I said before that I had one load left in me, and I had to choose between you and Xania. That's still true. I came seven times today, Now I'm all fucked out. If you could get me hard again, that would be a BAD THING. You got that? My body is saying that I'm done, and I have to listen to my body. Second, it's not like you had to get me hard in the first place. I'm very satisfied with that fuck, and it sounds like you are too, so let's just leave it at that."

"But Master!" she said pleadingly. "I need to please you. It's like a craving I have, especially after what you did to me. Can't I show you how happy you've made me?" Although she'd given up on his penis for the moment, she resumed rubbing her heavy globes into his chest.

He stopped her again. "Wait. Let me finish. About this 'master' and 'slave' business. I still hardly know you. Have you had other masters before? Tell me the whole story." He knew it wasn't "politically correct," and part of him resisted the idea, but another part couldn't help but get excited at the idea of having a true sex slave. At the very least, he wasn't ruling out the idea. Despite being flaccid and all sexed out, he found his hands wandering over her huge breasts. But it was more of a languid exploration than heated sexual play.

She calmed down a bit and even grew contemplative as she mentally reviewed her past. "No, no other masters, per se."

That got his curiosity piqued as to what that meant exactly, but he remained silent and waited for her to tell more.

"You see, men have never been very good to me. Ever since I entered my teens, all they thought about was my boobs. What should have been a blessing was kind of a curse because they were far too big. In addition, they hurt my back and were just an all-around pain. You should try buying a bra or most any kind of top in my size. And the dumb jokes I've been told over and over. Stuff like, 'There they come,' instead of 'Here she comes.' Ugh!"

She added, "I would have had them reduced long ago, but my mother thought that was immoral and there was no way I could ever defy my mother's wishes, not even after she passed away. As far back as middle school I had trouble getting anyone to look me in the eye since they were staring a little lower."

He asked, "Did you have a nice boyfriend back then?"

"Definitely not. Nobody wanted to go out with me; they were all too intimidated. The occasional one with balls enough to ask me out would be all bravado and groping hands, and no love, no feeling. They didn't have real balls like you do."

She reached down and briefly hefted up his balls until he gently pushed her hand away. He didn't want her to get started again, even though he was enjoying caressing the fullness of her boobs.



She continued, "They were nothing but 'Give me a feel of your big hooters, baby!' Of course, if YOU were to say that to me, that would be totally different; I'd love it! But when they said it... Ugh! And the girls were almost as bad. I could hardly go on a Girl Scout camping trip without some lesbian trying to grope me and hit on me. Either that, or they felt threatened by me and talked shit about me behind my back."

He found it ironic that he was groping her tits even as she gave this explanation, but she didn't seem to mind that at all. In fact, his gentle kneading of her breasts seemed to reassure, relax, and comfort her.

She went on, "So my disdain for men grew. I learned how to manipulate men with my looks, and believe you me, I manipulated them. Look at my marriage. I'm worth millions now, almost entirely thanks to an older man salivating over my you-know-whats." She hefted up her tits and let them drop and jiggle, and then put his hands back on them.

He asked, "But didn't you come from a wealthy family?"

"Please don't spoil my story with facts." She grinned impishly. "Okay, that's true too, but still, more of the money I have now is from my marriages."

He nodded. "Continue."

"At the same time, I started to develop an idealized man, a strong man. One who was worthy of me, and who would even manipulate me the way I manipulated others. I started to think of myself as a shameless cocktease who left men miserably horny wherever she went. A cocktease like that needs to be punished! Don't you think cockteases should be thoroughly spanked? I do. I think I should be very thoroughly and frequently spanked. And then fucked!"

The excitement in her voice grew. "My cunt needs to be completely violated, pillaged, and owned, exactly like what you did to me tonight! It turns out my ideal man is YOU! When I think back to just a few weeks ago, that second poker party, when you gave me that 'lord and master' speech and told me about the kind of man I needed... HRRGH! I get chills every time I think about it! Goose bumps! And now that you've fucked me like THAT... UNGH! It gets me so horny and heated that I can't stand it!"

He wanted to hear more. He tried to calm her down by saying in a level voice, "So? Then what?"

She deflated a bit, and said, "The further I went in life riding on the appeal of my breasts, flaunting them and my ass, the more I wanted to be punished. I started to fantasize about my ideal man and what he would do to me. I could tell you all the things he'd have to do to me, but you seem to know instinctively." She leaned up and briefly nibbled on his ear. "Then I got into watching porn."

He'd heard some of this before, but he still found it hard to believe. "You? Porn? Just watching? Not starring in it?"

She nodded.

"That just seems so wrong," he commented. "Someone with looks like yours should be out doing the deed in person. You could be a big porn star, if that's what you wanted. But you were masturbating at home, alone?"

"Not always, but frequently, yes. I'm very good at masturbation. Would you like to see?" Before he could answer she stuck three fingers into her slit. Not surprisingly, she was plenty lubricated already.

But he didn't take her bait. He knew she was trying to get him aroused again but he wasn't up for it. He moved her hand away from her groin and motioned for her to continue her story instead.

In moving her hand, he'd let go of her boobs. Smirking with delight, she lifted his hands up to the undersides of her round melons. "Aaaaah! That's better!"

He just chuckled. But he kept his hands there.

She continued, "Keep in mind that my husband didn't have that big of a sex drive, or maybe it was just that he never had time to have sex. He was always so busy. It clearly wasn't a high priority for him. I was the ultimate trophy wife - busty bombshell marries rich geezer. I cheated on him sometimes near the end of our marriage because it was a loveless and sexless one, and I was dying for companionship. But the young studs were just like they were in school - all boob obsessed and too meek to take me in hand like I needed to be taken."

He asked, "I thought you said you hadn't had sex in three years?"

"I haven't!" She dropped her head sadly. "Three long years. Actually, nearly four."

"Wow! That's so wrong! With a body like yours that's a major crime. What happened?!"

"That's shortly after I got proof of his cheating and had my affairs. That cheating was a relatively short phase. Actually, it was mostly a revenge thing, to hurt him, although I never showed him the proof in the end. Like I said, I found adulterous sex unsatisfying, so I didn't do it for very long."

"HE cheated on YOU? Is he some kind of idiot?"

She grinned at the indirect compliment. "The problem is, I found out that really rich guys are jerks. They think they're so powerful and entitled that they can do anything. He never truly loved me; I was just a possession. And guys like that, once they get something, they lose interest. It's not the having, it's the getting. So of course he cheated."

"That's sad," Alan commented. He considered that a cautionary tale. I can't ever let my sexual success go to my head. I understand a little bit of thrill of 'the getting,' but my attention needs to be mainly focused on the women I love. That's what life is all about: love, friends, and family.

She continued, "We had other issues too. It turned out he was infertile and resented that Adrian had been fathered by another man, my first husband. I guess that every time he had sex with me, it was a reminder that he couldn't get me pregnant, and that hurt his pride."

"Ouch!" Alan was still touching her, but he'd moved on from her breasts to caress her here and there, all over.

"Anyway, once I stopped having sex with other people, my fantasies grew. The computer became my sexual outlet. I got into bondage and domination porn, more and more. I dreamed of a master who would treat me the way the women in those stories were treated. I picked up a lot of ideas from those stories, like wanting to be called a slave, or having a man I could call 'master.' I hope you'll indulge me with that."

That was all true. But knowing from Susan how much difficulty Alan had with the words "master" and "slave," she thought that also was a clever way to get him to accept her using them.

He shrugged. "It's okay during sex play, I suppose, but not all the time."

Brenda smiled, thinking to herself, That'll work, because any time around Master is sex play time, hee-hee-hee. My God! 'Slave!' If he starts regularly calling me 'slave,' and regularly treating me as such, could life get any better than that?! How exciting!

But she hid her delight, and just said, "I guess I've been living this life in my mind for years now. I never thought it would happen in reality. My husband had no idea of what really moved me. I did try to get him to spank me some, and that helped liven up our sex a little, before it came to an end altogether, but his spanks were so uninspired and feeble. I craved a REAL MAN."

He ran a finger lightly across her tummy as he said, "Wait a minute. I thought you said you didn't get into that kind of stuff until after you'd stopped having sex with him?"

She sighed. "You got me. This is embarrassing. The truth is, I'd been masturbating to porn long before the Internet even became a popular thing. Remember how I said my hubby didn't have sex with me that often, even in the good times? I had to buy books and videos and such, way back when. And I guess from the very beginning I was attracted to porn with submissive themes, like spanking."

She smiled. "But, flashing forward again, then I met you. You're him! You're the one! You're the ideal man for me. You're so filled with potent seed that it takes a growing harem of the most beautiful women I've ever seen to keep you satisfied, and even that isn't enough. I love that I have to share you with the likes of Susan and Suzanne. I love it so much!"

That was true. It was sort of a truism to her that any man worthy of being a master had to have a harem. Belonging to a powerful man who dominated many women had been a big part of her fantasies nearly as long as she'd discovered pornography. It followed that the more impressive harem a man had, the more worthy a master he was, and she was very impressed at the beauty and virtues of his other lovers.

He interrupted, "Wait. One thing I don't understand. You don't like it when guys obsess over your boobs but you seem to love it when I do. How is that?"

"With you, it's totally different. With most guys, it was like watching little children playing with priceless porcelain antiques - all you can do is wince as they break them. It's wrong. Clumsy oafs, all of them. But with you, I love it! Because you're the one, my natural lord and master. But of COURSE you fuck your sister and mother. It would be so wrong if you didn't! The way you fucked me just now, I'm still glowing. I'm gonna be high from that experience for days!"

"What does that have to do with your boobs?" His hand had been wandering down to her thighs, but with that verbal reminder, he went back to fondling her soft and squeezable tits.

She said, "I know that they're my ticket to be a part of all this, my foot in the door. That's okay. That fact has made me love them more than ever before. I love that all your other women are so busty. It makes me feel part of a very special, elite group. But most importantly, if my boobs can help entice you to do that again, well, God bless my boobs!"

She snuggled up against him, while making sure he continued to hold her gigantic breasts. "Aaaah... Heaven. I love this house and all the people in it. For instance, the way Susan and Suzanne treat me and order me around... Oooh! Goose bumps! And did you see the way Susan ordered Xania to give her body to you earlier? It's all too exciting! Everyone in this house is just too much. I feel like I'm high on the best drug, all day long, whenever I'm here."

She suddenly pushed her ample rack into his chest, forcing him back down onto his bed, with her on top. "If my big tits can help convince you that you need my cocksucking help, then they're worth all the hassle and back pain. I know that you have so many other busty vixens to help you out. I'm really lucky to have an attribute that sticks out, even compared to them. Or two attributes!" She giggled.

Since he hadn't reacted badly to her use of "master" and "slave," she tried to push her luck a little more. "If you call me tit-woman or even tit-slave, that would make me soooo happy! And then I could suck your cock, and you'd fuck my tits, and-"

Chapter 830 Not Now, Unfortunately!

Alan had her stop there. "Whoa! Hold on. And stop rubbing yourself all over me, especially since your boobs are still kind of lubed up. I'm really all done for the night."

Brenda stopped moving and seemed to calm down a bit, but she remained plastered to his chest. "Sorry, I get so excited being this close to you. Like I said, this whole house is just too much for me to take!"

He thought to himself for a minute. God, this is crazy. She thinks WE'RE too much? She's the one who's way over the top! I guess it makes sense that my reputation could grow into a legend of great exaggerations and I'd pick up women like Brenda as a result. But there's no way I can match her idealized vision. She's calling me "master" and practically worshipping me! For all her talk of being a "slave," she seems pretty needy and high maintenance. "I must have more of you, right now!" I don't know if I can handle another person clinging onto me and demanding that I pleasure them all the time. The number of spankings alone it sounds like she needs...

But on the other hand, she's the one and only fucking Brenda! She's physically amazing, and a fireball of submissive lust! How can I turn her down? But I should pop her bubble and reintroduce her to reality at least a bit.

He said, "Brenda, look. I'm not the ideal 'real man' you put so high on a pedestal. I'm just a kid lucky enough to be having a lot of sex. It's just pure chance that I happen to have Susan as my mom, Kat as my sister, and Suzanne and Amy as my next door neighbors and de facto family. Then there was my bizarre medical diagnosis. This whole thing just kind of fell into my lap."

She said, "Yeah, but would they have been so keen to help you cum six times a day if you weren't a well-hung, handsome, and naturally dominating guy?"

He worried about all the hype she'd come to believe about him, wanting to bring her expectations down a bit. So he replied, "It's not so much that I'm 'naturally dominating' as it is that some women in my life like you are naturally submissive. I'm just trying to put things into perspective for you. I'm only going to disappoint you as you get to know me better. For instance, you know those school kids you hated because they only lusted after your boobs? Well, guess what? I'm a kid too, and I hardly know you. About all I know is that you have huge breasts and I love to see and grope them. So I'm no different than those losers."

"HA!" She snorted derisively.

"Ha?"

"Master, forgive me for correcting you, but the difference is that they weren't worthy of me or my chest. I let them feel me up far too much because I was young then and didn't understand, and I craved attention. That's another thing I need to be punished for, letting unworthy men touch me."

She positively cooed as she continued in a soft voice, "But now I've found you. You're the only one. You're no mere man. The way you fucked me just now was practically superhuman! You have me for life! No one else should be allowed to touch me, except my master and his other slaves."

She was "in the moment" with Alan, so she wasn't thinking of Adrian at all, or the opportunity she'd recently been given to have sex with him too.

Alan looked down and saw that his hands were pulling on her extraordinary nipples. He didn't even realize that he'd started doing that.

She'd pulled back a bit so he could have better access to her chest and at the same time she was gently grinding her hips into his penis. It was at half-strength.

He could never recall being so aroused but with his penis still basically flaccid. He thought, Uh-oh. "Practically superhuman?" That's not good. I think I may have overdone it trying to impress her with that fuck.

He said rather halfheartedly, "I don't have other slaves."

She ignored that. "The way you're feeling me up right now with your hands, this is how it should be. I want your hands all over me! If you see me as nothing more than a sex object, that's good, because that's what I am when I'm with you. I've been talking to Susan on the phone quite a lot lately, and even Katherine a couple of times. They've helped me see. I love their attitude. Lately we've been talking a lot about what it means to be one of your official personal cocksuckers, and dedicating one's self to the art of sucking cock. Your cock!"

She grew shy and bowed her head. "By the way, Master, forgive my audacity, but is it okay if I ask you... well... do you think it's possible that I consider myself one of your official personal cocksuckers already? Or is there more that I need to do to prove myself to you?"

He wondered, What's with this "official personal cocksucker" thing? I keep hearing about that, but I still don't know what it means. If there's some official list, nobody's told me anything about it!

His first instinct was to tell her 'Yes,' but then he remembered Suzanne's advice to still play hard to get. So he said, "I think you're almost there. Almost. I suppose we can call you that provisionally. But I don't think it's right for me to make it official unless your lips are wrapped around my dick at the time."

She loved that answer so much that she visibly shivered all over. Oh, YES! What an answer! What a RUSH! She exclaimed, "You're so right! Oh GOD!" She looked down at his crotch with a desperate longing.

He followed her eyes, and chuckled. "Not now, unfortunately."

She chuckled too, slightly embarrassed by her obvious over-eagerness. "I wish! But it'll happen soon enough. I just hope at the time that I'll be naked and kneeling - with high heels on, of course. Oh! And Susan and Suzanne should be watching, at least. Then I'll be properly humiliated and put in my place."

He shook his head in wonder. "Anyway, you were saying? About you and Susan talking?"

She continued, "Oh, yes. We've talked a lot about what it means to serve you. We've even delved into the religious implications. Susan has a theory that God has a special purpose for big-titted women, and she's been kind enough to share it with me. She simply calls it the 'Big Tits Theory.' Essentially, particularly endowed women such as me have been placed on Earth to be fucked and sexually dominated by naturally superior men such as yourself."

He scoffed.

She admitted, "Maybe not all of them, maybe there are some like Xania destined to get fancy degrees and big jobs. But as we've seen from her behavior tonight, even she turns out to be a cock-hungry slut as soon as she meets a naturally superior man like you! Regardless, that certainly must be my purpose in life, to serve a man just like you. Look at my cunt."

He looked down. Even without anyone touching her pussy, rivulets of cum were dripping from it. His penis may have been flaccid, but his mind was fully aroused by Brenda's submissive attitude.



She said of her wet pussy, "Look, I know that kind of lubrication isn't normal. In fact, it's quite extreme. I've always been this way. Why would God have made me so sensitive and so easily aroused unless it was because I was built to get fucked? Can you deny that I have a body that's basically built for sex?"

"Well..." He had a hard time honestly denying that.

"You see? You tacitly admit it! I shouldn't even be allowed to wear tops because the fabric rubs against my long nipples and drives me wild. Don't you think I should be forced to stay topless, at least? Or, better yet, completely naked? Except for high heels, of course. That's another thing I love about you so much: your love of high heels. The higher, the better! That just drives me wild, that and collars. Hopefully that'll come next, collars for all of us who love to serve you. Those were secret fetishes of mine for a long time, but I had no one worthy enough to dress up for."

He asked, "Your husband?"

"HA! Of course, I wore high heels a lot back in the day, because I was a trophy wife and that was expected at parties and such. But it had an entirely different meaning. It didn't excite me. But, with you, it excites me!"

She went on, "In fact, practically everything drives me wild in this house! I had to strongly suppress my sexuality to live a normal life, but now I know better. I shouldn't live a normal life. If I'm nothing more than a sex object, that's fine. I embrace my true nature! I need to be constantly naked and fucked by a worthy master who has a big harem. In other words, you! I challenge women with those fancy jobs to see who's going to have a happier life: me as a lowly sex slave who's getting royally nailed to the mattress, sucking your jaw-busting cock, generally cumming hard, and getting spanked all day long, or them trapped in the office all day and night, suffering as slaves too, but as wage slaves."

She suddenly grew sad and even temporarily stopped grinding into him.

He slowed down, but didn't stop, his constant fondling of her twin peaks. Her "getting spanked all day long" comment made him wonder if she might be into spankings a little too much.

She continued more plaintively, "But if you won't accept me as your slave, or at least as one of your many sex pets, I don't know what I'll do! Susan and Katherine have made me see how wrong it is for me

to give myself to an unworthy man. And you're the only worthy one I'll ever meet, I'm sure of it! Now that I know you, now that I've tasted your cock and felt it deep inside me, I would be lost without you. Completely lost. Master, I need your strong hand and your huge snake!"

He found himself falling into her way of thinking, but then a cold dash of reality hit him and he tried to remind her of some real world facts. "I'm really not all that. Really! Believe me, as you get to know me better, you'll find out all my faults. Look at my bruises. 'Naturally superior men' don't get their asses kicked at school like I did today. I tell you, I'm more lucky than anything. Soon you'll realize that I'm just an ordinary guy, and then what?"

"No! You're so wrong. You're wonderful! You're everything I dreamed of in a master. But even if you weren't, I would still be unworthy. Who you are is ultimately irrelevant because your massive snake owns me now. If you never touch me again, I would still pledge myself to you for the way you fucked me tonight. I would gun down a room full of lawyers to get fucked like that again."

He joked, "Lawyers? That's not saying very much."

She giggled. "You're funny too. This divorce I'm going through has made me really hate lawyers, but I'd gun down anybody for you. Look." She held his half-limp dick in her hand and caressed it lovingly, just as if it was fully erect. "Even flaccid, it still stretches across the room like a monstrous garden hose."

He looked at his penis. He said, "'Garden hose?' Look at it. We're talking three or four inches in its current state, tops. What are you talking about?"

She replied, "You're looking at it like a glass half empty. I'm looking at it, knowing what it can do to me, like a glass half full. Of cum. Mmmm. Sweet Alan cum. A whole glass of it!"

He thought, Maybe she's touched in the head. It's like she brainwashed or something. Did her talking to Mom so often have something to do with this? I can imagine the two of them getting increasingly carried away. Maybe Brenda can't separate the fact from the fiction. I guess this is what I get for trying to build up my legend with her. Ah, well. Looks like I have her to take care of now, like it or not. I'll just have to see how this develops and what it all means.

He said, "Okay, don't worry. Like I said before, you're a part of all this now, whatever this is. We'll discuss what that means later. Right now I'm tired and need sleep." He finally let go of her nipples.

She hugged and kissed him again. Then she brought both hands to bear on his penis. It was slowly growing, but ever so slowly. "And my punishment? My spankings? I think I need at least forty hard spankings on my ass and another twenty on my tits for all the wrongs I've done today."

His mind reeled at the idea of spanking her tits. His penis grew a bit longer.

Her hands responded by stimulating him there even more. His penis was dripping pre-cum, and she took advantage of this to get her hands slick and slippery.

He asked, "You really like and need your spankings, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! How else can I learn? My mother kept me in line with a very strong hand."

"Just out of curiosity, did she spank you with or without underwear on?"

"Without. That's the only way to get spanked. I assume you're asking about me; she always insisted that she at least keep her panties on. We couldn't have both of us totally naked or my dad would get mad. Well, mostly..."

Alan prodded, "Mostly?"

She explained with great embarrassment, "Um, eventually, she took her panties off too. I mean, it wasn't really fair if I was the only one completely naked right? She was just trying to make me feel more comfortable."

He was strangely amused at that. It sounds like Brenda had a very kinky, sexually repressed childhood. I'll bet there's more to the story, but I don't want to push her too hard about it right now. Still, I'm beginning to understand some things. I can imagine her parents having a very hard time resisting her charms. The more her mother felt guilty over her urges the more she turned to the Bible, yet she couldn't stop their not-so-subtly sexual spanking rituals. I wonder when and how she died. It must be tough to lose a mother when you're a teenager.

He realized that unless he was going to directly stop her, she'd keep playing with his penis until it was fully engorged. Then she'd want to have a lot more sexual fun. But he was very sleepy, and his penis was physically sore from being stimulated so much. He said, "Brenda, please. Let go of my dick. Now. It's done for the night."