

## 6 Times 941

### Chapter 941 Spanking Brenda

The other women belatedly began stripping too, taking off the lingerie they'd put on only a short while before. Even Brenda got out of her spanking position long enough to take off her thigh boots and long gloves. She'd rather hoped that if she stayed in that position long enough, eventually someone would get the hint and give her the spanking she needed so badly. Her patience was about to pay off.

Suzanne took command of the situation, and that made her feel good. The sensation of being totally naked seemed especially energizing and liberating for her at the moment. As she sensuously caressed her naked skin, she said, "Okay, here's what we're going to do. I know we're all feeling increasingly sexed up from the tops of our heads to the bottoms of our high-heeled feet. The fact is, all five of us are naturally sexual creatures who crave physical pleasure, and lots of it. But we can't get too sexy right now thanks to the no orgasms vow we made. However, Brenda didn't make that vow with us. So I propose we make her cum until we practically kill her, and get our fun from watching how much she enjoys it. Are you with me?"

"Yeah!" the others all cried.

Brenda's mouth hung open. She felt great shivers run up and down her spine. She felt obliged to complain, "Mistress! I don't deserve this!"

Suzanne replied, "No, you probably don't. But this isn't for you this time; it's for us."

Brenda had no excuse to object to that logic. Her body was tingling with desire and anticipation as she nodded obediently.

Suzanne clapped her hands to regain everyone's attention.

The loud slapping sound caused Brenda's imagination to run wild. In her mind, she was already bent over Suzanne's knee and getting spanked bare-handed by the dominating Amazon with curly dark red hair. Brenda's pussy began to spasm and leak uncontrollably, making her squirm in anticipation.

Suzanne looked around. "Okay. Now listen up. I've seen a decent spanking attempt from Katherine before, but the fact is, none of you really know how to spank properly. So I'm going to show you. Susan, bring your naked butt up here and give Brenda the best spanking you can."

Even as Suzanne said this, she grabbed a dildo that was lying around, wiped it off, and stuffed it into Brenda's pussy without warning. (It said much about how life in the Plummer house had changed that there happened to be a dildo lying in the open in the living room.)

Brenda grunted and then spread her legs even wider, as if begging for it to be shoved in deeper. Her pussy was already soaked from the mere anticipation of having her ass spanked.

Suzanne happily fulfilled Brenda's craving and shoved the dildo back and forth several times. She stopped and turned to her best friend.

Susan watched all of this and then stood up, cradling her bountiful rack in her arms. "I don't know, Suzanne. Are you sure? Why me? I'm not really the spanking type. I'm more of the 'needing to get spanked by my well-hung son' type. Then he'll cock-whip my face and tie my hands behind my back, forcing me to thrust out my chest so he can drain my nipples of milk as he--"

"You have to learn," Suzanne interrupted, knowing how easily Susan could get carried away with that kind of talk. "Brenda is very spank-needy and we'll all have to learn how to do it. Go on. Give it a shot."

Suzanne looked again at Brenda's butt and belatedly noticed that the dildo was actually a double-headed vibrator. So she pulled it out a bit, turned it on, and stuffed it back in. But it was such a big one that a good four inches stuck out of her even when it was all the way in.

Susan stood behind Brenda and nervously cleared her throat. She really didn't want to spank anybody. "Ahem... Yes... Brenda, are you ready for your spanking?"

"Yes, please, Mistress!" Brenda eagerly replied.

Katherine spoke. "Mom, if I may offer a suggestion? I think it's better if you just order Brenda around, instead of asking her permission in that kind of pleading tone of voice. Remember that she's the slave."

"Very good, Angel," Suzanne agreed. "You don't ask slaves anything; you just tell them what to do."

Susan again cleared her throat and drew her hand back. There was a long dramatic pause, and it seemed she was about to land the first blow at any second, but then she dropped her hand instead. "Sorry. I just can't do it. I've never believed in corporal punishment. Well, except in certain circumstances, such as when Tiger puts me in my place. I just can't do it."

Suzanne sighed. "Susan, Mom, how many times do I have to explain? This is a REWARD for Brenda, not a punishment. She LIKES the humiliation. Her definitions of pain and pleasure are different than yours. She needs direction and discipline. Actually, now that I think about it, she's not that different from you when it comes to spanking. Imagine that you're the one being spanked. Give her what she needs!"

Brenda wiggled her ass back and forth as more pussy juice poured down her thighs. If asses could talk, Brenda's would have screamed "Spank me now! Set me on fire! Go ahead, do it! What are you waiting for?!" But Brenda's mouth was unwilling to actually speak for her needy ass, since she felt that wasn't her proper role as a slave. So she tried to do everything she could nonverbally, thrusting her ass forward and back sometimes as well as side to side and moaning with loud need.

Susan saw all this and raised her hand again, but she still looked and felt uncertain. Oh dear! This just isn't me. I would never dream of even spanking a child. As one of Tiger's big-titted sex pets, I'm the one who needs to be spanked! She walked over to Suzanne for more advice and encouragement.

To her surprise, Brenda crawled over with her like a puppy dog, as if she couldn't bear to get out of the range of Susan's hand. She tried to keep her ass angled up towards Susan, and looked up at her with sad puppy dog eyes. Again, she didn't feel that busty sex slaves had the right to make demands, but she hoped her cute face could express her extreme need.

Suzanne was amused by Brenda's enthusiasm. She commented, "Look at her. Can't you see how badly she wants it? Don't you feel it too, now that you're one of your son's sex toys? Don't you want him to order you around and tell you what to do? Isn't there a part of you that wants him to get tough, and punish you? Rape you, even?"

Susan got very red and embarrassed. "Yes," she said in a very small voice. In fact, I can't wait until he rapes me tonight! In her mind, when it came to her son, the term 'rape just meant being very' sexually aggressive.

Katherine closed her eyes and also silently mouthed "Yes." She was enjoying all of this as much as anyone, since she considered herself nearly as submissive as Brenda. She was another who had the opinion that one couldn't rape the willing.

Surprisingly, Suzanne said, "So do I. Hell, I might as well throw my pride out the window and admit it. I guess that's part of the problem I was having earlier and something I'll probably still take a while to get over. I should be more honest with myself. I'll admit that it feels good to hear Sweetie say something like, 'Hey, you big-titted cunt, get on the bed where you belong and spread your legs for me. NOW!' It gets my juices flowing. Yep, even me. Susan, you're not the only one that loves to hear him say: 'Assume the position!'"

Susan's body shuddered visibly and she began to salivate. She proudly and unthinkingly thrust her massive globes forward.

Suzanne continued, "That's how I understand Brenda's needs so well. I figure she has the same feelings the rest of us do, except she loves the control aspect the most of all."

The others appeared fairly shocked at that, except for Amy, who showed no visible reaction.

Not so for Katherine, who looked the most affected. She imagined herself in Brenda's position, and that made her so aroused that she felt giddy. Wow! Sometimes I worry that I'm kind of weird by taking my fuck-toy fantasy too far. But hearing Suzanne say that these kinds of things could even turn her on totally validates everything I've come to believe! Gaawwwd, it makes me seriously hot too! She was tempted to play with her privates, but decided against it. Amongst other reasons, she remembered that, of them all, only Brenda was allowed to cum.

Suzanne looked at Susan, but Susan had a glassy, vacant, wide-eyed stare. So she asked, "Think about it, Susan: wouldn't you love to have your cutie Tiger spank you?"

"Oh, yes!" Susan's eyes went wide and her chest started heaving as she fantasized Alan saying to her, "Hey, you big-titted mommy cunt, have you been bad? Because I may have to spank you. But then again it doesn't really matter since I feel like spanking you anyway. Assume the position! I'm going to spank your ass red and then fuck your mommy cunt until it's red and sore as well!"

Suzanne coughed loudly and deliberately.

That caused Susan to snap back to the here and now. She finally nodded shyly just a little bit. Then, to reflect her total enthusiasm, she nodded her head up and down vigorously, which caused her tits to fly around in wobbly circles.

Suzanne was amused at how easily she could read her best friend. "Okay, then. You see then that this has nothing to do with corporal punishment, and everything to do with sexual satisfaction. Now let's get to it. Try it again. Be mean. Imagine that you're Alan and Brenda is you. Give Susan the rough spanking she deserves!"

Susan walked (while Brenda crawled) back to the table. Susan focused on Brenda and tried to conjure up a mean attitude, though for her that was quite difficult. "Okay, Slave. Bend your naked ass over the table, because I'm going to give you a harsh spanking. You've been very, very naughty." She turned to Suzanne. "How was that?"

"Surprisingly good, actually, given that it's coming from you. I like the part about her being very naughty. Even though we're going to make spankings a reward for her, she'll enjoy it more if we all act like it's a punishment. So please go on like that. Name-calling is good too. She likes being controlled, so I'll grab her arms so she can't get away if she tried. Do you like that, Brenda?"

"Very much, Mistress." Brenda had gotten tired from all her insistent wiggling and had to temporarily press her boobs down on the cold table top. But now that Suzanne's hands held her by the wrists, she pulled herself up so her massive boobs hung just above the table. They were likely to slap all over and especially into the table when she finally got spanked. Her ass hung even higher than before, and the double-headed vibrator still gyrated around in her juicy pussy. She was in seventh heaven, and she knew it was about to get even better.

Susan raised her hand on high and said to Brenda, "Okay, you slutty little sex toy, get ready for the spanking of your life! Here it comes!" She swung her hand down. But she slowed the hand down as it flew through the air, and ended up giving only what amounted to only a light slap.

Katherine, Amy, and Suzanne all giggled.

Brenda groaned with frustration.

Amy said gleefully, "Brenda, I hope you felt that, because that was the 'spanking of your life!'"

That caused everyone but Brenda and Susan to burst out in laughter.

"What was that?" Suzanne asked, wiping tears from her eyes as she laughed harder than she had in a long time. "You call THAT a spanking?"

Brenda though, just groaned in frustration some more. She tried to wiggle her ass back toward Susan as if that would help, but no more blows were forthcoming.

Susan blushed even as she laughed some too. "I'm sorry, everybody. I just don't like hurting people. I know she needs it, but it's just ... it's hard for me to do. This isn't the right role for me. I need to be on the receiving end!"

Suzanne clapped her hands and stepped one leg up on the sofa. She figured that if the clapping wouldn't get everyone's attention, the excellent pussy view she was giving them would.

"All right, listen up, everybody. Tear your eyes away from Brenda's remarkable bubble butt for a minute. I picked Susan to go first because I knew that this would happen, and this is an important lesson. The key to being a good spanker is you have to feel real anger at your target at the same time you feel real love. If you're not truly pissed off, the spanking won't have enough strength and emotional intensity to be truly satisfying for someone like Brenda, who obviously likes it hard. But if you don't have the love, then the spanking won't have the pleasure it needs. I know we all have the love, as we're all loving types, but where's the anger?"

"That's all well and good," Susan replied, while staring at Suzanne's open pussy instead of her face, "but how can I turn on the anger just like that? I mean, when was the last time you saw me really angry? Well, there was that one time I caught you sucking Tiger off in your backyard, but that was weeks ago."

She stared into space as she wistfully recalled that day. "What a fool I was back then. To think that I got mad instead of getting naked and helping slurp up that always hard and needy mother-splitter! Of course, starting tonight, I'll be able to do so much more than putting his big cock in my mouth..."

Susan started to drift off into another fuck fantasy, an occurrence that was happening to her more and more as the time for Alan's return drew near.

So Suzanne interrupted her and tried to keep her focused. "True, you're not the easily angered type, and that's one reason we all love you so much. But Susan, if you need some inspiration, think about how obscenely big Brenda's breasts are, and how much your Tiger likes those huge milky jugs of hers. You thought your boobs were his favorite, but noooOOOoooo! With her perfect, little, cute, and oh so fuckable body, he even might not want to fuck you much anymore. Do you remember how much he said he wanted to fuck her? What if he comes back from his hiking trip tonight and says, 'Sorry, Mom, I'd rather fuck Brenda tonight. Maybe tomorrow for you.' She needs to pay for trying to steal him from you!"

Suzanne clutched at her own breasts with both hands, to help Susan think about breasts and remind her that Brenda's were the largest. "And not only that, but you know how her tits can spontaneously leak milk, right? What if he decides to get all his milky needs from Brenda and not you?"

Susan turned towards Brenda with real anger in her eyes. "Oh, you fucking little BITCH!" Her hand came slamming down on Brenda, resoundingly hard this time. "Trying to steal my Tiger with your J-cup tits? I almost forgot what a fucking tit freak you are! Take THAT!"

She slammed her hand down again. "And that!" Another hard spanking. "You little tit monster! Stealing my son from me? You think you're better because your tits are two sizes bigger than mine? I'll show you! I'll show you who the REAL milky tit cow is around here!"

She rained several more hard slaps onto Brenda's butt, making her perfectly round ass cheeks shake, wobble, and roll under the ferocity of her assault.

Brenda had an awesome climax as the slaps continued to rain down on her butt. She screamed and shrieked through most of the twenty or so smacks, and for a good while after it was over.

She struggled to regain her breath afterwards. She gasped, "I'm... I'm... sorry... for... my titty impudence... my mistress..." She'd had no idea that Susan had such aggressiveness in her, and the fact that Susan did doubled Brenda's devotion to her. She wanted to feel dominated by her mistresses, and that required them to have some spine.

Susan watched Brenda shake, scream, and leak, as all the others did, then she stopped and turned back to Suzanne. "How was that?" She panted heavily, and had a crazed look in her eyes. She raised her hand again, eager to spank Brenda some more.

Suzanne looked at Susan with awe. She'd never seen her best friend so angry, or so commanding. "Good. Almost too good! Please, take a break and calm down a bit... Wow. I probably shouldn't have reminded you about the lactation too. I guess there's such a thing as too much motivation."

Everyone was shocked by Susan's transformation. Katherine said, "Geez, Mom, that was frightening! You're making me scared that you're resentful of me being with Brother too. Maybe I'm glad my tits aren't that big, after all."

Susan was now all sweetness and light. She brought her hand down and affectionately patted Brenda's head. Then she tenderly rubbed her victim's burning ass as she replied to Katherine, "Oh no, Angel. With you it's different. You truly are an angel to me."

Katherine reluctantly asked, "What about when you found out that he and I had been fucking in secret? Aren't you still carrying around some resentment about that?"

"The fact is, I was more than a bit upset when I found out that my two children were fucking each other behind my back. I thought about making a big scene, but then concluded that the problem was really with me and my old attitudes. That's why you two had to sneak around. Luckily, Angel, you forced the issue and made me watch, or I could have dithered about that for another week, or maybe longer."

Katherine replied, "Yeah, well, it seemed like the thing to do at the time. We all want to help you get over your lingering sexual hang-ups."

Susan smiled. "Thank you for that. You both NEED to have lots of sex with each other, without limits. It's only right and proper. In fact, Angel, my Big Tits Theory says that you MUST give yourself to him, totally. Stupid societal mores kept the facts hidden from us for far too long, but you're hardwired to be a fuck toy for your brother. He owns your dripping, slippery slit, as well as the rest of you!"

Even with her issues, Suzanne didn't think anything strange about Susan saying such things to her own daughter. Somehow along the way in the last two months, she'd come to accept an idea such as Alan



owning Katherine's pussy, just as she now had no qualms with sharing in the ownership of Brenda. Her conversation with Glory had brought up some guilt, but those feelings had already faded.

Katherine was absolutely ecstatic. She felt goose bumps all over. YES! Mom gets it!

Susan continued, "And, as I was saying earlier, Our master serves us just as much as we serve him. He'd be neglectful of his duties as brother if he didn't fuck his sister hard and often, just like Xania said he should. And that means both you and Amy, since you're both his sisters now."

"Mom, that makes me so happy," Katherine gushed. "I wish I could take you and hold you, and fuck you silly."

"Don't worry, you can do all that soon enough after he gets back and our 'no orgasms' vow comes to an end. But let me finish my spanking here. It feels so good! It's like blowing off steam."

#### Chapter 942 Closest Thing Brenda Have Ever Experienced To Heaven

Brenda heard that comment, so she happily raised her ass for another round. There was a puddle of pussy juice on the tabletop and more on the floor. But Brenda's pussy was just getting started.

Susan raised her hand again, but Suzanne halted her. "Wait a sec. You have the hatred, definitely, but now we need to bring back the love. Now that you're in the mood, we don't need the vibrator anymore. Take it out and pleasure her with one hand while you hurt her with the other."

"Okay!" Once she had the dildo out, Susan gladly probed all around Brenda's soaking pussy. She had a thing for the way Brenda's pussy juices tasted, and she couldn't keep herself to mere fingering. She dove her tongue in and lapped at Brenda's inner thighs for a while. But then she recalled her spanking task, which she considered unfinished despite having smacked Brenda twenty times already. She pulled her hand way back and gave Brenda another hard whack.

Suzanne stood by approvingly, still holding Brenda's wrists. "Good. Good." She looked over at Amy and Katherine. "You two stop frigging each other or we'll never keep our 'no orgasm' vows. Honey Pie, can

you come over here and take over pumping Brenda's cunt? Now Susan, you're on the right track, but you're still missing the verbal part. Brenda will love it if you constantly remind her of her slave status."

Susan pulled her hand to the ready position, but held back from striking. "Who belongs to Alan's cock? Who's the big-titted sex goddess who lives to suck him and get fucked by him, any time of day or night?"

Brenda hesitated to answer. "Um, pardon me, Mistress Susan, but doesn't that apply to all of us?"

Susan hesitated. "Oh. Yeah. I hadn't thought of that. I meant you specifically. 'Goddess' may be a bit over the top, but Tiger certainly treats us like goddesses. And the 'big-titted' part obviously can't be denied. And it certainly can't be denied that we all crave to have our holes filled with thick, meaty Alan-cock. We all love the sensation of his delicious ropes hitting the backs of our throats and having his potent spermy goodness run down into our bellies. So really I could have been referring to any one of us. In fact, one cocksucker really isn't enough for him. He's such a special, cum-filled boy. He needs two or three nymphos at the minimum, all blowing him at the same time. And when it comes to fucking-"

Suzanne interrupted. "Um, Susan? The spanking? You've drifted far off into one of your Alan fantasies yet again. Oh, and Amy, don't stop fingerbanging her."

Susan snapped out of it. "Oops. Sorry. Where was I? Oh yeah. Brenda's freakishly large tits. They're just too damn big! Take this, you naughty sex slave!" Her hand finally came raining down onto Brenda's butt cheeks again. "And take this, too, you mammary mutant!" Another blow fell hard onto Brenda's shapely ass.

Suzanne chuckled. "Mammary mutant." Hilarious! How can I not love being a part of all this?

Meanwhile, Amy vigorously pumped into the incredibly leaky hole that was Brenda's pussy. Putting her hand below that remarkable pussy was somewhat akin to sticking it into a drinking fountain: Katherine's juices, which had been all over Amy's hand, were quickly washed away by Brenda's heavier flows.

Brenda seemingly turned to mush all over. Her body slumped down onto the table.

But that only made Susan angrier. "Lift your ass back up, you inferior cocksucker! Oooh! I like that one. Tiger owns your ass! You have no right to rest it! Pull it back up. NOW!"

Brenda lifted her ass up just in time for Susan's hand to hit it.

That particularly hard smack reverberated throughout the house, causing Brenda to cry out in a tremendous moan and slump back down onto the table. She was completely shattered as another orgasm hit her, and then another, for she was very multi-orgasmic.

"Keep that ass up high!" Susan barked. "Tiger needs it up there so he can shoot his torpedo into either hole! You'd love that, if he fucked you good and hard tonight, wouldn't you?" Another smack. "Answer me!"

"Yes! Yes, I'd love it!" Brenda's head drooped until it encountered the table. She was in no condition to even raise her ass again. Another climax rocked through her.

"Well, I'm sorry, but he's going to fuck ME tonight instead! My legs are spread wide for my son because tonight he's going to come home and prove that he owns my pussy along with every other part of me! I'm your mistress, but my son is my master, and don't you dare forget it!" Another smack.

Suzanne finally let go of Brenda's limp arms and announced, "Okay, Susan, that's enough. Any more, and you're going to cum too. I can see you're right on the verge. Amy, why don't you try spanking our new slave for a while? I'm thinking jealousy of Brenda's mammoth tits will work as anger motivation for any of us, even you."

Susan sat back down on the sofa, still flush. Her chest heaved wildly and her eyes still had a trace of wildness to them. She asked Suzanne, "How was that?"

"Good, Susan, good. My one complaint is your name-calling had a tendency to turn into fantasizing about your son's big cock instead. That kind of thing is understandable considering what's going to happen to you tonight, but obviously you don't want to be doing it in future spankings. Okay? Amy, your turn."

"M'kay!" Amy quickly took up the position where Susan had stood.

But Susan said, "That was all right, I suppose, but could you please not ask me to do it next time? I love spankings, but only to be on the receiving end. Otherwise it feels unnatural, even when I get angry."

Amy raised her hand. "You can pick me to do it next time. This looks like fun! Raise that ass, Brenda! Smash those overly busty tits into the table!"

She spanked each of Brenda's ass cheeks then found Brenda's pussy with her other hand and let her fingers wander through her crotch and into her pussy lips.

Brenda's vaginal muscles practically crushed her fingers with convulsions each time a new spanking came down.

Suzanne looked on approvingly. "Good, Amy. I had my doubts that you'd be mean enough, but it looks like you're a natural spanker. And Susan, I understand your preferences, but you need to be ready to help Brenda if you two are the only ones at home in the middle of the day. If you find she has an emergency spanking need, just try to focus your feelings on how she secretly craves to monopolize your Tiger's attentions with her busty chest, and I'm sure you'll do fine."

Susan nodded.

"Okay. Now before we continue, let's plan ahead for a second. Brenda, once Amy is done, you're going to clean the house for a while. For now, you'll be buck naked. Later, we'll get a French maid's uniform for you. You don't really have to worry about what to wear over here, because it'll generally be French maid's uniforms or nothing from now on."

Brenda's lusty desire soared. Yes! French maid outfits! My favorite!

Suzanne continued, "After a while, Katherine and I will take our turns spanking you as a reward, if you do a good job with your chores. I figure Alan could be back as soon as dinner time, so you should be gone by then. Today's not the day for him to learn that he has a true sex slave ready to serve him, since we want the focus to be on Susan's big night. Got that, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress Suzanne." It was all Brenda could do to get that much out. She remained collapsed on the table top. She longed to watch Alan fuck Susan, since she had such strong feelings about mother-son sex, but she didn't feel it was her place to ask for favors.

"Good. We need practice being your mistresses as much as you need practice being a slave. Basically, we're all a bunch of softies, but that won't do. And your desire to be a good slave couldn't be greater, I can see that, but old habits die hard. For instance, you constantly speak out of turn. And another thing. We're going to help you seduce your son, but you have to lay the groundwork. Starting from now on, I want you to dress provocatively around him. Since it's just the two of you living together now, there's no reason why you shouldn't start dressing like the sexpot you are."

Brenda nodded. "I feel guilty though. Alan is my one and only master!"

"I know. But you have to try your best. Remember that your master has ordered you to do this. Think of it as psychological therapy to help Adrian through his tough time. Can you get excited about having sex with your own son?"

Brenda replied honestly, "I'm pretty confident that I can. Mother-son incest has been a big fetish of mine for a long time. As long as I keep in mind that this is just a phase and my loyalty ultimately lies with Master Alan, I think I'll be able to truly enjoy sex with Adrian."

"Excellent." Suzanne nodded. "When you go home tonight, spend the rest of the evening dressed in sexy black underwear and nothing else. If your son asks you why, tell him that now that your husband is gone, you've decided you just want to be lazy and dress casually. If he's even the tiniest bit heterosexual, he's not going to complain. Understood?"

"Yes, Mistress." The very idea of seducing her son Adrian brought a fresh flow of cum pouring out of her pussy.

Katherine said, "Aunt Suzy, Mother, let me add something, if you don't mind. Brenda, you not only have to seduce your son, you have to improve his skills. That's part of the point, isn't it? Not only to restore his shattered confidence, but turn him from a sexual zero to sexual hero, right?"

Suzanne nodded.

Katherine told Brenda, "Cool. Alan's six-times-a-day diagnosis was like a gift from the gods that forced him to practice his cumming until he could fuck enough times a day to keep his whole harem satisfied. You need to get Adrian seriously masturbating, too, and thinking only of you while he's doing it. Get him to cum more often, and longer each time."

Amy chimed in, "Teach him the PC muscle squeezey thingy. That's really key."

Katherine suddenly exclaimed, "I have an idea! Why don't you leave a stack of nude pictures of yourself lying around?"

Suzanne cut in. "Good idea, Angel, but I have an even better one. Brenda, we're setting up a series of cameras to monitor every room of this house. You should do the same, and put the computer that controls and monitors them all in Adrian's room. Then you can strut around in the buff and fuck yourself elsewhere in any other room, knowing that he's almost certainly watching you and cumming over and over!"bender

Brenda sighed, trembling with joy. "Oh, yes. You're too good to me!"

Suzanne smiled with understanding. "That's all right. We're full of good ideas. In fact, here's another one: secretly install a camera in his room as well, and monitor that one from a location that his cameras won't detect. That way, you can see how often he cums and, of course, constantly get off on watching him slosh his sticky fingers up and down his hard shaft over and over. We want to keep you cumming all day, because your huge nipples and always puffy and wet pussy lips show you clearly need it."

Brenda was beside herself with joy. God, I love this place, this lifestyle, these thoughtful beauties. I love Mistress Suzanne!

Suzanne said, "Now, as we've discussed, you'll be here all day from now on, every day, except Tuesdays." (She knew Susan didn't want any distractions on her special day.) "Not counting whenever you can spend quality time with Adrian, of course. That takes priority. All of us women have gotten quite good at arousing Alan at every turn. So we'll give you tips during the day, and then you can try them out at night on your son. When he's so hot for you that he thinks he's simply going to die of frustration, that's when we'll help you make the next move."

"Oh, yes, Mistress!" Brenda's head was filled with the idea of strutting around in nothing but black lace. In her mind, Adrian popped a huge boner and there was no way he could hide it. It was like he had an erection the size of a loaf of bread stuffed between his legs. In her fantasy, she asked, "Do you need some help with that?" and she started rubbing the penis-loaf through his pants. In fact, she knew that it would take time for her to adjust and act like that in real life, but the video scheme would help her lose her inhibitions towards him.

She started frigging herself as she lay face down on the table, but then she felt someone move her hands away and re-insert a large vibrator. It was Suzanne. "There you go, Brenda. Whenever you do any cleaning in this house I want to see or hear a vibrator buzzing in your cunt or ass, or both, at all times. That's an order."

Brenda just gurgled in incoherent happiness. Her mind was filled with the double whammy joy of recalling how well her new mistresses had spanked and treated her and thinking about being fucked by Adrian. It would take her quite a while before she'd be able to get off the table under her own power.

She lay there with her eyes closed, when she heard Katherine say, "I'll bet you're thinking of Adrian's cock, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mistress." That was true, which was unusual, since she almost always thought about Alan's cock instead.

"As you should. But don't just think about it. Taste it. Suck on it. Love it." Katherine lifted Brenda's exhausted head, then opened Brenda's mouth.

Brenda opened her eyes to figure out what was going on. Just as she did, she yelped in surprise as Katherine plunged a strap-on dildo right into her gaping maw.

"Imagine this is Adrian's cock. What do slave mommies do with their son's cocks? Especially big-titted slave mommies?"

Brenda was quite groggy, but she could answer an easy question like that in her sleep, once Katherine pulled the dildo back enough for her to talk. "Uh, they live to tease out all the hot, juicy sperm building up in their son's swollen balls? Any way they can?"

She paused with her lips around the dildo, but then added, as if suddenly struck with a profound insight, "Why, that's what any mommy should do, not just slave mommies!"

Katherine responded, "Good. Surprisingly good answer, in fact. So start sucking! And don't be so lazy. Thrust your chest out more!"

Brenda's energy immediately revived. She sucked on the plastic cock with enthusiasm and focused all of her attention on it. So she was taken by complete surprise a few seconds later when a hard spank landed on her ass.

"Surprise!" Amy giggled from behind Brenda. "The Plummer sisters tag team strikes again! Hee-hee!"

Amy landed another hard blow on Brenda's red behind. Amy was definitely showing her dominant side. She seemed to be really enjoying giving a spanking.

But Brenda was enjoying the combined spanking and oral violation even more. This was the closest thing to heaven she'd ever experienced, save only the time Alan fucked her senseless. If she'd had any doubt over her unusual slave lifestyle choice, the massive multiple orgasms that swept through her removed those doubts once and for all.

Her orgasm was actually an ejaculatory orgasm. The others watched fluid squirt out of Brenda and wrongly assumed that she was so excited that she'd peed. Not even Suzanne had experienced an ejaculatory orgasm before, though she'd tried for it many times. She'd concluded that she probably was one of those women who weren't able to achieve it.

## Chapter 943 Alan Is Back

Suzanne looked around and sized up the situation. Keeping a sex-crazy house in order actually took some time and effort, and such tasks usually fell on her shoulders.

She was pleased at the debauchery she saw, except for the fact that Susan was frigging herself and clearly getting too excited as a result. "Susan! Stop that right now and go take a shower. A COLD shower.



Remember your vow and save up your orgasms for tonight. Save yourself for him. It's almost like he'll be taking your virginity."

Susan nodded. It IS like he'll be taking my virginity! I need to save myself until then!

Suzanne turned to the others. "Amy and Angel, nice work on Brenda, but when you're done here and Susan's done with her shower, I want to see you both suck Susan's nipples some more. We haven't sucked or pumped them for a couple hours now, and that's unacceptable. Susan wants to lactate for her cutie Tiger tonight, but all we've gotten so far is a couple of drops. We have to do better!"

The two teens nodded.

"Oh. And you remember how we all agreed that it would be more fun to play with Brenda's pussy if it was bald? So don't forget to shave her bush off at some point today, probably when you both do your own smooth little twats. Maybe you can include her in your daily afternoon cunt shaving and cunt licking ritual from now on."

"Yes, Mother," Amy and Katherine said with the frustration in their voice as if they'd been needlessly reminded to do their homework. Then they promptly resumed spanking and fondling Brenda.

Susan had meant to listen to Suzanne's instructions to go take a shower, she really did. But then she'd heard Suzanne discuss lactation, and all the talk of her nipples being sucked and pumped sent her mind off into thoughts of Alan sucking on her nipples. Her hands drifted down to her own boobs, and she spaced out completely.

Susan wasn't paying even the slightest bit of attention to Amy and Katherine playing with Brenda, because her mind was on an empty chair. She was daydreaming again, and saw a fully dressed Alan sitting in the chair in front of her. In her vision, she walked over, unzipped his fly, sat in his lap, and then impaled her pussy down onto his hard cock. (She liked it when he wore clothes because it made her own nakedness seem that much naughtier.) There was no need for either of them to say anything, because it was just understood that she would do something sexual whenever she got near him. The only question was, how would she use her body to drive him mad with lust, and what hole would his jackhammer cock fill to similarly push her over the edge?

She sat in her chair, fondling both tits, trying hard not to cum. She knew she shouldn't go anywhere near her pussy with her fingers, but even just hefting up her breasts nearly pushed her over the edge. She thought, I'm the luckiest mommy in the world. Tonight my son's gonna fuck me, and then he'll own me completely! As it should be! Nothing else matters, but serving him!

As she imagined Alan sucking on a nipple, groping her tits just as her own hands were, and shooting countless ropes of thick cum into her vagina, she mumbled nearly inaudibly, "Love me, Son, love me..."

Meanwhile, Suzanne had stepped out to the back patio to get a breath of fresh air. She felt that everything was in order now, and she wanted to think without the ever-present scent of sex that fogged her brain.

She thought, What Susan said about my enslavement made me feel better, but it still isn't the whole story. The fact is, one can easily go overboard with this whole sex-slave / fuck-toy thing. My cunt is so insistently demanding that I can hardly think straight anymore. But on the other hand, it is great to just let go and think of nothing but pleasuring others. And especially to think of coaxing a hot load out of my Sweetie's boner and feel his jism splash all over my face. Mmmm...

The fact is, I need to learn how to let go and surrender to the moment. I still have so much room for improvement on that. But at the same time, it's clear that I'll have to be the responsible one. Someone has to take charge of this gang. The others couldn't have spanked their way out of a paper bag without my advice and direction. They need me as a leader.

Maybe something like regularly spanking Brenda is exactly what I need. I couldn't deal with being in Brenda's shoes (or should I say high heels?). I can't be at the bottom. But I can better deal with the fact that I'm helplessly enslaved to my Sweetie and his mouthwatering cock if I have someone else to lord over. And telling the others what to do helps my ego even more. It's prideful and vain, I know, but it's true.

I just wish Glory could understand everything. The Pact is probably the best thing to ever happen to me. I've found my true family. I've found true love, four times over. Maybe even five with Brenda, if she grows into the family. If only Glory knew the joy and love we share, she'd forget all her pride and join us in the harem, all the way. I just know it.

You know what Glory's problem is? She isn't true to herself. She hides behind conventional morality and won't admit what she really wants. I need to be more honest with myself too. The fact is, if I'm in the right mood, crawling naked across the floor begging for cock can be incredibly arousing! Standing there

in line on Friday and being inspected by Sweetie like I was just another piece of fuck-meat was damned demeaning, but God did it get my motor running! I was leaking like a ... well, like Brenda!

The Pact is a good thing. Damned good. It's what we make it. I don't have to look at it the exact same way Susan does. I'm not gonna let Glory make me second guess everything. What does she know, anyway? The poor woman actually thinks she broke up with him. Talk about dumb! There's no breaking up with him, no going back. She'll learn that soon enough.

Suzanne decided to head back to her own house and spend some time with Brad for a change. They had some hours to kill before she had to start worrying about cooking dinner for her old family, the Pestridge family, and getting ready for Alan's arrival after dinner.

It was eight o'clock at night. The sun set early at this time of year in Southern California, so it was quite dark out. Susan, Suzanne, Katherine, Amy, and Brenda sat around in the family office (a room at the front of the house), nervously waiting. Susan was naked except for high heels, while the others wore various skimpy lingerie outfits.

Brenda considered herself lucky to be there at all. Earlier in the day, Suzanne had ordered her to go home before dinner. But Brenda was so sad to miss out on Alan and Susan fucking that when the time came for her to go, she wore her most forlorn, puppy dog face. The others, all basically softies at heart, caved in and let her stay. She did have to hurry home to feed Adrian, but now she was back.

Alan was expected home at any time, but no one knew exactly when he would arrive. No one had remembered to give him a cell phone to carry on his trip. He did call from a pay phone in Los Angeles just before the scouts started for home, but that only seemed to make the waiting and anticipation worse. There had been many arguments in the last hour over how many minutes exactly the drive would take, including time for dropping off the other scouts at their houses.

The tension was so thick one could cut it with a knife. Amy, in an attempt to lighten the mood, said, "Is he here yet?" Then she waited a few seconds and repeated, "Is he here yet?" She paused even longer, and then asked again, "Is he here yet?" She giggled a little.

Susan spun around on her high heels and glared at where Amy was sitting. "Amy, normally that would be funny. But if you say that one more time, I'm going to have to kill you."

"Geez, Louise! Okey dokey, I get the picture. Boy. But if we just sit here in silence, we're all going to go mad."

An awkward silence ensued. Amy gamely tried to fill it with the comment, "I wonder if Beau found the picture I drew and put in his bag." But that was hardly the first time she'd said that this weekend, and the others just ignored her.

Amy appeared quite disappointed that her efforts to help weren't appreciated. She was supposed to be dressed so she could go outside to greet Alan when he arrived, but after the others ignored her, she pulled her top off to expose her breasts. She always cheered up when she was able to expose her chest. She said, "Hey guys, let's get happy!"

But Susan just sighed and gazed out the window. Their house was quite a ways away from the street and no one ever actually walked around this neighborhood at night, but it was theoretically possible for someone to see her.

She said, "I'm getting so hot, just thinking about him cumming... Uh, back. I mean coming back. I can't wait another minute!"

Amy pointed out, "Mom, I'm all for nakedness, but do you really want any old weirdo guy to see you like that? At least sit down."

"I don't care! I want to be the first to see my Tiger when he comes. We've been waiting for nearly two hours, for God's sake! He has to be here any minute. He has to!"

Suzanne suggested, "Come on. That's mad too, to stand there like that. Just sit down like the rest of us."

Susan pondered for some moments, then said seriously, "Madness. Who's to say I'm not mad already? Suzanne, tell me. Am I crazy to want my son so badly, in a carnal way? Is this just a mad, vain attempt to recapture my youth by having an affair with a teenager?"

Suzanne rolled her eyes. "Anyone who thinks Susan is crazy, but only if she actually believes that nonsense, raise your hand."

Everyone raised their hand, even Brenda, who was generally trying to remain inconspicuous.

"But Suzanne," Susan asked urgently, as she briefly turned to her friend. "I know my Tiger loves me, but am I forcing him to go farther than he wants to? Maybe he put true intercourse off for so long because deep in his heart he knows it isn't right. Maybe it's a sin after all. Or maybe he's not really attracted to me, and he's just putting up with my pathetic attempts at romance. If I were him, I wouldn't want to sleep with a thirty-seven year old hag when I could sleep with you or so many other tempting and much younger women, like all of you standing here!"

Susan stood before the window bathed in little more than the moonlight and dim mood lighting. She raised her arms up high. She lifted up her long mane of dark, straight hair and held it up for a few moments, then let it fall. Essentially, she was preening, hoping the others would find her attractive and say so.

Suzanne said with a touch of worry, "Okay, if you're so keen on being crazy, you're officially insane now. How could you possibly even think for a microsecond that you're not just about the most beautiful woman on the planet? And you know Alan loves your body as well as your soul. Hell, he probably loves you in every way more than all the rest of us combined." She didn't actually believe this last statement, but she was laying the compliments on thick to help her friend get over her butterflies.

Susan turned and looked at Suzanne with a mixture of hope and disbelief. Tears started to fall from her eyes. "Do you really mean that?"

"Of course I mean it! Help me out here, everybody. If Alan doesn't take one look at you the way you are right now and get the hardest erection of his life, not only is he not male, he's not even an organic life form! Why, even granite boulders are going to get a little harder when you come near."

The others all laughed a little and said similar things in agreement.

Susan held out her arms. Everyone but Brenda rushed into her embrace for one big group hug. The nervous mother gushed, "Oh, thank you all so much! I guess I'm just fishing for compliments with my silly words because I'm so nervous! My heart is pounding, pounding, pounding! Of course I know he loves me in every way, but I'm just so tense and uncertain. Am I going to be good enough for him? What if I'm a big disappointment in bed?"

Suzanne's face was now inches from Susan's. She looked her in the eye, and said, "You're fine, already! How many times have you asked that this evening? I taught you all kinds of special tricks, didn't I? Did I not show you how to squeeze your cunt muscles just like I do? I taught you breathing exercises, endurance techniques, penis stimulation tricks, anal sex secrets - heck, you've just about tapped me out of everything I know. To be completely honest, I was going to keep a lot of those secrets for myself, at least for a while, to give myself a slight edge with our man. But I love you so much that I can't help but share."

Susan's heart soared. "You're so good to me!"

"You can't possibly be a more ready or perfect lover for him. So stop talking nonsense and just relax. It'll be great!"

"I know, I know. And thanks. But still... What if my cunt isn't tight enough? I mean, how could my cunt ever measure up to yours?"

"Susan, trust me. My fingers have come to know your cunt quite well. It's just the right size for his big dick. He'll love fucking you. Trust me."

Suzanne was glad and gratified she could help, but she couldn't help but grumble in her mind, I must be the truly crazy one for giving away all those secrets. Grrr. I just can't say no to her, though. She's just too innocent and loving and emotionally worked up. But it's also crazy to be a member of this harem, sitting here, like I'm waiting for the sultan to come back from a great military victory. Yet I can peer through my sexual fog enough to see that he's just a not so unusual teen coming back from an ordinary hiking trip. But I started this whole thing, harem included. I've made my bed, and I'm going to lie in it. I have to quit second guessing the pact we all made already!

The others broke away so Susan and Suzanne could share a more intimate hug. "Oh, Suzanne, what would I do without you? You're the best friend I could ever possibly have in this life. I know how much it meant to you to keep those techniques secret so you could please him in extra special ways. But you shared your best secrets with me, because you love me. I appreciate it so much. I promise I'll find a way to return the favor." They hugged and kissed some more.

Suzanne blushed with unusual modesty, very pleased. "Awww, it was nothing."

Susan got quite serious as she wiped away more tears. "Promise me that no matter what happens, we'll always be best friends. You have to swear on it."bender

Suzanne replied with deep, genuine feeling, "Susan, I'm not going to promise that, because we aren't best friends anymore. We're so much more. We're sisters now. Once you become a sister you can't really ever undo it, so I'm afraid you're stuck with me for life."

This only caused Susan to cry more, as she was overwhelmed with intense emotion.

But Suzanne stopped her quickly. "Susan? Sister? Think about what you're doing. If you cry, your eyes are going to look all red. You don't want to look like that when he arrives, do you?"

"Oh dear God! No!" She stopped crying immediately and frantically wiped away her tears.

Suzanne suggested, "Quick, someone tell a joke."

Amy piped up. "At the risk of my own death, I'm going to say it: is he here yet?"

That was just the right thing to say, this time. Everyone broke out into hearty laughter.

More hugs ensued. Susan smiled and said, "Oh, you're all so great. I love each and every one of you."

She turned to Brenda, who purposely sat a small distance apart from everyone else. "Even you, Brenda. You may not be family yet, but I hope someday you will be. At the very least, you and I will always be slave sisters, bound together by our love for our master and our devotion to serving his cock."

Brenda nodded emphatically. "I'd love that!"

"I may have felt some ill will for you, maybe a little jealousy about your massive boobs, but that's all in the past now. I think Tiger's harem really is a natural kind of extended family, even though we may not even know each other yet. We should all stick together and help each other."

Brenda was very happy to hear that. "Oh, thank you so much, Mistress Susan! I'm truly not worthy to even think of someday being part of the great Plummer family. But I agree about helping each other. If we all stick together as a team, we can make sure that Alan will always be loved and cared for and his penis will stay just as hard and constantly-"

She was cut off with a shriek from Amy.

"Wait! Hold on! Yes!" Amy jumped up and down. "The van! It's here! Alan is back!"

Chapter 944 Bestest Sisters Ever

bender

At around eight o'clock in the evening, the long-awaited Boy Scout van finally dropped Alan off in front of the house.

Alan's anticipation and frustration had been building all weekend, but his tensions rose to unbearable levels on the ride back home from Los Angeles. He had a non-stop erection that seemed to get harder and harder as time went on, and he had to keep his hands over his lap to keep the other scouts from noticing.

Naturally, the van had gotten stuck in a big traffic jam. And when the scoutmasters began dropping other scouts off at their houses before him, Alan just about thought he would go mad. He had contemplated feigning sickness or hopping out and calling a cab, but in the end he'd managed to endure the wait.

Now it was all over. The long wait to fuck his mother that had really started months earlier was finally at an end. He stood in his own driveway with his backpack in hand, awed by the enormity of the occasion.

The only reason he didn't run straight in was because his heart was already pounding so hard and fast that he seriously worried that he was on the brink of a medical disaster. He counted to ten to calm himself, and then began to slowly walk towards the house on unsteady legs.

This is it... Man! I really can't see Mom backing out now; she's so enthusiastic. Thank God for that. But I'll bet she's as nervous as me. Like about performance. What if I don't do a good job? What if our bodies



aren't a good fit in that way? Fuck, man. I'm about to fuck my mom! How could I not have performance issues?! I'll probably cum before I even get to the door!

He hadn't gotten far up the walkway when Amy and Katherine opened the front door. They were the epitome of youthful enthusiasm as they giggled, squealed and waved. They, plus Susan, Suzanne and Brenda, had all been waiting anxiously by the front window all evening, looking for any sight of the van. As soon as it appeared, Susan had let out a scream of excitement and took off to her bedroom to prepare herself. Suzanne went along as an assistant, to make sure that everything was perfect. Amy and Katherine were at the front door because they were so ecstatic to see Alan, but also to serve as a distraction so Susan would have time to get ready.

A massive smile spread across Alan's face as soon as he saw Amy and Katherine open the door and stand underneath the bright porch light. They would have run out to him except for the fact that they wore scandalously skimpy outfits, so he ran to them instead. As he neared the door, he threw his pack past them into the house and then leapt into their arms.

A tremendous three-way hug ensued. Each of them seemed to be trying to squeeze the other two to death.

Alan was dirty and sweaty from hours of hiking, but the girls didn't mind at all. As the hug went on, he looked from face to face and exclaimed, "It's so good to see you! But what's with all the crying? I've only been gone two frigging days!"

"Hey!" Katherine replied as tears of joy poured down her cheeks, "You're crying too, buster!"

"Am I?" He felt his cheeks and realized he was. He smiled and hugged while Amy and Katherine repeatedly yelled, "Brother!" He said their names over and over. He thought it a bit absurd just how emotional they were given that he was only gone two nights, but the feelings were very real. He had missed his family so much that he could hardly stand it.

The hugging soon turned to kissing and tit-fondling. But none of them were satisfied to have to feel through clothes, so Amy paused and tore her T-shirt over her head, while Katherine unbuttoned her blouse. Then everyone went after everyone else even more aggressively.

Katherine practically tore Alan's shorts zipper off. She wasn't happy until she had his erection firmly in hand. "Miss me, Alan Junior?" she asked, and then burst into giggles.

At that point, Amy realized it probably wasn't a very good thing to be standing outside under a porch light wearing nothing above her waist, not to mention that there was no mistaking the rapid jerking motions her bare breasted sister had started making with her hand over his crotch. She felt obliged to play the responsible one (since Katherine wasn't) and pulled the whole hug-tangle back into the house.

Getting inside allowed him to relax. Furthermore, finding himself surrounded and practically smothered by ample female flesh made him feel even better. The tension drained away as he nuzzled, cuddled, and fondled his way all over his two sisters. Even the smell of their perfume was greatly relaxing to him. "Home! I'm home! You two are the bestest sisters ever!"

Amy giggled. "He's starting to talk like me!"

Alan's whole body went limp. He was basically being held up because Amy and Katherine were pressing into him on both sides tightly while both of them had one hand each stroking up and down his erection. Talk about being treated like a king! I swear, I'm never gonna leave home again. Not even for five minutes. This is how I want to die!

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of Suzanne walking down the stairs. She stopped at the foot of the stairs and simply cried out "Sweetie!"

Alan turned her way and smiled as he saw her, because she was such a predictably arousing sight. She naturally stopped to preen and pose - she never missed an opportunity to show off her sexy outfits and even sexier body. Not surprisingly, her outfit stretched the very definition of the word "clothing," consisting of just high-heeled shoes and a reddish body suit so thin and transparent that one could pick out every one of the very few blemishes on her skin.

She held her arms up around her head, knowing that Alan loved that pose, and held the position briefly. She looked significantly at where his crotch was. She couldn't see his dick directly, but she could see the way Amy and Katherine were pumping their arms rhythmically. "Looks like someone's getting a very special welcome." She smirked and grinned. Then she rushed the rest of the way to him and joined in the hug.

He loved hearing her scratchy voice, and he loved holding her even more. He frantically kissed from face to face in the group hug for about half a minute. There was only one thing that bothered him: he felt like asking who they were happier to see, Alan or Alan Junior, since all three females had at least one hand on his massively erect dick or swollen balls. He didn't want to complain about the great stroking sensations they gave him since he'd missed it so much all weekend, but he did force himself to mumble between kisses, "Don't make me cum!"

Even though he'd only been stroked a minute or two, he was already on edge from hours and hours of anticipation. His body craved release. But he didn't want to let his mother down by cumming already. This night was for her and her only.

Just thinking about her caused his heart to race again and his nervousness to return, although it wasn't as bad as before. He eventually managed to pull away from the others' lips (no easy task!) long enough to ask, "Where's Mom?"

As soon as Suzanne answered, "She's upstairs," he began to disengage from the group completely. Again, that was no easy task. Groans of disappointment followed all around.

Amy had just gotten on her knees, cleared Alan's cock of two fists pumping in tandem, and swallowed his twitching shaft far down into her mouth. She could already taste the pre-cum on her lips and the taste only made her want more. But she reluctantly gave it up and stood back up. She pouted sadly, her eyes wide and pleading.

He said with a twinge of regret, "Sorry, everyone, it's so great to see you all, but someone's waiting for me."

He'd almost freed himself, but Amy held on to his wrist with a strong grip. "Hey, wait a sec, Brother. Did you find the picture I left you in your bag? Did you? Did you?!"

"Yes I did, Amy. That kept me going all weekend. I love you so much for making that. But let's talk about it later. I've got to go!" He planted a quick kiss on her lips and once again started to head to the stairs.

Amy was ecstatic. The look of pure joy on her face made him want to kiss her, hug her, and fuck her forever. Then he looked at the loving faces on Katherine and Suzanne. It was clear they really missed

him, and it was nearly impossible for him to leave them behind. In fact, he'd only made it about two steps closer to the stairs from where they stood.

"How was your hike?" Amy asked, lightly bouncing with glee. Her breasts, naturally, were bouncing too.

Alan looked from one gorgeous topless woman to another. Why?! Why the fuck was I out there getting bitten by mosquitoes and stepping on cow patties? Nature is nice, but damn! I disagree that I need some variety in my life. This is the best!

Suzanne stepped forward and happily noted while caressing his face with the tips of her fingers, "I see your bruises and black eye are gone!"

"Later! Later!"

Amy and Katherine stepped forward too, but then they paused and stepped back. They and Suzanne knew it would be cruel to keep Susan waiting.

The group "hug" had greatly calmed Alan's nerves and eased his tension, but now that it was over, the longer he waited, the more nervous he was getting. He bolted for the stairs as fast as he could, and then practically flew up them. He didn't think to stuff his hard-on back in his shorts, and it bounced wildly as he ran.

Suzanne, Amy, and Katherine remained connected to each other in a loose hug as they watched him go.

"Oh, poo," Suzanne pouted in imitation of Susan. She still ran her hands all over herself and her thin, silky body suit, but it wasn't nearly as good as if the hands were Alan's. "That was so brief. Now we probably won't see him till morning. Damn. But it's so good to see him again, don't you think, girls?"

"Yes!" Katherine agreed. "I was sooooo worried he'd get hurt or sick... We kind of overdid the greeting though, didn't we? We were practically about to gang-rape him there."

Suzanne conceded, "Yes. A tad. We overdid it a little." But she wasn't paying much attention. She just stared up the stairs at the spot where she'd seen him disappear down the upstairs hallway. She was feeling sad and lonely again.

## Chapter 945 Fucking Susan

Upstairs, Alan ran down the hallway to Susan's master bedroom at the end of the hall. He could tell by the lights that she had to be in there (dozens of candles were lit all over the room, creating a warm and enchanting glow, much like the lighting when Alan had first fucked Amy).

He paused only a fraction of a second to confirm his guess that Susan would be lying naked on her large bed, and then shouted, "MOM!" and kept running on in. He literally threw himself on her, causing the whole bed to bounce and shake.

"Oh, Mom!"

"Oh, Son!"

That may have sounded corny, but there was no need to say any more. Their lips locked and an electric excitement tore through them as they kissed and groped each other with a deep passion.

In mid-kiss, he realized one small problem: in his hurry to get upstairs, he'd forgotten to take off any of his clothes. Susan was buck naked and ready to fuck, and his boner was already sticking through his shorts and lying on her bush. But it could become excruciatingly painful if he were to fuck through a zipper.

He shucked off his shoes, socks, and shorts, but didn't bother with his T-shirt for the moment. He was having a hard time getting his clothes off with his overly excited and fumbling hands. His dick was practically screaming at him: Let me cum already! And that was even before he got home. All the stroking hands and even Amy's mouth on his dick at the front door almost qualified as cruel and unusual torture for his desperate cock.

This break in kissing gave Susan a chance to speak. "Tiger," she cooed, her voice dripping with affection, "You've made me so happy. I love you so much. This is like a dream come true! I've been thinking of nothing else this whole weekend!"

"Me too, Mommy! Me too! It's been such torture!"

"Torture!" she agreed emphatically. "Pure torture!"

He gushed, "I love you, so, so very much that I can't even express it!"

"Later, Son, later! Talk later. It's time for you to put it in! Don't make me wait another second!"

They kissed again, like their lives depended on it.

Susan thrust her naked hips up at her son and left a small bit of wetness on his exposed erection.

Meanwhile, Alan grabbed his erection and brought it close to her slit. "Okay, Mom. Here it comes! God, isn't this intense? My hands are shaking so bad I can barely hold it!" He wasn't just saying that, either: the head of his engorged dick shook at her opening as though it was a vibrator.

"Don't worry. Relax," she said in a relatively calm tone while stroking her son's face, even though she was hardly relaxed herself. She opened her vagina with two fingers for him to invade. "You're doing fine. But put your big, fat, mommy-splitter in me now! Please!" For added effect, she rolled her hips so that her mons rubbed against the tip of his erection seductively.

That caused both of them to shiver even more.

He looked down so his trembling fingers could know their target. That helped and he pushed cockhead until it settled between her pussy lips, spreading them slightly. He thought, This is it! It's actually fucking really happening! I'M FUCKING MY MOM!

He shouted, "Here it is, Mommy! I'm coming in!"

She spread her legs as wide as she could. She looked forward to keeping them like that as an open invitation for him to fuck her as much as possible. "Do it, Son! Fast! I'm so wet from waiting that you can slide it in all the way! Fuck me hard and fast!" She couldn't believe how wet she was, considering that he'd hardly even touched her yet.

He pushed his painfully stiff erection in, and in one fluid motion it slid down her moist tunnel all the way to the hilt. He felt an intense shiver all over his body as he pushed it in her. "Oh yes! Mom, I've been waiting for you for so long! So long!"

"I know!" she cried. "So good! Fuck me! Fuck your mommy! Fuck me now!" Her whole body shook with excitement. The warmth of human skin felt a thousand times better than any of the cold dildos she had been using to quench her burning need.

"Did you just climax?" he asked, after he felt a particularly intense tremble beneath him. He hadn't actually started fucking yet - he still was adjusting to the fact that he was actually inside her.

"Fuck yeah! I came the second you touched me and twice more since! Fuck me, Son! Fuck me all night! FUCK ME, YOU MOTHERFUCKER!"

Alan laughed, because he felt her cumming again.

But he still didn't start thrusting. From the moment he'd been dropped off by the scouting van until this moment, everything had been such a whirlwind of emotion that he hadn't had a chance to think coherently, he just reacted. But now, he stopped to savor the moment and fully, consciously, think about what he'd done and what he was about to do. Even as his body shook and his heart thumped wildly, his thoughts came with a strange calmness. I'm inside my mother. My dick. Is in. My mom! It's actually happening. This is not a dream. There's no turning back; I'm a true motherfucker.

Those ideas were so exciting that they sent a shiver down his spine, on top of all the other tingles and shivers he was feeling. But he could tell Susan was in no mood for contemplation. He'd been kept fairly busy on the trip back from hiking in California's Channel Islands and only had stolen moments to think about what would happen, but Susan had done little more all weekend than ruminate about what would happen, and she'd had more than enough of thinking. He could see it on her face: she wanted action. Specifically, she wanted the hardest, fastest, and deepest fuck he could give her.

The only problem was, he felt like he could cum any second. He said a little prayer, mostly to himself. Please let me hold out at least a little while. Let me give back just a little bit of all the incredible happiness she's given me. I love her so much! I've gotta do my best!

Then he pulled his hips back, and after a delightfully pregnant pause to savor the moment, thrust his cock back in. It was as if a dam suddenly broke, and within seconds he was pistoning in and out at a fast clip. But even more than going quickly, he made certain to pound her hard. He was in no mood for anything except a brutally straightforward and fast fuck. He slammed her hard into the bed. She had to grab the headboard as he propelled her backwards up the bed and into the wall. There was no way he could fuck her any harder without hurting her. With every deep thrust, he could feel the slightly spongy membrane of her cervix.

And with each hard, solid thrust, she gasped out loud in appreciation for her son's virility.

"YES!" she yelled, her eyes wide with pleasure. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fucking motherfucker! You're a fucking motherfucker! Ah! Fuck! Fuck me! Yes! Like that! Like that! So good! So hard! So hot! Fuck! YES! Aiiiiieeeee!" Susan screamed her head off.bender

He did too. Normally, he was pretty quiet during sex, but he let loose with incomprehensible grunts and moans that eventually turned into screams.

Less than five minutes after he had started fucking his mother, an unstoppable climax surged within him and then hit him with full force. His PC muscle could no more stop it than he could have stopped a tidal wave with his hands. It was a near miracle he'd lasted as long as he did, especially since she was cumming more or less continuously.

He held her tightly as he shot his wad deeply into her vagina. He'd always shot big loads, but this was the biggest load he'd ever unleashed, thanks to an entire weekend of abstinence and anticipation, not to mention the intensity of the moment.

Rope after rope fired from his throbbing boner until he almost began to laugh, because it seemed so completely improbable to have such a huge load. He practically flooded her entire vagina with his gooeey seed. It began to obscenely squish and ooze out around his hard-on with each subtle spasm.



All the while, Susan's body shook as if she was having a seizure. Her body completely lifted off the bed and came slamming back down onto it again. She arched her back and clawed the air, and still the cum kept coming.

She was as incredulous about the size of his load as he was. She could feel the surge of each cum blast travel up her son's dick and explode out of his dick head. It seemed that he seared her pussy with his hot cum. The sensation radiated outwards and warmed her entire body.

She cried, "Fuck! Cum! So much! So much! Cum! Fuck! God! Fuck! Good! Too much cum! Oh no! God! Oh! FUUUUUCK!"

The high point of a climax is so intense that the French very aptly call an orgasm a "little death." But the peak is also typically very short, and often seems to be over as soon as it began. But not with this fuck. The peak of their mutual climax went on and on and on. Both of them lost all track of time. Time slowed down for them, as if their lives were flashing before their eyes.

The sensations were more than he could bear. The last thing he remembered was fighting the feeling that he was going to pass out. Then, he felt himself falling, and realized the peak was over and his body was slamming down onto his mother as if he was ending a push up exercise. He had completely lost all sense of self as he entered a very magical, transcendent state.

Then he fell on top of her with a hard thud. In fact, both them would have passed out had it not been for all the adrenaline pumping through them. For some time afterwards, their bodies continued to surge with energy even while their spirits were utterly exhausted. They just lay with each other, breathing heavily.

Eventually, he came to enough to lift his head a bit and look her in the eye.

She stared back from a few inches away with the deep and unconditional love that only a mother can give. They both smiled at each other.

He playfully rubbed the tip of his nose against the tip of her nose before he collapsed back down and rested his head above her shoulder.

There was more exhausted heavy breathing. Their bodies rose and fell together in perfect time. There really was no need to say anything, for they understood each other so well.

He stated the obvious, "Oh Mom! God... I'm really a motherfucker now. I've fucked you. I've really done it. So good." He dripped with sweat from just a few minutes of exertion.

He managed to lift his head enough to look her in the face, and saw tears streaming from her eyes. This greatly puzzled him, especially since she also was smiling from ear to ear. "Mommy, you're crying."

"They're tears of joy, Son. I've never been so happy in my life!"

That made him feel happy beyond description.

She thought to herself, So this is what real fucking is like. If he only knew, he'd be surprised to know he just deflowered his own virgin mother. Sure, I've had sex before, but that was with my sorry husband. That wasn't fucking. THIS was fucking! It's really like a completely new experience! Oh, and the love! I could feel his love pouring through me, and sense him enveloping me, holding me. I've never felt so loved!

She felt unable to put her profound feelings into words, and just turned her head and looked at him again, and smiled. They stayed like that for a while. Finally, exhaustion caused her head to loll to the other side and they broke eye contact.

As his mind began to clear more and more, he discovered to his surprise that his penis was actually semi-hard and still in the warm liquid world of his mother's vagina.

He lifted up enough to finally pull his T-shirt off. He looked at his green shirt and thought, That one goes in the T-shirt hall of fame: the shirt I fucked my mom in.

He decided to get up and get glasses of water for them both. But before he left the bed, he paused, and with a silly grin on his face, said, "Wham, bam, thank you, Mom."

She punched him lightly in the arm. "I'll bet you've been waiting weeks to say that."

"Months, actually." They both laughed.

He began to withdraw his penis as he moved to get up.

But she suddenly revived and grabbed him by his upper arms. "Tiger, please don't take it out. Don't leave me. Just fuck me more. Fuck me until I pass out. Fuck me until I die. Just fuck me!" With surprising strength, she pulled her son back on top of her sweaty body with so much force that he was helpless to resist her pull.

"Mommy. You... can't be serious. I have to rest. Catch my breath. I'm thirsty. Gonna get some water."

Alan and Susan still panted, though by now they were taking longer and slower breaths.

"No you don't," she told him firmly. She spoke in choppy sentences as she needed air too. "Don't take it out. I know you well. You're the great cunt tamer. You've just tamed your mother's cunt. And now it needs you! Do you realize I'm fully tamed now? That means so much to me! You're going to stay hard. So hard. Stay hard for your mother. Don't even take it out. Just keep pushing and it'll be hard. Stay hard. Fuck me now. Fuck me forever. Please! Take me, completely! Don't ever stop! Fuck your mother!"

Although their fuck was quite brief, especially by his recent standards, it was so intense he felt like he'd really just run a marathon. He couldn't imagine that he could possibly get hard again quickly, much less conjure up the energy to fuck again as soon as she wanted it.

In fact, he'd just been wondering how he'd even be able to stand up to get a drink. But his mother's words went straight past his brain and directly to his dick and motherfucking muscles. His body revived fairly quickly, but his mind only realized it after the fact. Oh my God! I'm hard again, and my hips are starting to thrust again! This is too much!

Chapter 946 Fun With Susan Continued

Alan resumed his thrusting, or more accurately, his mind caught up to the fact that he was already thrusting and he started doing it more consciously.

Susan brought her feet up and curled her legs around his back. "That's it," she purred. "Tame me even more."

"What's up with this taming stuff? You're so big on that word."

She chuckled gleefully. Tears of joy were still pouring down her cheeks. She mumbled while getting back into the rhythm of their mutual thrusting, "Son, you're not just my son, you're my master. My OWNER. Master of the harem. Lord and master. Big-titted babe tamer. My love. My son!"

She began bouncing her hips, helping his semi-erect penis slide in and out more effectively and pleurably. She'd gushed so copiously in the first fuck that her tunnel now had a different feel - slicker and very squishy. She whimpered and purred as she felt her son's dick churn their combined love juices around inside of her, creating delightful pressures in places she'd never felt before.

Their pace changed, too. Both of them wanted to go slow and really enjoy this one.

Alan thought back to his secret training session with Suzanne on Thursday, and decided it was time to start using what he'd learned. He naturally focused on what Suzanne said was the most important lesson: making a woman cum as many times as possible is certainly appreciated, but far better is delaying the woman's orgasm until it builds up to something huge. From the way he'd gotten Suzanne to pant and scream in desperation that day, he knew that this was very good advice.

Since they were going relatively slowly, he could still talk coherently. He asked, "Really. What's this about 'taming' that you love so much?"

"Tiger, you don't know, you can't know what it's like to lose all control. To feel completely helpless. To be an absolute slave to my son! I feel so... liberated! The more you tame me, the more free I feel!"

"Free?" He thought of the slogan "Freedom is slavery" in George Orwell's book 1984, and then realized that was a pretty heavy thought to have in the middle of fucking his mother.

"Yes! Free! Free of worry. Free of guilt. Free of doubt. All I have to do is SERVE! Serve your great big fat cock! Does it get any better than that?!"

Judging by the ecstatic look on her face, he doubted she could feel any better. But her words confirmed his thought that he could really get her off by making her feel even more helpless. "Mommy, I want you to tell me this time when you think you're getting close to cumming. And I don't want you to cum without my permission. You got that?"

"Yes, my lovely motherfucker."

"God, shivers shoot down my spine when you say that."

"I know! Me too! Around this house, 'motherfucker' will no longer be an insult, but instead will be the highest compliment." She wiped her face clean of tears now that she'd stopped crying.

"How true." He paused in his fucking for a short rest and asked, "So, do you have any regrets that we waited this long?" He wiped the sweat rolling down his face.

"Let's see..." She waited to answer as if she was lost deep in thought. But then she broke into a big smile and shouted, "FUCK YEAH!"

"Yeah? You have regrets?" He frowned.

"Hell, yeah!" she replied while thrusting her hips upward at him. "My regret is you should have started fucking me months ago. Years ago! Don't ruin the moment by reminding me of all those years we could have loved each other this way. I was such a sorry, prudish woman!"

"But what about all your doubts and worries from before? Don't you remember how torn you were? Why, it wasn't that long ago when you felt compelled to see a psychologist. We're so lucky it happened to be Xania, but still..."

She waved the words away even as she wiggled her hips in a continuing effort to jump start his fucking again. "FUCK doubts and worries! I'm sure you would have fucked them right out of me, just like you're

doing right now. I keep telling you, we need to see more of the bad Alan. Just take what's yours! We can have more of the nice Alan AFTER you've filled our pussies, asses, and tummies to the brim with your cum. Don't you understand that all of us have a deep, primal need to be fucked hard and deep by a REAL MAN like you? And speaking of the bad Alan, I'd like to see a little more of him and a little less talking right now. Get medieval on my ass!"

He smiled, happy that she was as guilt-free as he was. He'd felt some guilt over incest when he first started fucking Katherine, but those feelings were long gone. He resumed his fucking with renewed vigor. He pushed his cock inside her as far as it could go, reveling in the heated sensation of their crotches rubbing together.

Suddenly, Susan looked at him with concern. "You realize that what we're doing is very, very wrong, don't you?"

He paused in his thrusting, and then said very seriously, "Yes." He resumed his fucking.

She whooped with delight. "That's the bad Alan I'm looking for!"

His erection got in a really good rhythm, and he fucked with long, slow, confident strokes, while she fucked back with her hips. He had worried all weekend that he might not be up for the occasion and fail to give his mother the fucking she deserved, but those worries were long gone after the intense fuck they'd just shared. In fact, he already felt completely at ease, as if they had been fucking for years.

As his body worked literally like a well-oiled machine, his mind began a more extended contemplation. So this is it. This is what it's like to fuck your own mother. Actually, it's not that different from fucking anyone else. I guess on some level, a fuck is a fuck is a fuck. What makes it so special is the love. I can't say I love Mom more than anyone else, because that would be unfair to Sis and Aunt Suzy, and now even Amy. But there's a special love. I mean, she's my mom! Nothing else beats this. The sensation of making her feel good is so indescribably joyous, and she's on cloud nine right now. I'm the one who made her feel that good! With every thrust, she's enjoying it more and more. We're just going to have to fuck every day for the rest of our lives. That's all there is to it!

Meanwhile, a strange thing was happening to Susan. She found her body so in tune with her son's that it was like she didn't control it anymore. It seemed as if some greater force had taken control of both of their bodies and moved them about to create maximum pleasure. Every touch, every affectionate peck, every move, seemed perfectly placed and perfectly timed.

As she did so often lately, the more love and joy she felt, the more she wanted to serve and pleasure others. She moaned, "Fill me... Fill me. Pound me. Own me! Use me! Impale your slave! Your willing, wanton sex slave. Make me worship your big motherfucking cock! Do it. Do it to me! Fuck me, Son. Fuck your mother! You dirty motherfucker! So nasty! Nasty, nasty, you nasty man! Fuck your slave mommy!" (Her admonitions not to use the word "slave" were completely forgotten in the thrill of the moment.)

Surprisingly, he interrupted her. "No, Mom. You're not the slave. I'M the slave! I want to be your slave and live to make you happy."

"Oh baby, that's so sweet," gasping with each thrust. "But you're WRONG! I'm the slave!" It was a real challenge to talk with the way Alan was pummeling her, but she just had to make her feelings known.

"No, I am!" He emphasized his point with a sudden, powerful thrust that made her body move up towards the headboard.bender

"I am! Dammit!" she growled as she pushed her hips back up at him just as forcefully, causing his legs to fly up off of her ever so briefly.

They both broke into laughter, forcing him to slow his fucking as the laughing caused him to completely lose his breath. But he didn't hesitate for long.

She took advantage of his reduced pace to gasp out, "You realize you've truly tamed your mommy's cunt?"

"What does that mean? Do I get a prize?" He still didn't understand all this taming talk of hers. Extremely loud slurping sounds coming from the meeting of their groins showed that he picked up the pace again.

"Yes you do. Me. You own me now. You own my mouth and breasts and ass already; and now you own my cunt too. Oh! Ah! How does it feel to add your mommy's cunt to your growing ... OOH! Good Lord! ... cunt collection? I'm so proud to be in your sexy harem. But more than that, you own my heart. I love you, Son. More than you'll ever know. YES!"

"I know, Mom, I know! I love you just as much."

"I know you do! AAH! ... Please call me 'mommy.'"

"Oops. Sorry, Mommy. Old habits die hard." Modesty prevented him from saying so out loud, but he found Susan's talk of a "cunt collection" and "sexy harem" very arousing. But he thought, My "sexy harem" begins and ends with Mom. As much as I love the others, and I really do, she's the one I would have the hardest time doing without.

He tried to imagine life without his mother, and shuddered. I don't even want to think about that!

Gradually, imperceptibly, their fucking sped up. Many long minutes passed before there was a noticeable change. She had been too excited during their first fuck to think about pussy squeezing, but now she very ably gave his dick a squeeze with every thrust. She wasn't quite up to Suzanne's skill level yet, but she'd been practicing on dildos and had a good grasp on what to do.

#### Chapter 947 Fun With Susan - Final

After a while, Alan realized he hadn't been paying her huge and very sensitive breasts the attention they deserved. He bent down a bit and licked her nipples while his hips continued their thrusting.

This naturally sent new electric shocks of pleasure through Susan's body. Her nipples were as sensitive as she said they were. But more than that, she was excited by the prospect of lactating for her son. She pushed her tits together with both hands and said, "My breasts! Oh, my son! Please suck on them! My nipples. I want you to suck on them for a very long time!"

"Your wish is my command, my mistress." He gladly began sucking. He enjoyed sucking on her nipples more than any other woman's, because it was always such a big emotional deal for her.

"Stop that!" she complained between moans. "I don't EVER want to hear you call me 'mistress' again, you got that? Not only is it wrong, it's a big turn-off. It makes me so happy to know that you're the one in command. Take charge of your mother's cunt, tits, and ass, and RULE them! Master them! Own them! FUCK THEM!"bender



"M'kay," he answered absent-mindedly, not as a conscious imitation of Amy, but because he could only mumble with the way he was suckling at her nipple. He seemed to be trying to vacuum it right off her breast. And, still, all the while, their fucking continued and slowly picked up speed.

"The other one, my son, don't forget the other nipple. She needs you too. Mmmm! ... My tits and my cunt, so happy at the same time. This is the best I've ever felt, Tiger! The absolute best!"

He switched sides to suck on her left nipple for a while, then went back to her right. He could feel a buzz of excitement growing in her body even above the already high thrill caused by their fucking. He didn't know that she was beside herself with anticipation, waiting for her milk to flow into his mouth. They were reaching the point where they were too excited and breathless to talk. But both of them made up for that with unrestrained grunting and moaning.

Then it happened. He felt a few drops of liquid squirt into his mouth. He was so surprised by this that he didn't know what it was at first. He assumed it was sweat or cum. They were both very sweaty by now, and his or her hands could have carried some of the cum from his recent massive blast up to her chest. But he rolled the drops around on his tongue and realized there was a weak, sweet milky taste. He sucked even more intently, but it seemed no more milk was coming out. So he paused and said, "Hey Mom. There's milk-"

He couldn't even get to the word "here," because she exploded in a tremendous orgasm. When she felt the drops squeeze out she knew she'd lose control for sure, but she held her climax back with all her might until she knew that he knew.

As she let the orgasm rip with a great cry, he urgently went to the other nipple and sucked it hard. Luckily, the milk came out that very instant, at the same time that her climax was still overwhelming her. She was amazed how good the actual release of milk felt. It felt like her breasts were both having massive orgasms too. She hadn't felt anything like that in all the hours of lactation "practice" she'd had in recent days.

He had to stop thrusting for a while, because he didn't want to cum just yet. But with the way her pussy clenched him spasmodically in her climax, it was a wild ride of a struggle as he used his PC muscle to fight the climax off with all his might.

Then a second trick Suzanne taught him came in handy. He grabbed his erection by the base and squeezed it in a certain way that was designed to hold off climax. To his surprise, it actually worked.

But still he had to rest for a bit, because he was on a hair trigger. He pulled his hard-on out of her tight sheath.

She had no objection to a short break, as she was so wiped out from her lactation climax.

He thought, Man, I thought I had good climax control, but with this new trick, this is just unreal! I can practically delay cumming forever! Sure, it's frustrating and painful as hell, but it's so worth it! And my mom! She's lactating? That's so amazingly crazy! This just gets better and better every minute!

While they paused and recovered, she looked her son in the eye and said, "So now you know. My big secret. I've been working on getting my tits ready... just for you."

"What, you mean that wasn't an accident?" He was going to bring up how Brenda accidentally lactated, but then thought better of it.

"No way, no how, Tiger! Within days, I hope to be spewing milk the way you spew cum. You're going to have to wear glasses when you fuck me, because squirts of milk will always be splashing in your face."

They both laughed at that amusing vision.

She added excitedly, "Oh, and what's great is that once my tits start to fill up with milk, they're gonna get big. They're gonna be HUGE!"

"Mom, they're already huge. Huge and perfect." He tenderly caressed and kissed them to help show his appreciation.

"Awww, you're so sweet. But wouldn't they be even better if they were one bra cup size bigger? Two, even?"

"Mom, you know, I don't measure the value of a woman by the size of her breasts, despite what some people tend to think around here. Big is nice, yes, but I actually like your breasts better than Brenda's."

"Really? Wow!" Susan was over the moon about that. Then she calmed down a bit and said, "I so very much want to give you my milk. Give it to the whole family, actually. It's a sign of my love to our new family but especially to you. Please don't say no? You'll break my heart if you do."

"How could I possibly say no and break your heart? I'm only here to serve you."

"Tiiiger," she growled in complaint.

"Oops. How 'bout if I say I'm here to make you happy?"

She ruffled his hair with tired fingers. "Better. But more domination, please."

He laughed. "Okay." Then an idea came to him. "Mom, I mean Mommy, you know, you've been very sneaky lately. Hiding this lactation from me. Not even asking me if that's what I wanted."

She frowned with worry. "I'm so sorry. I thought-"

"Ssssh. Since you've been bad, it's only right that you get punished." As he talked, he crawled up her body until he had his legs on either side of her head. He sat on her chest.

She assumed he was going to fuck her face as her "punishment." She smiled and eagerly opened her mouth.

But to her surprise, he held his erection in his hand and began slapped her cheeks and nose with it.

"You're cock whipping me!" she squealed as she realized what he was doing. "TIGER! I love it!"

He chuckled. "Don't you mean you hate it?"

She laughed. "Oh. Right. It's terrible! Never stop. Never ever stop!" She closed her eyes to luxuriate in the sensation of his dick slapping against her skin. "Show me who's who and what's what and just who's in charge around here."

"Firmly in charge," he joked as he "hit" her with his dick harder than usual. In fact, his "cock whips" were really more like "love taps," as he didn't want to abuse his over-worked penis any further.

But for her it was the thought that counted, and she loved it. In fact, she reached down to touch her clit, and climaxed again.

She opened her eyes and stared at him with burning lust. "You know one thing that's great about cock whipping?"

"What's that?"

"I love how it puts your cock in such close proximity to my mouth." She lashed out her tongue as his stiffness was passing over it to move from one cheek to another. That caused him to pause, and she took advantage by lunging her whole head forward and swallowing up his cockhead.

Her whole face beamed in triumph, causing him to laugh again.

But he said, "Very cute. However, we've been doing plenty of that lately. There's another hole I'd like to explore tonight."

"Whhnmm wonm ith dadth?"

She was slurping up and down with such gusto that he couldn't understand what she said. He mock-pouted, "I'll tell ya. The life of a harem master isn't all it's cracked up to be. I never seem to be able to stick my cock in the right hole."

That didn't get much reaction except an especially happy look as she continued to suck.

Seeing that he might be able to get to change holes by getting her to talk, he said with increasing enthusiasm, "I do like the lactation idea, though. Now, it won't be enough for you to constantly suck my cock, spread your legs for me so I can fuck the latest addition to my cunt collection, or bend over and pull open your ass cheeks wide enough so I can stretch and ravish your butthole with my mommy-splitter! Oh no, that's not enough for me! Now you're going to have to give up your milk whenever I want it! How's that?"

"Oh, so good! I love it!" She arched her back as her body shivered with pleasure all over.

"What? What was that?" He pulled his dick all the way out of her mouth so she could respond.

"I think I just had a mini-climax thanks to what you said. But don't just sit there. Take complete control of your helpless mother. Fuck me good! Again! Since you're such a meanie and won't let me suck, let's continue where we left off before your wonderful cock whipping. You were just starting to really plow me hard."

"Okay, but Mommy, I specifically said you should tell me when you're about to cum. You obviously didn't do that. You're cumming all over the place, right and left."

"Oops. I truly forgot. You're just going to have to show me who's boss around here and tame me with that big, tasty, cum-filled cock. Punish me with a good, hard fucking!"

"Mom, you're so weird. But a good weird. An extremely excellent weird!"

They giggled with absolute glee, and then went back to their fucking. Sure enough, they continued where they left off.

"So, you're happy with my lactating?" Susan asked to be sure, between hard thrusts.

Alan nodded enthusiastically, licking her nipples as his hips rose and fell rapidly. "Totally. It's great."

"I would have asked you first, but I wanted it to be a surprise. It's kind of an all or nothing thing. My nipples will have to be drained many times a day for months, if not years, to come."

"Mommy, that's like my definition of Nirvana."

"Oh, I'm so happy! Fuck me harder! Fuck me good! Fuck my milk right out of me! Fuck your milky sex cow mommy!"

He let out a great laugh and really plowed into her. He was more amused than aroused at her sex cow concept, but since it made her happy and horny, it made him happy.

They stopped talking and put all their energy into fucking. He fucked her with a vengeance. He pounded her just as fast and deep as their first time, but now he had more patience and stamina, and just kept slamming her.

She fucked back with just as much spirit, at least at first. But over time he overwhelmed her with his drive and energy. She felt like she would split in two, but she soon lost the ability to tell him that, as she screamed incoherently. The more helpless she became, the more she loved it.

She felt a bit bad that she couldn't please him with her pussy squeezes as skillfully and as long as she knew Suzanne could. But on the other hand, the idea that her son was overwhelming her and really taming her with his cock was such a huge turn-on that she nearly fainted just from that idea alone. Despite her fresh promise not to cum without his permission, she came again.

He pounded, steadily, steadily, like a piston in a giant machine. Their first mutual climax had been intense, but the second one promised to be much more. They built up to a higher and higher plateau, until he could take no more. He lifted his head and looked right into her eyes with a great intensity.

She gave a look back that told him she was ready for a great climax. That earlier feeling that their bodies were in sync hadn't abated. In fact, the sensation only grew. It seemed that there was a magic in the air. They weren't just fucking, they were connecting to each other on a very deep level at the same time. Unconditional love flowed between them in their every touch, look, and thought.

He began to get the strangest feeling. It was more than an orgasm in his penis - it was an incredible feeling all over his body. He was having a whole body orgasm, something few people ever experience.

She felt the exact same thing at the exact same time.

Most people don't even know that something called a whole body orgasm exists, but it does. It's a completely different experience than a typical orgasm, and to describe it to someone who's never felt one is like trying to describe what fucking is to a virgin. But suffice to say the name is very accurate: one feels an orgasm all over the body.

A wonderful feeling covered Alan and Susan from the top of their heads to the tips of their toes. It was pure sexual ecstasy like neither of them had ever felt, which was saying a lot given all their fun in recent weeks, but it was also much more. They shared a deep spiritual communion, as if their two beings were as one. For one magical, transcendent moment, it seemed that time stopped and they were together in eternity.

But then, suddenly, the moment was over and they were back on Earth, sweating and gasping for air. Now they were "merely" experiencing the joys of a typical orgasm. There was still a residual glow and tingling sensation from the whole body orgasm, though.

He was still backed up with a tremendous amount of cum, and shot rope after rope after rope into her vagina. His felt as if his balls were the size of coconuts, unloading gallons of sperm and cum into his mother's waiting womb. There were more than a dozen ropes in all.

They cried and screamed and held on to each other for dear life. It was as if the whole body orgasm was the eye of the storm and now they were back in the middle of a hurricane of sexual fervor.

She thrashed about, jerking and writhing like a rag doll being thrown around the room. Alan, too, seemed barely able to control his own body, but he grabbed her by her sides and did his best to hang on.

Finally it was too much. Both of them collapsed and passed out.

## Chapter 948 Suzanne, Brenda And Amy Have Some Fun

Suzanne, Amy, Katherine, and Susan had given considerable thought to preparations for Sunday evening's sex session, and that included extensive preparations for the non-participants. Thanks to some electricians willing to do a weekend rush job for extra overtime pay, Katherine's idea on Saturday morning to have video cameras installed in the house had become a reality by Sunday night.

So, while Alan and Susan fucked away, Suzanne, Amy, and Katherine sat in the basement watching the whole thing in real time on a video monitor. Brenda had been invited and was there too.

Although Suzanne told Brenda earlier in the day that she couldn't stay to watch Alan and Susan fuck, Brenda looked so dejected when she prepared to leave just before dinner that Suzanne relented and allowed her to come back after feeding Adrian. Although Brenda was in many respects still a stranger to the Plummers, she was rapidly becoming something like family. She knew how big a deal Alan and Susan fucking was, and she would have been very hurt to have been left out. She was happy just to serve the others food and drinks and so forth, and especially happy that that meant a lot of standing and walking around, since her ass was still on fire from the earlier spanking.

Xania, too, had been kept updated on everything happening in the Plummer house over the weekend through frequent phone calls and naturally wanted to be there too to watch. But she had her own task to perform that weekend, which was teaching Alan's friend Sean how to fuck. To her surprise, by the end of the weekend Sean was utterly exhausted but still didn't want to quit. He wanted to maximize every last moment with Xania because he doubted he'd ever be so lucky as to be with her or someone of her caliber of beauty and all around sexiness again. So Xania was too occupied with him to watch the Plummer house events in person.

Thus, Suzanne, Amy, and Katherine sat on a sofa and watched while Brenda ostensibly walked around and served their needs. In reality though, Brenda did a whole lot of watching the monitor and very little serving.

She wore a frilly French maid costume for the first time to give it a test run before wearing it in front of Alan. She loved it, despite its rather unusual purplish color. The top cut right across the middle of her nipples, leaving them completely exposed except on the rare occasions when she stood perfectly still. She loved that, too. Her newly bald pussy just barely peeked out of the bottom of her short skirt. She loved the fact that her pussy had been shaved bald, and especially the fact it was done without her having any say in the matter.



In short, she pretty much loved anything and everything that went on in the Plummer house.

The Plummer women didn't settle for any ordinary grainy convenience store type monitor; instead, they watched a crystal-clear digital image on a spare-no-expense high-definition wide-screen TV. The monitor had a remote control that allowed one to focus, zoom in and out, rotate the camera, and more. They actually had several cameras set up in Susan's room at different angles so they could switch views, though they could only watch one image at a time.

The end result was that they were able to experience the momentous fuck nearly as well as if they were standing in the room right next to the bed. They could zoom in close enough to count the beads of sweat rolling down their faces.

Unfortunately, that very level of clarity created a problem. Amy, Katherine, and Brenda loved the experience of watching. Amy and Katherine especially had their hands all over each other (needless to say, everyone was dressed in only the flimsiest of skimpy outfits). But Suzanne sat alone at the other end of the sofa, expertly controlling the remote, zooming in and out, but remaining quiet.

In fact, she was upset. The more she watched, the more upset she got. The problem was, she could so clearly see just what an incredible experience Alan and Susan were having. Even little things like the start of Susan's lactation bothered her. She had been unselfishly happy for Susan on this until recently, but now all she could think of was the fact that soon her own breasts would be smaller than Susan's. She repeatedly thought back to her own first real fuck with Alan (not counting her "Elle" misadventure and other technical penetrations). She knew it had been a great fuck, even an incredible fuck. But clearly the fuck she was watching now was on a whole different level yet again. That made her feel like a second-rate fuck, in spite of her superior sexual knowledge and experience.

Then they came to the whole body orgasm. Everyone watched it with awe. There aren't many outward signs of a whole body orgasm, but thanks to the quality digital image and large zoom, there were enough clues for the spectators to realize that something much more than a really great orgasm had transpired.

After the two lovers had passed out in Susan's bed, Amy asked no one in particular, "What was THAT?!"

Suzanne replied in a weary voice, "I believe that was a whole body orgasm. I've never experienced one, though God knows I've tried. I even took some classes in the Indian practice of Tantric sex, but I didn't have a stable partner at the time, so I didn't get very far with it. Of course, my HUSBAND knew nothing about it." She seemed on the verge of bitter tears as she remembered her many loveless affairs and the

fact that her marriage was so bad she couldn't think about taking sex classes with her husband, even many years ago.

"But what IS it?" Amy persisted.

Suzanne sighed. "It's hard to explain, Honey Pie. Just know that it's possibly the greatest feeling you ever can experience. Some people study and practice for years and never get one. For other people it happens by accident. Like Susan and Alan here. If it wasn't that, then it was something like it. Some kind of super orgasm. Did you see the way their eyes practically bugged out of their heads?"

Katherine got up. "Wow. That is soooo cool. Someone should tell them, I'll bet they don't know." She ran out of the room and up the stairs to the ground floor.

In the grip of Katherine's excitement, she didn't notice how truly upset Suzanne was. But Amy was more closely attuned to the moods of her mother. She scooted down the sofa and gave Suzanne a friendly embrace. "What is it?" she asked, while soothingly stroking her mother's arm.

Suzanne stared ahead into the wall with a stoic expression. Long, quiet seconds passed. Then she turned to Amy and the bottled-up emotions came pouring out. She gushed, "He doesn't love me!" Then she broke down in tears.

Amy did her best to soothe and calm her mother, but seeing her cry was an extremely rare event, and she didn't know the best way to deal with it. She took the direct route, and while continuing to hug and soothingly stroke, she said what she wanted Suzanne to hear the most over and over: "He loves you. He does. He does. He really does. He loves you..."

That actually helped Suzanne a lot, even though she knew in her heart that Alan loved her. But she wanted to pout. She eventually stopped crying enough to say, "No he doesn't. He doesn't! Didn't you see the video? He loves Susan! That was amazing! He never did that to ME!" That started a whole new round of crying. She threw her arms around her daughter's neck as sobs wracked her whole body.

"Now, now," Amy consoled as if she was the parent and not the child. "Come on, Mother. He loves all of us. All of us. He was waiting for months to fuck Susan, so the whole thing built up and up and up. It was totally different with you. You weren't, like, this total prude to begin with. It's just different, that's all.

You'll have whatever they call it, the whole body thingy. You'll have that with him someday. I know it. We all will, because we all love each other so much." She stroked her mother's hair lovingly.

Suzanne kept crying, but not solely from sadness - she also cried for joy at the love and understanding coming from her daughter. Amy's consoling helped, but still not enough. Suzanne complained, "That's true, we do love each other, but that's not the point. The plain fact is, he loves Susan the most! He always will. There's nothing I can do about that. Nothing! I'll always be his mother, yes, but his SECOND mother." She sighed.

Amy looked at Suzanne right in the eye. "You know what, Mother? You're probably right. But you'll always be MY number one mother. Sure, maybe not all the love between each of us in this new family is totally, perfectly equal, but that's okay. When it comes to Alan, he's got such a big heart that there's room for all of us in there. His heart is like, I dunno, Space Mountain. Do you remember when we went to Disneyland and rode on Space Mountain? It's like a huge dark cave underground. You can zoom around in there forever! There's room for, like, bazillions of people down there!"

Suzanne had a really good laugh over the Space Mountain metaphor. But she could also see Amy's point. It's true. He does have a big heart. This multiple partners thing wouldn't work with most guys, but it works with him.

Amy continued, "Mother, here's the thing. Sure, you and him isn't the same as Susan and him. It's different. You two have a special thing going, a one-of-a-kind thing. It's awesome! Has any other man ever come close to loving you as much as Alan does? So quit measuring it on the love-o-meter, and just enjoy it. Don't let your pride keep demanding that you have to be number one at everything. You and Alan need each other. I know it!" She gave an extra tight hug.

Suzanne cried even more, but now it was all tears of joy. "Amy! My Honey Pie! I love you so much! You're so very, very right. Don't let go. Don't let go!" They continued their tight embrace.

Suzanne was strongly reminded of her conversation with Glory the day before. What Amy said to me just now is EXACTLY the same thing I said to Glory. I told her that she might not be number one in Alan's heart, but she still had a special place. They need each other. It's meant to be. It's exactly the same with me! It's so obvious, but my darling daughter has really opened my eyes. God, I'm learning so much this weekend. This is all too much!

Suzanne's thoughts turned naughty. However, there's one difference between this talk and previous mother daughter talks Amy and I have had over the years, hee-hee. We have all kinds of new ways to

comfort each other. "Honey Pie, thank you. I'm gonna kiss you till you beg me to stop." She ran her tongue across her daughter's lips and deep into her mouth.

Amy gave as good as she got and they twisted tongue tips together in the deep French kiss that they shared, as if they were wrestling with their tongues.

Suzanne felt her desire for Amy start to spiral out of control, but she couldn't stand to lose control and suddenly broke the kiss.

Brenda meanwhile had been standing beside them the whole time. She didn't feel like she was family enough to say anything, so she'd remained quiet. But she'd listened and watched intently and was profoundly moved. It seemed like she had a bottomless well of moisture inside of her, because her tears poured out of her as copiously as her pussy juice typically did. She was so moved that she couldn't keep quiet any longer. While Suzanne and Amy kissed, Brenda said between sobs, "That was... the most moving thing... I've ever seen... Good Lord, I love this family!"

Then, without consciously thinking about it, she bent down and hugged across both Amy and Suzanne at once. To everyone's surprise, Suzanne reached up, roughly grabbed Brenda, and pulled her down onto the sofa. The top-heavy sex slave came tumbling down over Amy and landed on top of her.

The next thing Amy and Brenda knew, Suzanne pounced on them both like a sexual tigress on a rampage.

All three of them were nearly nude to begin with (and Amy actually was nude), so they quickly got down to it. They practically attacked each other with a vengeance, so intense were their emotions. What little clothes they wore soon came off. Suzanne nearly ripped Brenda's maid outfit in half in her eagerness to get it off.

Brenda happened to wind up with her face in Suzanne's lap, so she stayed there, licking the pussy and clit in front of her as best she could under the circumstances. The three of them fell onto the floor and rolled around, and still Brenda stayed on target, focusing entirely on Suzanne's crotch. She'd felt so bad seeing the normally dominant Suzanne cry that she wanted to give her pleasure until all the sadness went away.

bender

Amy and Suzanne mostly went at each other.

Suzanne muttered, "Honey Pie, let's do each other right now! I have to admit that I was nearly as bad as Susan because I denied my feelings for you for years! But let's go all the way right now!" She redoubled her efforts on Amy, and in particular dove her mouth at her daughter's pussy.

But, to everyone's surprise, Amy pushed her away. "Mother, that sounds awesome, but we can't!"

"What are you talking about? We can do whatever we want now!"

Amy grew increasingly serious and still held her mother's body at bay. "I know. But we can't do it without the others! I want our first time together to be an event for everyone to see. Especially Alan. We don't even have video cameras in this room to record it."

Suzanne panted, "Quick! Let's go to the living room, then!"

"MoOOOOOOOOother! I want it to be special, like what Alan and Susan are doing." She looked up at the screen at the mother and son sleeping, bathed in candlelight. "Look at them. They're so in love. I wanna be like that with you, Mother. Right now, why don't we just work on Brenda?"

Brenda giggled giddily, "Little ol' me? You don't mean that!"

"Sure we do. Here, Mother. I'll take the pussy and you take the tits." Amy dove into Brenda's crotch with her tongue.

As Suzanne worked her hands and lips on Brenda's watermelons, she thought, Amy's right, of course. We do need to mark our first time as something special. We're the only real incestuous relationship, of genetically-related people, in this house. That shouldn't be treated lightly.

Why haven't I planned for something? I just lurch from one sexual encounter to the next, and I never PLAN any more! I used to be such a good schemer, but now I just do whatever my cunt tells me to do. I can hardly think straight with Sweetie's cock always on my mind.

Enough of that! Tomorrow is going to be MY day. Not only am I going to get Alan to fuck me for the first time in what seems like years already, but Amy and I are really going to do each other, now that this no orgasms vow is thankfully over. All that restraint over the weekend, and we haven't even told Alan about our sacrifice! I must really be getting stupid.

So Suzanne had to content herself with "merely" making love to Brenda instead of Amy. At least, that was the general idea. While Brenda generally remained sandwiched between mother and daughter, they managed to bypass her and kiss or fondle each other quite a lot.

They were all so emotionally worked up that it was the best lesbian sex the three of them had yet enjoyed together. Naturally, Brenda was especially delighted, as she generally remained the center of attention.

They no longer knew or cared what was showing on the video screen, and the sounds coming from Susan's room were completely drowned out by their out-of-control cries of passion.

True to Brenda's "screamer" nature, soon she was crying for joy at the top of her lungs. Amy was also a screamer, and proved that fact over and over. Before long Suzanne was rather wishing she'd brought a pair of earplugs, but it was only one minor annoyance to mar an otherwise incredible, orgasmic time.

It was sex - wild, orgiastic sex - that felt as if it went on forever. But more than sex, it was a strong bonding experience. Brenda was lucky to have been there, because she was literally sucked in and allowed to join in the love between a mother and her daughter. In a way, Suzanne and Amy made love to each other using Brenda's body as a medium.

Katherine had no idea what she missed.

Chapter 949 Why Don't We Give The Others A Show Really Worth Watching?

Back upstairs, Alan was the first one to wake up. He had no idea how much time had passed.

Susan still lay underneath him, looking lifeless.

He watched her for a while, admiring her beauty and treasuring all they'd shared. But he wanted her awake, so he shook her gently, "Mom, Mom, are you okay?"

She slowly came to, and opened her eyes. Her face showed a deep contentedness. She felt better than she'd ever felt in her life. She blinked at him and smiled lovingly for some moments. Then she spoke. "I'm soooo okay. That was the greatest. You killed me. You literally nearly killed me with joy. Did we both pass out? That was soooo good."

"We did. I don't- Hey! What are you doing?"

She'd scooted down, and was busy licking his penis and balls clean. "Just doing my motherly duty. I didn't get to clean you off after the very first time you fucked my cunt... Wow! I love saying that! Anyway, since I missed that, I need to do it twice as long now."

He asked with amusement, "Need?"

"Need," she said firmly as she licked his balls.

He chuckled, but he was very pleased with her dedication.

A minute or two later, he commented, "I wonder how long we both were sleeping here."

They heard another person's voice say, "About ten minutes."

It was Katherine.

The two of them turned towards the door to the room, and saw her standing in the doorway.

Alan had been in such a rush when he'd first come in that he hadn't even thought to close the door behind him.

Katherine added, "I'm sorry for watching, but I just couldn't help it. That was so intense." She was, perhaps surprisingly, still dressed. Less surprisingly, it was obvious she'd been masturbating, and was still at it. One hand reached up her dress and friggd her pussy; the other cupped and squeezed a tit. Unlike Suzanne, she didn't really have any jealousy issues at the moment. She was too happy to see Alan and Susan finally fully united.

"That's okay, Angel," Susan said kindly, while still licking Alan's balls. "I probably would have done the same." She knew all about the video monitor, of course, and didn't mind the loss of privacy.

Alan, though, was puzzled. "What? Have you been standing there watching the whole time? And where are the others?"

Katherine smiled naughtily. "Well, I've been watching the whole time, yes. Standing here, no."

Susan concluded her crotch "cleaning," sat up a bit, and exchanged a knowing look with Katherine. They both thought that now was as good a time as any to tell Alan about the new monitoring equipment.

"The fact is, Brother, I've been watching from another room on a secret monitor. We were all so excited about you finally fucking Mom that we just couldn't miss watching it, but we didn't want to actually breathe down your necks, so we set up some cameras." She gave a few nods towards a camera in the upper corner of the room, and then another in another corner. The camera lenses were hidden, but not that well hidden if you knew to look for them.

Alan was chagrined. "I see." He thought about it, and realized that he wasn't actually that bothered by it. Everything in this family is an open book already. Privacy is right out the window. I reckon things like sleeping alone or showering alone will soon be a thing of the past. So this is no biggie. In fact, it could be cool to watch other people fucking sometimes.

"Have you been recording all this?" he asked. He certainly hoped so, as he already wanted to see it from another perspective. He was hit by the strange thought of filing this videotape labeled "First Fuck with Mommy" next to other family videos with titles like "Alan's Junior Year Soccer Championship Game."bender

"Oh yeah," Katherine replied with an enthusiastic nod. "We have motion detectors so it'll automatically record any time there's any movement in the room. And it's all digital, so it's automatically saved and



labeled by date and time and room on a computer. That way we can make collections of our favorite moments and burn them onto discs."

"You really thought of everything. Between this and the lactation thing, people are just dropping all kind of surprises on me tonight. Do you have any more tricks up your sleeve?"

Katherine quickly thought and came to the honest conclusion, "No. Did you like all the candles?"

"Definitely! Thanks. Where are the others? Watching? Can they hear every word we're saying?"

"Yeah, they are. And they can. But I don't think they're paying attention. Do you hear that sound?"

The three of them stood still and listened, but the sounds were very weak since the basement was a long way off and behind a closed door.

Finally, Alan said, "Yeah, I guess I can hear something far off. Some thumping."

"That's them, Big Giraffe Neck Brother. They must have gotten pretty excited from watching, because it sounds like they're having a full-on wrestling match."

Suddenly, Katherine realized that there was one more secret kept from Alan: he didn't know about Brenda's new occupation as Plummer house slave. She said, "Oh, I do have one more secret for you now that I think about it, but now's not the time to reveal it. Is it, Mom?"

Susan knew exactly what Katherine was talking about, given the previous mentions of "the others." "No, Angel. Some other time. Tonight is a special time just for me and my Tiger." She kissed Alan on the nose affectionately.

Then she got on all fours on the bed and patted her naked and sweaty rump. "Speaking of which, I want to find out what doggy-style fucking is all about."

"You guys are too much," Alan said with admiration at their vigor. "This is so wild."

He got up behind his mother and positioned his erection over her pussy lips. He briefly considered an anal entry, but recalled a vow he'd made to himself on the hiking trail: tonight was for fucking his mother's pussy, and nothing but her pussy.

But before he could push in, there was something on Susan's mind, and she dropped it into the conversation. "Speaking of wild, Tiger, was that second time ... normal? Because if that's what real sex with non-gay men is like, I don't know how many times I could take it. No one's ever told me about THAT before!"

"No, Mom, that was most definitely not normal. I've never felt anything like that before either." He turned to his sister still frigging herself in the doorway. "Any ideas on what happened to us, Big Bazongas Sister?"

"Hey, Bro, What's with the name? I thought I was your little sister."

"I've decided that basing nicknames around your cunt, incredibly fuckable cunt though it may be, was a hopeless task. There just aren't enough words or metaphors for that part of the body. Whereas there's so much more tit slang, and you could use some more tit size confidence, though God only knows why since you have practically the biggest pair in school. Of course, when talking about such sizable assets, I can't put 'little' in front."

"Ah. Cool. I like it." She giggled. "Big Subway Sandwich Brother."

He laughed at that. "Anyways, back to this thing we felt. We're talking about a strange-"

Katherine interrupted, "No worries, I know all about it. Actually, I came up here to tell you what it was."

Alan's face showed puzzlement at how she could know.

She explained, "The video monitor, remember? It was like I was three inches from your face, the way Suzanne was zooming in. She says you had something called a whole body orgasm."

Susan recalled in awe, "I really thought I was going to die. Die from pure pleasure. I'm STILL tingling from that. Maybe making love to you really WILL cause me to go insane. Do you think we can do that again sometime?"

"I don't know, Mom. Maybe it's just a once-in-a-lifetime thing. After all, that was pretty much the climax of my sexual life. So far, anyways. I'm still all tingly too." His cockhead played around with Susan's pussy lips, mercilessly teasing them as he repeatedly seemed to start to enter her hole, but then he pulled back. "Pretty wild, huh? It felt like my whole body got charged up, and then all of it was cumming. I mean, I swear if my hair could have cum, it would have."

Susan grimaced with pleasure, but said firmly, "Well, I'm sure Suzanne will tell us all about it and how to do it again." She had great confidence in her best friend.

"Hey, Mommy, as for seeing if fucking will cause you to go insane, let's experiment with that a little more." He finally pushed his cock all the way in.

"Hnnnrrrggh!" Susan gasped. Her vagina swallowed him up and then began milking him. Alan wasn't the only one to get sexual advice from Suzanne, and Susan was eager to give vaginal squeezing her best shot, now that she'd tried it with some success a short while earlier.

Alan's eyes went wide with surprise at the wonderful things his mother was doing to his hard-on. He turned back towards Katherine, and said in a slightly bothered voice, "Sis, do you mind if we can be alone for a while?"

"Um, well, actually, would you mind if I watch in the flesh for a little bit? It sounds like they're throwing furniture around downstairs, and I'm not in that kind of mood. And you two look like you're having so much fun."

Susan turned her head back briefly towards her lover. She pointed out, "It's not like it's a big difference watching here, versus watching there." Secretly, she was bursting with joy to be finally fucking her son, and she was happy to show off in front of her daughter.

Alan nodded, but he asked Katherine, "But what if I don't want anyone to watch, sometimes? Did you wire the whole house or what?"

"Actually, only this room and the living room have been fully set up so far," Katherine replied honestly. With Brenda's first spanking in mind, she said, "We filmed a really cool session this afternoon that we'll have you watch later. But we want to do up the whole place, even the back yard. The electricians will be back tomorrow to do some more. We wanted to make sure you approved before we went all out. As for privacy, you see this new switch here next to the light switch? That turns the cameras off and on. Instant privacy."

Alan replied calmly as he casually and repeatedly slid his stiff erection in and out of his mother, "Wow. Cool. Sounds like you did go all out already. Hey Mommy, why don't we give the others a show really worth watching? What say we speed things up a bit?"

That got a big smile from her. "Anything you want, Tiger. Anyway you want to fuck me. Anywhere. Anytime. When you're sitting bored in school, I want you to think, 'I have a sexy, big-titted mommy at home, ready to spread her legs for me so I can pump her full of sperm, anytime, day or night.'"

He grunted with a deep thrust, "I do already, Mom, I do!"

"Goody! You're going so good, there's only one thing I need right now. I won't be happy until you fill my cunt with your love sperm. Even though you've already filled it to the brim so good already! Mmmm. Your juices and mine are spilling out everywhere, and no one's even enjoying the taste."

"MooooOOOOooooom!" It was Katherine, still at the door. "Did you have to say that? It's torture enough to only watch Brother fucking without being on the receiving end, but to point out that all that cum is just going to waste is cruel and unusual punishment!"

"Sorry," Susan chuckled while Alan grabbed her tits hanging down and started playing with them. "Ooh! My tits! What a great idea!"

Katherine started to leave. But then she turned around and spoke again. "Hey, wait. I know this is your moment and you two just want to be alone. But I have this really cool idea forming in my mind based on some stuff I heard you two say earlier. Can you two give me a free hand to do something creative? I promise it'll make your fucking twice as good as before. And it'll still be just the two of you fucking. I promise. It's just that I have this really great idea that I know you'll love."

Susan and Alan looked at each other again for confirmation.

Susan spoke for both of them. "Sure. Why not? We've got all night. I figure we're gonna do it so many different ways before the night is over that they're going to have to write a new Kama Sutra. Or even better, a Mama Sutra." She winked at her son and giggled.

Katherine jumped up and down with happiness, which caused her boobs to finally spill out of her top. "Okay! Cool. But I'm going to have to get some help for this. Can you two stay there and NOT fuck each other for a couple minutes? I'll be back as fast as I can."

"That's asking a whole lot, Big Dual Air Bags Sis," he said, again using his new breast-focused nickname system. "As you can see, Mommy's cunt already has me in a very lovely velvety grip, but she's doing this really great squeezey thing. It's like a constantly tightening velvet fist. I love that, Mommy! Did Mother teach you that?"

"She sure did," she replied proudly.

"Phew. Okay, Sis, I'll try to hold out for a while." He reluctantly pulled his wet pole out. But he let the tip of it gently rest against her labia and stroked her softly up and down her gushing slit.

"All right! I'll be right back!" Katherine ran off down the hallway, closing the door behind her.

Susan complained as she felt his dick go, "Wait, Tiger! Don't do THAT! Your ability to stop in mid-fuck is simply inhuman!"

Alan scooted down Susan's body. He joked, "Okay, I'll admit it. I'm not human. Did I ever tell you I'm actually from the planet Orgasmitron? That's why I fuck so well. My secret mission has been to pretend to be a human, find the most beautiful and wonderful woman on Earth, and bend her mind with insanely fun fucks."

Susan laughed. "You're such a flatterer. But that would explain a lot of things. For instance, I imagine boys don't clean their rooms on Orgasmitron. They have their naked big-titted mommies do it."

"No, they don't. Dish washing for boys is very heavily frowned upon there, too." He slowly licked and stroked his way down her backside. "The tradition is, after dinner, boys lean back in their chairs and have their mommies suck them off."

"Sounds like my kind of planet!" she joked. When they'd stopped laughing, she asked, "So what do you Orgasmitroids, or whatever you're called, hope to achieve when you finish your mission?"

"I have no idea what our Great Leader gets out of it; I just know I love to fuck. At least it beats our last mission of giving anal probes to random country yokels. By the way Mommy, did you know Orgasmitroids have twelve-inch long tongues? I know just the way to pass the time until Sis gets back. I haven't gone down on you nearly enough."

"Hold it right there, buster. I'd love to feel your tongue rooting in my snatch a lot more often, but what about a little thing called a sixty-nine? You expect me to just sit here while you're having all the fun without putting my favorite pacifier in my mouth? Even if it is connected to a space alien."

Alan chuckled. "Okay. A sixty-nine it is."

#### Chapter 950 Having Fun With Susan

Alan and Susan lapped away at each other quite contentedly for some time.

Katherine was gone at least five minutes, if not ten.

That gave Susan a welcome excuse to vary her fucking with a little cocksucking (as if she'd ever needed an excuse).

Alan, too, delighted in tonguing his mother's cream pie flavored pussy lips. He wondered why he didn't go down on women more often. Sixty-nines especially were disappointingly uncommon, he thought.

Suddenly, the door to the room burst wide open. Suzanne and Katherine stood there, looking very serious.

Suzanne seemed positively livid, but it wasn't because of her earlier issues. Thanks mostly to Amy, she felt much better about herself and the whole Susan and Alan situation. Her look was really just an act, a part of Katherine's plan.

Suzanne marched into the room and announced, "Hold it right there, you two! What do you think you're doing? We heard what happened here earlier, and we can't let your crime go unpunished!"

"What crime?" Alan and Susan asked in unison. The stunned and confused look on their cum-soaked faces was priceless.

"You know very well, Big Brother," Katherine said, marching up next to Suzanne and speaking in the same authoritative style. "You commanded your mother not to cum until you gave her permission, and she repeatedly disobeyed your orders. The evidence is dripping down her thighs! Mom, you've been tried by this court and found guilty of illegal cumming!"

Susan laughed. "Illegal cumming.' What's that?"

"This is no laughing matter," Suzanne said severely. "It's a capital offense. The only possible punishment is death. Alan will administer the sentence. Death by fucking! Quick, daughter, grab her before she gets away."

Katherine and Suzanne rushed to the bed.

Alan could see a fun game was afoot and got out of the way.

Katherine grabbed both of her mother's arms, while Suzanne went to the other side of the bed and grabbed her legs.

Suddenly, Susan and Alan could see what this was about. Susan was always talking about how much she loved being controlled, but she'd never gone very far with it. Now she would get the chance.

Katherine tossed Alan a blindfold, and then went back to pinning her mother down. "Here, Bro. Put the blindfold on and then grab the rope I brought. You're going to have to tie her up while we hold her down."

"Tie me up? Oh God!" Susan was already aroused from the sixty-nine, but got a lot wetter after hearing that. To keep up pretenses, she tried her best to struggle as Suzanne and Katherine held her down. She hoped it would look like struggling and not the happy squirming that it really was.

Alan could see how this role-play was exciting Susan, not to mention himself, and played right along. As he put the blindfold on, he said, "I'm sorry Mommy. Looks like I'm going to have to rape you. I never imagined I'd rape my own mother, but then again I never imagined you'd cum in such a blatantly illegal fashion. And since you did it repeatedly, I'm going to have to rape you over and over again."

"Rape me? This is too much! My own son is going to rape me!" Susan twisted and wiggled in breathless, joyous anticipation even more enthusiastically. She was already having a hard time not cumming, but was more determined to follow his command on that now.

Alan just finished putting the blindfold on. "Look! She's trying to get away! Sis, Mother - new plan. You two will have to tie her up while I impale her and keep her pinned down with my cock."

The others just snickered and giggled at that while he pushed his turgid cock into his mother's extremely excited pussy. He made sure to stroke the slightly-ribbed tissue of her G-spot repeatedly with his cock-head as he penetrated her.

All the talk, the thought of ropes, and the feeling of her son pushing his boner in and starting to "rape" her were too much for Susan. She let out a great grunt, "Unnngh!" and came again. She tried her best to hide it, knowing it would get her in even more trouble, but there was no covering up. In case anyone missed the cause of her scream or her twitching, the priceless contorted expression on her face gave her away.

Suzanne crawled up behind Alan on the bed, pressing her giant pale melons into his back. She reached around his body and found Susan's clit. As she tweaked it, she said, "Mom number one, I'm so disappointed in you. It seems that you're only number one in disobeying your big-cocked son's orders."



Susan gasped, "Don't say that... with... the clit... and... the fucking..." Her hips bucked uncontrollably with excitement. "I can't help it! Too much!"

Alan knew Suzanne was up to something good, so he just kept fucking Susan while enjoying the sensations of Suzanne rubbing her body all over his backside. But most of Suzanne's attention was directed at Susan's clit.

A multiple orgasm ripped through Susan. She tried to stop it every inch of the way, but that only seemed to make it more intense and wonderful. She listened helplessly to the wet, slurpy, sucking sounds her pussy made as it wildly spasmed around her son's dick.

"What is wrong with this woman? Can't she understand a simple command?" Suzanne snickered, knowing that Susan was completely helpless against the double attack on her G-spot and clitoris.

But then Suzanne suddenly stopped and pulled away. She thought to herself, No. I'm enjoying this too much, and for all the wrong reasons. I'm feeding my jealousy by treating her like this. Plus, I'm starting to poach on Alan and turn this into a threesome. No. I should just let these two have their own fun tonight. We'll have thousands of nights for threesomes and moresomes in the years to come. She said, "Susan, we're going to give you another chance. Starting from this moment, no more cumming until your son and your master says so. Is that clear?"

"Yes! Yes!" She knew that Alan was fucking her good, driving in deep and hard with every thrust and making more cums likely, but luckily her body seemed to need a while to build up again to another one after her last great multiple orgasm. Normally her pussy would have been too sensitive to even be touched after so many cums, but tonight nothing could stop her in her sexual frenzy.

Katherine had taken it upon herself to tie Susan's wrists to ropes that went a short distance to the headboard. It was a difficult task given the way Susan thrashed around, but she was making progress. By now, she had Susan's legs bent at the knees on either side of Alan.

Suzanne took some of the rope and decided to bind Susan's upper leg to her lower leg, as that would be the easiest thing to do with all the sex going on. She began working on the right leg while keeping her boobs rubbing onto Alan's pistoning body whenever possible.

Alan kept vigorously pumping with a strong fuck-rhythm, greatly enjoying everything that was happening around him. He held both of Susan's upper arms firmly, which helped Katherine with her rope task and also increased Susan's sense of being fucked against her will. "Sorry, Mom. I'll admit that you were a pretty nice mom. It's going to be a real shame to have to fuck you to death." He chuckled. "You should have listened when I said to tell me before you started to cum. Maybe you can do better this time."

"I will! I will!" Susan was in awe at the sensation of being fucked while blindfolded. She felt completely helpless not being able to see, and she loved it. Over a series of thrusts, she somehow managed to gasp out, "In fact, ... I'm so excited ... and wet... I have to ... to warn you ... I'm about to cum ... cum again ... right now!"

Alan stopped thrusting immediately and pulled his cock out altogether.

"Noooooooo! Don't do that! I was so close!" Susan pulled against her restraints in an effort to get her son's hard-on back inside her willing pussy, but to no avail.

"That's the idea, Mom. Close, but no cigar. That's how I want you."

Katherine kidded, while working on the ropes, "Actually, I'd like to point out that it's much bigger than a cigar. More like a whole cigarette carton, minus the hard edges, of course. Brother's beef stick fits our pussies perfectly."

"Thanks, Big Penis Pillows Sister. What if I want a nautical metaphor for it? Got one of those?"

She smiled at his nickname for her. "Yes. I'm thinking of something that's maybe a little bigger than your cock, but it's definitely phallic in shape. But the kicker is the name fits so perfectly: a sperm whale!"

Everyone laughed at that.

But Alan tried to get serious quickly. "Very funny, Sis. Too funny. We're trying to scare Mom here. As I was saying, Mommy, you have now lost the power to cum. For now and forevermore, you are only allowed to cum when I say so, and I don't say so just yet. So no fucking for you."

"God, you're so cruel. Why? That's just mean." Inside, she rejoiced at her son taking firmer control of her.

"You'll see. We know what we're doing. Who's in charge here, you or me?"

"You are! Oh dear! Don't tell me in detail about how you're in charge and I'm forced to obey, or I'm liable to lose it. I can barely hold back from cumming as it is!"

"So, if I were to, say, lick your underarm, maybe that'll distract you from these sexy thoughts?"

"No, please! Don't do that either! That turns me on big time! How do you expect me to stop from cumming if you do that?"

"Well, what if I just drive hard into your hot muffin, splitting you in two with my throbbing cock?"

"NooooOOOOOooooo! I'd love it, but I'm gonna cum all over the place if you do that!"

"Mom, you're just going to have to be strong. If you cum, we'll give you punishments that'll make you very, very sorry you failed. I'm thinking of a real hard spanking, for starters."

"Oh no! Not that!" Susan wasn't protesting the spanking because she was alarmed by it. Rather, she recalled Brenda's spanking earlier in the day, and was so aroused by Brenda's treatment and the prospect of having Alan do it to her that, again, she nearly went over the edge. It seemed that anything he said or did was going to make her cum against her will.

Alan took a moment to survey the room. Katherine had finished tying Susan's arms to the bedposts and now sat in a chair by the bed recuperating and watching. Suzanne had finished Susan's right leg and was ready to start working on securing the left one.

He scooted down to the edge of the bed and sat up so he could admire the sight of his bound mother for the first time. Given the way she loved being "raped," he knew it certainly wouldn't be the last they played with this scenario.

Suzanne thoughtfully scooted away to give him an unimpeded view of Susan's wriggling body.

"That's perfect," he said appreciatively. "Just perfect. I wish I could take a picture of that. Hey, does anyone have a camera?"

Katherine pointed out, "No need. We can take very high quality stills from the digital video any time we want."

"Cool. Awesome idea, Sis. Hey, Mommy. How full is your cunt right now? If you've got any cum in there, let it out, 'cos we need to make room for more."

Susan muttered, "More?! Dear Lord, he's gonna bang me more!" Then she grunted and pushed, and a great quantity of cum poured out of her pussy lips. She could feel it pass out, and the realization of just how much there was got her excited all over again.

Katherine yelled, "Cream pie alert!" Based on her little experience with them so far, she felt she really loved cream pies. She would have attacked this new pile of tasty goo, but she knew Susan and Alan needed their space.

Susan could feel eyes upon her. She got so excited thinking about Alan, Suzanne, and Katherine all staring at her completely helpless body and especially her spread-eagled, wide open pussy, that she had to ask, "Quick, Son, what's that PC muscle trick of yours? How does it work? I need something like that."

Alan laughed. He scooted back up over her and idly fondled her impressive tits. "A little late to ask now. Anyways, I have no idea how such things work in a woman."

Suzanne said, "I do, but you can't learn it in five minutes. Tomorrow, we'll talk."

He turned to his sister, now masturbating in a chair next to the bed. "Hey, Big Tom-toms Sister, you've been pretty quiet this evening, all in all. What do you think of this motherfucking and everything?"

"Well, Big Stretch Limo Brother, I think it's fantastic! Now the circle is complete, and that makes me feel so good. In fact, look how good I'm doing right now!" She lifted up her legs until they pointed straight up

into the air. That raised her butt enough so Alan and Suzanne could see the free flow of pussy juices drenching her entire ass and the chair.

Alan laughed and joked, "I don't know, Sis. That looks pretty par for the course for a typical Plummer family evening, in my book."

She giggled. "Well, that's how it's going to be from now on. But I figure you two need your privacy, so I'm just trying to be a fly on the wall."

He was amused as he stroked his dick and stared at his sister's drenched pussy. "A sexy, madly masturbating fly on the wall, but yeah, I know what you mean. Thanks."

She kept her legs kicking up in the air and plunged her fingers back into her pussy and asshole.

He was sorely tempted to plunge his manhood into his sister's sopping wet pussy for a little while, but he reminded himself this was a night just for his mother. But he was too aroused just to sit there, and decided he had to fuck someone right away. He turned back and said, "Hey, Mom. Try thinking of something extremely unsexy, because I'm going back in."

"NooooOOOOoooo! Not yet! I'm so hot, so aroused! I'm on fire! I don't want to cum, I can't cum! I can't disobey you! Please, help me! God help me, somebody help me! I'm too close! Go easy! Please!" Her head thrashed from side to side, the blindfold tightly fastened around her eyes. Her body shivered in a near-climax.

He pushed his cock inside, but he just left it in there unmoving for the moment. He said to Suzanne, who had resumed securing Susan's other leg, "What do you think? You know better than I do when a woman is about to cum. Can I go on?"

Katherine hadn't been asked directly, but she volunteered, "Oh, I don't know. Maybe wait a minute or two with just some slow and easy fuck strokes. Keep her boiling with some passionate kisses. Lots of tongue action. Then really hammer her hard."

"NooooooOO-" Susan started to shriek.

But he cut her off with a kiss.

Unable to speak, she tried to nonverbally indicate that the plan was undoable and she would certainly cum in very short order if he kept going. But the only way she could show her opposition was by wiggling around, and that in and of itself set her on fire even more. Plus, given the fact that her son's cock was in her, all the wiggling made his fucking motion that much more deliciously arousing.

She soon realized that her wiggling was just making it harder to hold back her climax and went stiff as a board instead. But his kissing and slow fucking were just too passionate for her to remain still for long. She gave in to her emotions and sensuously writhed beneath him. Suzanne had just finished tying up her other leg, so Susan was able to thrash her legs around some, despite the fact that each leg was bent at the knee and tied to itself.

He suddenly stopped the kiss and pulled his erection out of her sopping slit.

"What?" Susan nearly yelled. "What'd you do that for? I was sooooo close! Right on the edge!"

He ran his fingers through her hairy dark brown bush and asked, "Do you want to cum or not?"

"Of course I want it! I need it! No. Wait. I mean, I don't want it. I'm holding back! Really I am. Put your long, thick mommy fucker back in me!"

"No. Obviously your willpower left you when you started to get all sexy on me down there, wiggling about. Not that you're not sexy every minute of the day, but you got even sexier. You practically made ME cum, too. No, this just isn't going to work." He got up off of the bed altogether.