

6 Times 981

Chapter 981 Spanking Brenda

Brenda had already had a busy day. She'd spent much of it making changes to her house. Actually, one could hardly call Brenda's residence a house; the only word to describe it was "mansion." It had twelve bedrooms, two swimming pools, a hot tub, a sauna, and much more, sprawled across a three-acre estate that was completely surrounded by a high wall.

In the morning, workers had installed a video surveillance system in her mansion similar to the one that had been partially installed in the Plummer house over the weekend. As per Suzanne's suggestion, Brenda had cameras installed to monitor every well-used room (most of the vast building was mothballed), then set up the controls to look at the output in an empty room next to her son Adrian's bedroom (she'd wanted to put in right in his bedroom, which was part of Suzanne's original suggestion, but Suzanne ultimately decided that was too obvious).

Further, and also on Suzanne's advice, Brenda had cameras secretly installed in her son's room, and then put the controls to monitor that output in a large walk-in closet connected to her bedroom. There were no cameras installed to monitor that closet so she'd be able to look into Adrian's bedroom in complete secrecy. In short, the system was designed so she could monitor him at any time, while he could monitor her without knowing that she knew he was doing so.

Suzanne came over to the Hunter house for about an hour earlier in the day and helped Brenda instruct the workers on what to install, and where. Then a portion of the work crew went back to the Plummer house with both buxom ladies, and Suzanne gave them more installation directions there (cameras had only been installed in two rooms over the weekend, so they had to do the rest of the house). The installation went surprisingly quickly since the cameras were completely battery powered and wireless.

After that, Suzanne and Brenda went back to the Plummer house. Suzanne spent most of her time with Susan, so Brenda was left alone to clean the house. Strangely, Brenda had no interest in keeping her own mansion clean and used maids to do that, but she got a deep satisfaction out of cleaning for the Plummers.

Susan was so tired or occupied talking to Suzanne that Brenda didn't see a lot of her. They didn't even have one of their usual talks about Alan (and especially Alan Junior) that always ended in satisfying climaxes for both of them.

However, not long before Suzanne was to drive Brenda home, she watched her wiping the windows in the kitchen for a minute and then commanded her, "Strip. It's time for your spanking."

"Yes, my mistress!" Brenda was delighted, as she hadn't been expecting a spanking at all. She took her clothes off as fast as her hands could manage.

Her only disappointment was that she knew Susan was napping (again - she'd been sleeping off and on all day), which meant that she wouldn't be there for the spanking. Brenda knew that Susan would have gotten tremendously excited from watching it and would have kept up a lewd commentary until all three of them were whipped up into a froth of orgasmic delight.

Brenda was also disappointed that Suzanne seemed a bit subdued and distracted. Suzanne even kept her clothes on because she was feeling pressed for time (although she pulled her dress up to keep Brenda from getting it wet with her copious sexual fluids).

But these were minor quibbles. For one thing, Brenda was high from lust even before it started if only because of the fact that Suzanne was doing it. She was in awe of Suzanne's power and authority. The very fact that Suzanne kept her clothes on was a big turn-on for Brenda because it made her feel that much more submissive and helpless to be lying across the lap of a fully dressed woman.

And while Suzanne wasn't on the same submissive wavelength as Susan and Brenda, she knew very well how to push Brenda's buttons, due to all her recent experience with Susan.

For instance, Brenda asked as the spanking started, "Why am I getting this spanking? What did I do?"

Suzanne simply replied in a dominating voice, "Because I say so."

Brenda's dripping pussy turned into a gushing flood as soon as she heard that.

Then Suzanne simply fondled Brenda for a while, pulling on one long nipple and then the other while running her other hand over her bare ass.

As she did that, she commented, "Look at you, Brenda. You're a grown woman. There's no doubt about that." She cupped one of Brenda's huge dangling boobs to emphasize that point. "You're a millionaire, a multi-millionaire in fact. You're smarter than most people realize, and of course you're very beautiful. And yet, here you are, lying naked across my lap like some naughty little girl getting punished for making a boo boo."

Brenda blushed at that, but shivered lustily.

Suzanne continued, "Despite all your money, you're completely powerless, aren't you? Any time I want, I can order you to strip naked just because I feel like it. I can spank your bare bubble butt to my heart's desire. I can order you to lick my pussy or my asshole any time, day or night. Can't I?"

"Yes, Mistress!" Suzanne's words were arousing her even more than her roaming caresses.

"But even I have a master, don't I? You have to obey him above all. What if you were walking across a courtyard in a busy shopping mall, full of people, and Alan sees you there and points to his crotch. What would you do?"

"I'd drop to my knees, unzip his fly, and suck him off, Mistress!"

"NO!" Unexpectedly, Suzanne slapped Brenda's ass with a single hard whack. Then she explained as she tenderly rubbed the spot she'd just turned pink, "Almost. You have the right idea, but first you pull your top down below your nipples, if not take all your clothes off altogether. Always suck him topless, always!" She emphasized that point with another hard slap on Brenda's other ass cheek.

"YES, Mistress, YES!" Brenda could picture the scene easily, with crowds of scandalized shoppers gathering round as she licked and sucked with every trick she had, hoping to make him cum before the mall security guards arrived. She pictured dozens of hard erections in every direction as every gawking man, and quite a few of the women, stood in awe of her mammoth tits and total cocksucking obedience.

She didn't know if Suzanne really meant it or if she was just saying that to arouse, but she rather hoped that she meant it.

Suzanne could see Brenda's body was wiggling about more than before, and her moans were getting louder. She momentarily paused her nipple pulling to bring that hand up to Brenda's mouth. "Looks like my little scenario has gotten you hot for cock, hasn't it? You're wishing you really were at the mall, sucking on his fat one in front of a lot of strangers, aren't you?"

Brenda nodded in frantic agreement.

"Here." Suzanne stuffed four clumped together fingers into Brenda's mouth. "Unfortunately, my Sweetie isn't here now, so that'll have to hold you for a while." She pumped her fingers in and out of Brenda's eager mouth for a couple of minutes while playing with Brenda's pussy lips and clit with her other hand.

The anticipation built up and up and up. Brenda knew that Suzanne could start the spanking in earnest at any moment, and her body craved Suzanne's firm hand so much that her whole body writhed in Suzanne's lap and her legs kicked up in the air.

Knowing that Brenda was putty in her hands, Suzanne asked a rather obvious question, just to further arouse her. "So, are you Alan's slave now?"

"YES!" Brenda shouted, even before Suzanne had quite finished the sentence.

"Hold on, not so fast." Suzanne stopped kneading Brenda's left ass cheek and plunged two fingers into Brenda's hot, soaked box. "I don't just mean a playing around when you're having sex kind of slave, I mean a REAL slave. I mean total submission. I mean, if he wants to keep you naked and in chains twenty-four hours a day, your only reply would be 'Yes, Master.'"

"AAAIIEEE!" Brenda found that idea so appealing that her whole body started bucking like a bronco over Suzanne's lap. A great orgasm washed over her. But even before her body started to recover from that, Suzanne's hand flew down and the spanking began.

Suzanne knew she had Brenda exactly where she wanted her now. Her hands alternated between pulling on Brenda's nipples, pumping in and out of Brenda's pussy, and raining down more slaps onto Brenda's wide bubble butt. She could keep her in a pretty much constant state of arousal and repeated orgasms for as long as she wanted.

Naturally, Brenda loved that, even as she half seriously worried that she might orgasm to death.

Her disappointment came when Suzanne stopped after only ten or fifteen spanks. She was hoping there would be at least fifty, if not 100 or more.

"Awww," Brenda whimpered, once Suzanne's hands stopped moving. "Is that all? Don't stop. Please! Please, don't stop!"

"Sorry," Suzanne replied, "but I just realized that you're messing up my clothes. Even after I pulled up my dress, you're flooding everywhere! You're so cute and feminine looking, but you sweat like a pig. You're gonna ruin the carpet and the sofa, and more. Besides, it's time to take you back home."

"NoooOOOOoooo!" Brenda whined like a spoiled little brat. She panted between labored breaths, "Tell me more... about... my master... Slave... Chains... Master Alan... Slave... In chains..."

Suzanne resumed fondling Brenda's dangling tits, despite her intention to get going already. "You want Master Alan to enslave you with iron chains? Maybe some shackles around your ankles and wrists? Maybe even a heavy iron collar around your neck? Would you like him to bend you over and fuck you doggy-style like that? Like you're some kind of slave on an ancient sailing ship?"

Brenda was so excited that she couldn't answer - she was doing all she could not to hyperventilate. She had a crystal clear mental image of herself standing in front of her master, naked except for high heels, an iron collar, and chains binding her wrists together loosely. She got her fantasies intermingled a bit, because she pictured herself in middle of a shopping mall court yard, facing the stares of many strangers.

But Suzanne knew Brenda's answer just the same from the excited trembling all over Brenda's body. She pondered out loud, half-seriously, "Hmmm. I wonder where we could buy some chains like that. Maybe on eBay I could buy some real shackles that had been used on actual slaves back in the 1800s. Would you like that?"

"Oh please! Please, please, please! I'll pay! Anything! But spank me! More! Please! Spank me!" She wiggled her slightly reddened ass hopefully.

Suzanne thought, Brenda's got some weird fetishes. I can't believe I'd actually aid and abet her shackle desire. Hell, I put the whole thing into her head. I have to admit that I get off on picturing Brenda a slave, but me? No way! I'll admit I get somewhat submissive sometimes, but not THAT much!

She sighed in frustration as she forced herself to pull her hands away from Brenda's huge tits. "Dammit! This is fun. I could play with you all day, and I really do mean that. You're just so helpless and orgasmic and fuckable. But unfortunately, time's a-wasting. We've got to get you cleaned up and out of here. So get up. That's an order!"

Suzanne looked down at her body after Brenda had gotten off it. She could see her own pussy and bush since her dress was still pulled up around her waist. She hadn't actually climaxed herself, but she could see that she certainly had gotten quite wet. She couldn't fully relate to Brenda's fantasies, but she certainly had fun pushing her mental buttons and playing with her body.

But Alan was to arrive home from school shortly. Suzanne had no choice to rouse Susan so she could drive to school to pick up the three kids while Suzanne drove Brenda back to her mansion.

That's why Brenda was disappointed by the spanking. Even though it had been great, it had been short, and it could have been so much more. She lamented that it could have been just the start of hours of incredible, mind-bending sex.

Chapter 982 Going To End Badly.

Back at school, Susan was waiting out front in the driver's seat of the family's minivan, keeping an eye on the traffic.

Amy was sitting in the front passenger seat and Katherine was sitting in the back, looking out for Alan and expectantly waiting to hear how his meeting with Glory had gone.

His eyes lit up as she saw three of the women he loved most waiting for him in the car. He thought as he walked towards them, Ah. Family. Family love. Whatever happens, it'll all work out as long as our family sticks together.

He got into the back seat. Amy leaned back from her spot in the front passenger's seat to give him a quick kiss, but the other two were unable to do that in public.

As soon as he closed the door and Susan started to drive away, all three women started asking him at once how his meeting with Glory went.

Even though they talked over each other, he gathered the gist of their questions and replied, "It didn't go great, but not terrible either. I guess I should be pleased, considering how it could have gone. She called a halt to anything romantic or sexual for the time being, but I expected that. The good news is, she still wants to try to be friends. Well, kind of. At least she wasn't rejecting the idea completely. And she's going to try to help me get some things in my life back in order. Mom, as amazing as last night was, we can't go on like that for long. We still have to deal with real life. School! Friends! I can't just give up everything for sex. Glory is necessary for my sanity."

They would have liked to talk about that some more, but Alan was tired of talking. In fact, he was tired all around. He'd been riding on emotional adrenaline all during his talk with Glory, but now that it was over, his body was ready to crash. He said, "Sorry, but I'm wiped out and need to rest." He rolled his seat back and prepared to sleep.

But as he closed his eyes, Susan asked him, "Tiger, this may seem like a strange question, but are you sure it's okay that Brenda has sex with her son, Adrian?"

He opened his eyes, puzzled. "Mom, why are you asking me that? I thought we'd agreed on that already."

"Mommy, please."

"Sorry. Mommy, why?"

"I know, we did discuss it, but the more I think about it, the more I fear we're making the wrong choice. I mean, sure, I love the idea of sharing the incest joy with Brenda and her son. And I still firmly believe that good mommies should show their love for their sons with lots of daily cocksuckings, assuming their sons are of the right age, of course. But then I think about her loyalty and subservience to you, and isn't that more important? A master can't share any of his slaves. It just isn't done."

"Mom, how many times do I have to tell you, I don't have any slaves?" He grew more alert, realizing this needed serious consideration. Plus, he welcomed a discussion about Brenda since he figured that would get his mind off Glory for a while. "But I see what you mean. Sharing Brenda like that IS pretty much just asking for trouble. But that's partly why I'm in favor of the idea."

Katherine, sitting next to him, gave him a startled look. "Doink! What did you say?!"

He sighed heavily. "I know, I know, it's weird. But I feel like it's cosmic karma or something, like I've got to do this. Everything has gone so right for me lately that it's crazy. It's way off the scales. Real life doesn't work like that. What goes up must come down; the harder they come, the harder they fall; etcetera, etcetera."

Amy quipped from the front passenger seat, "You mean cum spelled C U M, right?"

Katherine giggled. "If that's true then he's gonna fall off the Empire State Building, 'cos Bro cums really hard, every time!"

Amy added, with her own sweet giggling, "And then he squirts all over our faces!" bender

"Mmmm! Yum!" Katherine and Amy high-fived each other, right across the center of the car.

He rolled his eyes. "You two. You're both so..."

Katherine smirked, "I believe the word you're looking for is 'uppity.'"

He grinned at that. "True. But you see? This is the thing. Even this joking around is making me so happy that my heart soars. I feel incredibly loved and well taken care of. And sexually? Good grief, I'm so taken care of that I feel this constant nagging guilt that I need to give more back in return."

Susan said from the front, "Hush! I hate it when you say that. That's so untrue! I would rather suck your cock than have you go down on me. Not that I don't mind the latter as occasional variety, but I guess it

just shows how very much I love slurping on Alan Junior." She smiled at him through the rear view mirror.

Amy suggested, "Hey, I think sixty-nines could be a neat win-win."

He said, "Good point. However, we're getting kind of sidetracked here. My point is, I'm not really a big believer in any aspect of the supernatural, but I think there are natural rhythms to life, and if we ignore them, we suffer. Like, if things are going too well, we overreach, and then we have a setback or even a downfall. That's not supernatural, that's just basic human nature. Look at me. I'm totally overreaching now, just by thinking I can handle this insanely overlarge harem."

Katherine pounced on that. "A-ha! He calls it a harem. He admits it!" She and Amy shared another high-five.

He rolled his eyes again. "Why are you two happy about that? And no, I didn't admit anything, it's just that I'm tired and I can't think of a better word. But let's not get sidetracked again. My point is, I guess it's human nature to have problems. I think we're basically problem solvers, and if we don't have problems already, we tend to make up new ones. So, if I'm gonna have problems anyway, it's better I get to pick the problem now, and pick one that will benefit Adrian in a big way."

Katherine said, "Brother, that's really screwed up logic. I kind of agree with you about people needing problems. I mean, I consider myself a good Christian, but I don't think Heaven is just people wearing white robes and standing around on clouds all day, playing the harp and praising the Lord. That's such a cartoonish, immature view of things. If it were like that, everyone would be bored to tears after the first day. People do need challenges. But that doesn't mean you have to go literally shooting your own foot!"

Susan piped in. "Yes, Son. Note Angel said 'challenges.' That's not exactly the same as 'problems.' Setting a goal for yourself isn't really a problem, unless you look at it in a negative way. I'm sure that just maintaining your large harem and keeping all of your women feeling happy and well loved will be a constant challenge for you. I know you'll handle it wonderfully, but why don't you see how busy that keeps you first before you go making things even more difficult?"

Amy turned back to look at him and added, "Yeah!"

He replied, "That's all very wise. I agree with all of you. But somehow this just seems like the right thing to do. For one thing, I keep thinking about Adrian. I know I don't know him from Adam. Heck, I've never met him and I haven't even seen a picture of him, so I don't know what he looks like. But maybe it's because I don't know what he looks like that I tend to think of him as me, only the me before all this sexual roller coaster ride began. Back when I'd never even kissed a girl. I think about how my life was supposed to go if it weren't for some totally improbable events. I mean, that whole 'Six Times a Day' diagnosis. How unlikely is that?"

He continued, "Back then, of course I lusted after you all, and Aunt Suzy too. I tried to deny it, I tried not to masturbate thinking of any of you, but many times I just couldn't help myself. I never, ever would have acted on my feelings if it were just up to me and I hadn't been hit by some kind of lightning bolt of awesomeness. But what happened happened, and now my life is so great that it's futile to even try to describe its greatness."

Amy suggested with a grin, "How 'bout doublesuperultrawonderorgasmo-megafantastigigantogreatarrific?"

He smiled widely at that. "You're getting there, better than I could. How did 'orgasmo' get in there, by the way?"

But before she could reply, he said, "Wait a sec. I'm getting distracted again. My point is, Aunt Suzy has talked to me here and there about Adrian's tale of woe. It sounds like the kid has suffered, big time, and through no fault of his own. And he totally lusts after his sexy, busty mom! Boy, can I relate to that."

He looked back and forth between Amy in the front seat and Katherine cuddling next to him. "You guys, you have NO IDEA how much I've changed, mentally, since we've started all this sexual fun. I used to be uncertain, shy, and lacking in confidence. Just like Adrian is now. My God, that day I tried to ask Christine out, I really thought I would throw up, I felt so miserable and nervous. But now, I'm literally bursting with confidence!"

Amy played dumb while slyly grinning. "Kat, is 'confidence' another word for 'cum'? 'Cos I know he's definitely bursting with that!"

"Good one!" Katherine high-fived Amy across the center of the car again. She added cheekily, "Yes. Yes it is."

Alan gave her a withering look. "No, it's not. But I'll admit there is a connection, because thanks to my sexual success, I feel like I can handle anything. Maybe that's what leads to the overreach thing I was talking about before. But in any case, this change I've gone through is a truly great thing. I want Adrian to feel that. I want him to make the same kind of transformation I made. Kind of like the 'pay it forward' idea. I just know that if he has sex with his mother, his life will never be the same. I'm not saying that's true for all boys, or even most of them. Heck, probably very few should do that. But how many boys have a mom like Brenda? The whole situation in their house, it's like it's ripe for an erotic incest adventure."

Susan spoke up. "Son, I agree with all that. And it warms my heart to see you caring about a total stranger like that. That just proves to me all over again that you're the loving, kind boy who's worthy of our love and attention. But, that said, you're setting things up for a collision."

"I know! Believe me, I know! But I feel like it HAS to happen. After all, if I was Adrian and I had a mother as hot as Brenda, what kind of tragedy would it be if I didn't fuck her? Hell, what am I talking about? I DO have a mother as hot as Brenda and then some, and thank goodness I AM fucking her!"

Susan giggled like a schoolgirl, pleased as punch with his compliment. "What a charmer!" Still driving, she briefly turned to look at him flopped out in the back seat, and said, "I wish I didn't have to drive so I could crawl back there and suck your cock all the way home!"

Katherine quipped, "And how would that be different from how you were feeling just before he complimented you?"

Susan giggled. "Good point. Still, it gets me so HOT! Amy, do you want to drive?"

"Um, no," Amy replied. "Just, um, focus on driving, m'kay? I think he's moving into a resty mode, and we should let him do that."

Alan pondered the Brenda situation a bit more, even as his eyelids felt heavy and he closed them. "I've given this a fair amount of thought, ever since this idea was suggested to me. Here's how I think things will play out. Brenda and Adrian will have sex before too long. They'll both love it because it's something they both crave. Brenda, for instance, has some weird issues with her own mom and spanking and such that gave her some kind of strange incest craving itch that needs to be scratched. Aunt Suzy explained it all to me. So that'll happen for sure. And then things'll change. Adrian will grow up fast, especially sexually. He can't just play the victim anymore and let life wash over him."

Katherine pointed out, "He's gonna find out about you before too long, you know. And then he'll be pissed and jealous and out to get you."

"I know, believe me. And if he were some kind of psycho brute, I would look at this in a different way. But he seems like a basically nice, gentle kind of guy, based on all I've heard. So I'm not too worried about him. Instead, I think he's gonna feel like he has to step up his game to win his mother. And no matter what happens from there, that's gonna change his life for the better."

Amy asked, "But what if he quickly decides that he can't beat you, and he just gives up altogether? Won't that makes things worse?"

"No!" Invigorated by this point, Alan opened his eyes again and sat up a bit. "Here's the thing: sex is awesome! That's what I didn't have a clue about, back when I was a virgin. I thought masturbation was close enough for horseshoes, but it's not. Maybe fucking for some people is just okay, if they really don't know what they're doing, or they've got physical problems, or they're mean and selfish, or whatever. But with a woman like Brenda, or any of you? It's so great that everything else pales in comparison! Once Adrian experiences that, he can't go back to just moping around. And if he does, we can always stage a secret intervention and find him someone else to have sex with who'll excite him. I know there's going to be a lot of heartache and suffering here, for him, for Brenda, and probably for me, but in the end it'll be worth it, if only because it'll completely turn his life around."

Katherine asked, "But what if the opposite happens and he goes all out to win Brenda, and he actually makes progress with that? Either he wins her over completely or he at least mucks things up to the point that Brenda can't decide between you and him. And in the worst case, things are stuck in limbo indefinitely, with everyone miserable about the situation."

Alan replied, "That may happen. He's got the mother-son attraction thing going for him, and that's a very powerful thing indeed. But I welcome the challenge. Maybe it's something that not only Adrian needs, but Brenda needs too. She sorta fell into our group in a heartbeat. It was easy, maybe too easy. How does she really feel about me? How strong are her feelings? I think it's healthy if she gets tested, and at some point she has to make a decision. Either she decides that yes, this submissiveness thing is what she wants, or she decides that this is just a passing phase and she wants to be with her son in every way. If she chooses to stay with me, then we'll all know that she's for real, and she's here for the long term. She can truly become one of us. Or, if she chooses Adrian, then it's good to know that she wasn't for real sooner rather than later. Plus, maybe my harem, er, group, is too big, and if it's one smaller, that has its advantages, so I won't be too stretched out. So I kind of feel that whatever happens happens, and that'll be for the best."

"That's good, dear," Susan said. "I didn't realize you'd thought this through to that extent. That makes me feel better about the whole thing. I'm sure that if we trust in God, everything will work out, eventually."

Alan didn't like the God mention, but he decided not to stir up trouble by complaining about that.

Katherine asked Susan, "That said, who are you rooting for in this, Alan or Adrian?"

Susan said, "If you put it that way, I have to say my son, of course!"

Amy asked, "But aren't you pro-incest?"

"I am! Well, in the abstract, at least. I think busty, sexy mommies should fuck their sons, unless they've promised their bodies to special masters in the way Suzanne has. Having sex with Brad is a complete non-starter, for instance. The mere idea makes me ill, and even for Suzanne it could never happen. Harems can't work with more than one master, and of course we can't forget The Pact. The Pact! Why, I get all hot just thinking about it!"

Katherine asked, "Then doesn't Brenda fall under the same exception as Aunt Suzy?"

"Yes, but Tiger gave his permission for an exception to the exception. Besides, I do know how much Brenda wants to have sex with her own son. I tell you, I'm still very torn about this! What do you girls think?"

The three women continued to discuss the issue. Katherine and Amy admitted that they had mixed feelings on the matter too.

But Alan had trouble paying attention. He mumbled, "I can't believe we're talking about this kind of stuff as we drive through town." He fell asleep seconds later.

Susan waited a couple of minutes to make sure he was asleep, and then she called Brenda on her cell phone. "Brenda? Good news! He gives the thumbs up!"

Unknown to Alan, Susan and Suzanne had decided to wait a while for Alan to "sleep on the decision" before giving Brenda the final go-ahead to start seducing Adrian. This was the call Brenda had been waiting for.

Susan smiled while listening to screams of happiness. "He's thought about it a lot, and he really is okay with it. He says it's only right that a mother as hot as you should fuck her son. He also admits that the decision is his alone since he has total control over your body."

She suddenly pulled the phone from her ear as Brenda screeched with loud excitement. She smiled and waited for Brenda to calm down.

Amy muttered, "Um, Aunt Susan? Alan didn't exactly say that."

"Close enough," Susan muttered back to Amy.

Then she put the phone back to her ear and replied to Brenda's latest squeals of joy. "I know! It IS exciting! He's so wise. I wish we could talk about it for ages and 'get squishy' together, but I'm driving. I've got to go and call Suzanne to tell her... Oh, you're going to call her now? Tell her for me then, okay? ... See you later. And congratulations, you son-fucker, you!"

Amy rolled her eyes at Susan's exaggerations. But since Susan was obviously having such a great time, she didn't make any more complaints.

Katherine whispered to Amy, "Um, if Brother has 'total control' over Brenda's body, and Brenda's into that, then why should she be having sex with Adrian in the first place? It doesn't make sense to me."

Amy nodded, and whispered back, "I know. The whole thing seems pretty weird. I think Alan's right about one thing, though: this is just like going out of your way to ask for trouble! I kinda feel this is bound to end badly, no matter what."

Katherine sadly nodded in reply.

Chapter 983 Virgin Adrian

It was almost torture for Brenda when Suzanne dropped her off and then drove away. She wished she never had to leave the Plummer house. She wished even more that she never had to leave the comfort of lying in Suzanne's lap with her mistress's hands roaming all over and spanking her.

But then she felt emotional whiplash as she walked back into her house and remembered Adrian. For a time, especially during the spanking, she'd completely forgotten about him. Her only goal had been pleasing her master and Suzanne and her other mistresses. She felt guilty.

How can I serve both Alan and Aidy? Has such a thing ever been done? I can't give up either of them! I need them both, though in different ways. I know I haven't known Alan for long, but he, and the rest of his harem, complete me. And Aidy! He's my son! Of course I'll always love him totally. It's okay if he fucks me for a few weeks or months. Master approves, and Aidy really does need it.

Uncertainty over what might happen with her son made her feel uneasy. She wanted to seduce Adrian, but only if Alan approved. She'd been told that Alan had given his initial thumbs up, but she'd also been told to wait until he gave his "final approval" before actually taking action. The worry that Alan might not give that approval had been gnawing at her for days. She kept wondering how many nights Alan needed to "sleep on it," and she pestered Susan to press him on the issue. Susan had agreed to ask him about it when she picked him up from school, so Brenda was on pins and needles as she waited by the phone for the answer. She knew the result, whatever it was, would have a major impact on the entire rest of her life.

She tried not to think at all about what she'd do if Alan didn't give his okay. That was just too horrible to contemplate. Just thinking about it nearly made her ill.

Finally the call came through, minutes before Adrian himself was due home.

Brenda felt a great sense of relief when she heard the happy answer. It was no wonder that she'd shrieked so loud and long that it hurt Susan's ears.

In a flash it seemed that her life became clear to her. My goal in my sexual life first and foremost will always be to please my master. Then I must please my mistresses. Then I must please my son. If there's

a conflict, like an emergency or something, my son naturally must come first since I'm his only mother. But when it comes to my sexual duties, nothing is more important than serving my master! I am first and foremost Adrian's MOTHER. Yet also I am first and foremost Alan's SEX SLAVE. Those two roles don't have to conflict. I'm going to have to work to make sure there are no conflicts, and one way to do that is to keep everybody well fucked.

She'd been wearing a decent amount of clothing since Suzanne had dropped her off, but now she pulled her top down and thrust her bare chest out proudly. She was inspired by Susan in this and even tried to imitate the exact same chest thrust that Susan was so fond of doing.

She pulled on her nipples with both hands, which happily reminded her of what Suzanne had done to her a short time before. From now on, I'm going to be living on my back with my legs spread. I'll go to "work" to get fucked by the Plummers, then come home to get fucked by my son! How perfect! I am a big-titted nympho designed by God to fuck and be fucked. That is the most important truth. I have some smarts, and that's good and very useful. But it's my big tits and the rest of my curvy body that defines me, defines my role. I feel so content to finally understand, down to the bottom of my soul!

What an incredible relief! If I can seduce my son, the last piece will fall into place and everything will be as it should be, at least for a while. Having sex with Aidy can't last, since my ultimate loyalty and servitude lies with my master. But I can enjoy it to the fullest while it does. I can't wait to get started!

Brenda poured herself a glass of wine and then turned her attention to seducing her son. She could hardly wait another second for Adrian to come home so she could jump his bones as soon as he walked in the door. But she remembered recent advice from Suzanne, and realized she needed to use patience and take it step by step.

Suzanne had already figured out how things between Brenda and Adrian would go after Alan's initial thumbs up. So on Sunday, she had laid out the first stages of the seduction when she told Brenda, "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 your husband has left you and 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. When you go home tonight, spend the rest of the evening dressed in sexy black underwear and nothing else. If he 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."

However, Brenda ended up going back to the Plummer house for most of Sunday night, and so she hadn't been able to put Suzanne's exact plan into motion. The sexy black underwear remained in her closet. The only thing she had accomplished was that she'd told Adrian about plans for the new security

system over a quick dinner. He'd been fine with it, and didn't seem to grasp the sexual possibilities it offered.

Brenda figured she could take Suzanne's seduction advice for Sunday night and use most of it for today. But as the minutes continued to pass while she waited, her mood shifted again from euphoria after the phone call to a growing nervousness. She poured herself another glass of wine and quickly downed it. Then she went upstairs and changed into the black and lacy underwear.

Still, she remained nervous. Her main concern was that, no matter what happened, her relationship with her son would change forever. She had only been married to her current husband for the past seven years, and their ongoing falling out had been long and painful. Adrian had never really had a good father figure in his life, so he'd latched onto her completely. One could call him a "momma's boy," because he doted on her (fittingly, he actually called Brenda "Momma"). They loved and depended on each other very much. If something went wrong with the seduction and their relationship ruined, she would be crushed and he probably would be hit even harder.

She consoled herself that at least she'd been laying the groundwork for his seduction lately. Ever since her own sexual awakening had begun with her attendance at the Plummer's weekly poker games, she'd started acting differently back home in her mansion. She'd always dressed very conservatively as a matter of habit, in order to cut down on the incredible level of attention her gargantuan boobs gave her. But she'd started dressing more scantily at home as the weeks went by and her mores changed and her resolve to seduce her own son increased.

Her personality had changed rather dramatically too. She'd been tense and hot-tempered, but as she discovered her true submissive and sexual nature, a great peace of mind came over her. Her frequent temper tantrums disappeared and were replaced by a near constant smile.

Adrian had noticed these changes, but he wasn't the only one to notice. Brenda was so rich that the mansion had a support staff. It was made up of a gardener, a handyman, an accountant, and so forth. She rarely interacted with most of the servants on a day-to-day basis, but had a close relationship with one of them, an elderly woman by the name of Anika. Brenda had married into great wealth, but her family was reasonably rich as she grew up as well, and Anika had been the cook and maid for the family long before Brenda was born. Anika was sixty-six years old now, but she'd followed Brenda and preferred working for her over retiring, since she'd never known anything else but working for the same family her whole adult life.

Anika was very wrinkled and shrunken, and she spoke with a heavy accent (she'd moved to the U.S. from Austria as a teen). She was much more than a maid to Brenda: even though she was very stiff,

formal, and gruff, she had become Brenda's personal confidante and close friend. She'd seen Brenda's teenage infatuation with her mother Anna with her own eyes, and now she could see that Brenda had a growing infatuation with Adrian. On Saturday, she'd confronted her about it. Brenda confessed everything, including all that had been happening with Alan and the rest of the Plummers.

To Brenda's great surprise, Anika was perfectly fine with all of Brenda's shocking revelations. As Anika put it, "Pootikins," - that was her pet name for Brenda which she'd called her ever since she'd dressed her in diapers - "you know I didn't mind your attraction for your mother. In fact, I even helped you out at times, helping you get sneak peeks and such. It was fun." (Strangely, her accent made her pronounce most v's as w's, and most w's as v's.) "Why should I care now? You're easily the happiest I've ever seen you. No, I take it back. Dees is the happiest I seen you since you were sixteen."

Anna had died suddenly not long after Brenda turned seventeen, so she referred to when Brenda's incestuous infatuation was in full bloom. "If I knew how much you loved spankink, I'd take you over my lap myself, eef it weren't for my damnable arthritis."

"Do you really mean that? Are you really okay with it?"

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"Ya. When you were a teenager I was shocked at first when I saw you and your momma Anna become so close to each other. The sparks were flying! But you two loved each other so much, it was so natural, so meant to be. The way her face glowed when she spanked you, and your face - oh! It still gives me shivers! I was so sad that she passed away before you two were able to even kiss on the lips. If you can find that kind of love and happiness again, I'll be so happy for you."

Anika held Brenda's hand and the two of them had a good cry, leaning against each other, supporting each other. Both of them cried in memory of Brenda's prematurely deceased mother.

So, after that conversation, Brenda's seduction of Adrian became much easier to carry out. For one thing, Anika was around the house almost every evening, cooking dinner, cleaning up afterwards, and so on. In fact, she lived elsewhere in the mansion, ready to respond to any need for help, even in the middle of the night. Now, instead of being an impediment and constant security worry to Brenda's sexual plans, she could actually be a seduction co-conspirator of sorts.

But even with encouragement from Anika, Susan, and Suzanne, plus the crucial last-minute approval from Alan, Brenda was still beside herself with worry when she heard Adrian come home from school around three-thirty. Adrian went to the same high school as Alan, but they'd never met since Adrian was in a lower grade and was an introverted, wallflower type.

At the last minute, she'd decided that lacy underwear wasn't sexy enough. Sure, it looked great, especially in contrast to her light and slightly pinkish skin, but it was hard to come up with a good excuse to take the bra off. So she'd changed into something she thought would work even better to get her son excited.

Adrian walked into the vast living room, threw down his backpack, and then looked at his mother. He'd been growing used to her more casual style of dress, but today was a real shock: She wore a short black strapless dress and was all made up as if she was about to go to a party. But the dress just barely managed to cover her pussy and her nipples. In fact, the dress was so inadequate that both her mighty orbs were all but bursting out. The aureole could clearly be seen even with Brenda standing still. If she were to move around, it was almost guaranteed both nipples would pop completely out. The one inch of fabric below her pussy also could only protect her decency if she stood straight and still.

Adrian openly gawked. He'd always had a strong sexual attraction for his mother (as Suzanne noted, what heterosexual male wouldn't be attracted to Brenda?), but he'd never expected to see her like this. He started to tremble and blush. He was so surprised that he didn't notice she was trembling with excitement too.

However, Brenda pretended complete cluelessness about how much she was showing. Using her favorite nickname for him (out of several she had), she asked, "Aidy, how was your day?"

That was his usual cue to walk to her for his daily welcome back home kiss and hug, something he always looked forward to. But now he walked with great fear. Adrian wasn't nearly as good at rolling with the punches as Alan was, or even Sean was. His whole body shook, and his erection stuck out like a steel bar in his short shorts.

Brenda walked most of the way to him to close the distance, since he was reacting so slowly. She gave him a very innocent kiss on the cheek, and then a friendly hug. She knew she had to take things one step at a time, partly because that's what Suzanne commanded her to do, but also because Adrian clearly needed some time to adjust. His forehead was throbbing so intently that he looked ready to pop a vein, yet she'd only started toying with him.

She looked at her son's eyes and realized she didn't need to actively do anything more at the moment since Adrian was bound to get more generous eyefuls as her dress naturally fell away. Indeed, as they hugged, the half-cups of her dress that had been barely covering her nipples dropped further down, just as she'd expected they would. And given the natural state of Brenda's nipples - elongated and hard even when she wasn't aroused - they pushed deeply into her son's chest. But she was very aroused at the moment, so they were even longer and pushed into him even deeper. His chest seemed completely enveloped by exposed tit-flesh.

Brenda pretended not to notice as her dress slid down her belly. She asked in an innocent voice, "Aidy, is something wrong? You're trembling something horrible. And look: your face is all red! Is my Pooh Bear not feeling well?" She knew her son well, and knew that he would be far too shy to actually point out that her appearance had anything to do with his flustered state.

He seized upon her suggestion that he might be unwell. "Uh, no. I think I might be coming down with something."

"Oh no. Is my darling sick?"

His body shook so fiercely that Brenda took pity on him and disengaged somewhat. She put her hand on his forehead and closed her eyes, as if concentrating fully on detecting if he had a fever. But by disengaging and closing her eyes, she deliberately gave him a golden opportunity to spy on her now completely exposed hooters. He couldn't help but do so.

Adrian had never been so aroused in his entire life. Younger than Sean or Alan, he was even more of a prudish virgin than either of them had been before their sexual lives began. He was such a shy and unassuming boy that he hadn't even dared to fantasize about any of his classmates. Plus, in his eyes, no other woman could come anywhere near the allure of his one constant fantasy: his mother. He'd never seen a naked woman in his entire life, not even her (since she'd habitually covered up until mere weeks earlier).

But now he'd both felt and seen her tits, the incredibly round and full tits he'd been dreaming about and masturbating over for years. He almost couldn't take the sheer pleasure of it all, even if he'd only touched her with his chest and not his hands. But he wanted more. He felt a nearly irresistible urge to reach out and firmly grab his mother's monstrous mounds with both hands. He would have done it, too, except that he was such a momma's boy that he could barely conceive of doing anything to her without asking permission first, and there was no way he could put such a desire into words. So he suffered greatly, seeing those twin treasures so temptingly close, yet so far.

Brenda opened her eyes just a tad and peeked out. As she suspected, her son's eyes were locked on her chest, and he didn't have the slightest clue that she could now see him. She could see in his face how badly he wanted to touch her, and she wanted him to, but she couldn't just up and say that. That would ruin all the fun.

She looked around, and spied Anika in the kitchen (in direct sight, but a long way away in the large rooms of the vast mansion). Anika was pretending to cook but she spent more time happily spying on the mother and son interacting with each other.

Chapter 984 Adrian Continued [2/5]

Brenda said to her loyal maid, "Anika, I'm worried Aidy has a fever. Could you get a thermometer?"

Adrian closed his eyes as soon as he heard his mother speak. He was afraid that if he kept them open, he'd be unable to look anywhere but at her chest for very long, and then she'd follow his gaze down and fix her dress.

As a result, he failed to see Anika walk closer and wink at Brenda conspiratorially.

Anika smiled and said, "Ya, no problem. What kind do you want, the regular or the rectal kind?"

A light bulb went off in Brenda's head. Rectal thermometer? I hadn't even thought about that! Oh, the possibilities! ... Nah, I'd better not. As much as I'd love to see his cute little baby butt, he looks like he's about to die of excitement and nervousness. Oh! Maybe I should be the one to pretend sickness and have him stick something hard and long up MY ass! ... No. Calm down. Slowly, Suzanne said, slowly!

She made up her mind to just use the regular thermometer. But she was so consumed by her desire to be fucked by her son that when she opened her mouth the words that came out were, "The rectal." She was as surprised as anyone else by that. She tried to justify it after the fact by lying, "The other one broke last week. Don't you remember, Anika?" She added the truthful statement, "And this way we'll get a better reading."

Anika replied "Ya" in her heavy accent, then nodded significantly down at Adrian's crotch.

Brenda followed where Anika's eyes directed, noticing to her great surprise that her son's hard-on was peeking out from the bottom of his shorts. In fact, as she stared she slowly watched his engorged organ come out of his shorts almost completely.

He seemed clueless about it, no doubt because he was so overwhelmed and flustered.

Brenda took the chance to mentally size up her son's penis. Hmmm. Not as long as Alan's eight-incher, and maybe not quite as thick, but that's to be expected. It wouldn't be right for me to enjoy a penis larger than Alan's - his should always be my greatest joy. Still, Aidy's is quite nice, and it may still grow some. Six or seven inches maybe? I'm a lucky mom. I can't wait to take that baby for a ride! ... Oh: the word baby! He literally IS my baby, and we ARE going to go for a ride! Every night, he's going to ride his mamma like a cowboy riding a horse! I'm going to be his bitch. My son's bitch! His slave! It's so exciting! I'm going to be EVERYBODY'S slave! My body is going to be used and abused by all my superiors! That's how it's meant to be. My role is to spread my legs and SERVE!

"Um, Momma?"

Brenda came out of her daydreamy thoughts as she heard Adrian's voice. She looked down (at five foot six, Adrian was normally an inch taller than his mother, but his shoes were off and she was wearing five-inch heels). She saw to her surprise that she'd gotten so excited she was squeezing him in a bear hug, and in fact squeezing him almost painfully tight. The hug molded her tits into his chest again, though she still didn't touch his erection since his tight shorts directed it down along the side of his right thigh.

She pulled back a bit and said, "Oh, sorry. I'm just so worried. I hope you haven't come down with something again - you were sick just two weeks ago."

Adrian forced himself to keep his eyes open and look into hers since she was talking to him. But doing that AND talking was too much for him to handle, and the best he could do was reply, "Um, uh... ah... yeah."

Just then, Anika came back with a thermometer. She'd had a very tough life (especially growing up in Austria during World War II), and her body seemed even older than her age. Mother and son watched as

she slowly waddled her way to them. Finally, she handed the thermometer to Brenda, and then stood back a little bit to see what would happen next.

Though Anika's own sex life had ceased years ago and her body wasn't up for more, she could still vicariously enjoy the mental pleasures of seeing Brenda and Adrian interact (and in fact the chance for voyeuristic fun was a big reason why she was so accepting of Brenda's incestuous desires). She knew she was going to get a good show.

All of a sudden, it struck Adrian that he'd have to show his butt to his mother... or something. Actually, he didn't know how it worked, as he couldn't remember the last time he'd had his temperature taken with a rectal thermometer. He gulped, and said, "Momma, I'm kind of nervous. How is this going to work?"

Brenda hadn't really thought it through either. She thought, and then said, "You're all dirty from school. Why don't you take a bath, and I'll come up and give it to you when you're all cleaned up. It'll be just like the old days."

Adrian knew that her "old days" referred to when he was four or five and Brenda supervised his baths. That both excited and disturbed him. He thought, I've never so much as kissed a girl, and now Momma is gonna see me naked? Jesus Fucking Christ! No way! But he ran off eagerly to start his bath.

As soon as he was gone, Anika said, "Pootikins, Pootikins. Vhat are you doing? I tink you're too verked up. Eef you go in dat bath vis him, vell... you know vat vill happen. I tink I'd better be dere too as a referee."

Brenda sighed. "You're right. But how am I supposed to contain myself?! He's so cute! Did you see how cute he was just then? I just want to eat him up and hug him to death!"

Anika wryly noted, "Ya, you nearly did hug him to death. Vatch out. Okay?"

"Okay." Brenda picked up the bottle of wine to pour herself another glass, but Anika stopped her with a disapproving wag of her finger.

Brenda reluctantly put the wine glass back down on the table and noticed there were two small drops of something on one of her shoes. As she bent down to wipe the drops away, she realized the drops were the wrong color to be wine. She scooped the drops up to her nose and instantly recognized the odor: pre-cum. She was astounded to discover that Adrian's penis had accidentally dripped pre-cum on her shoes while they were locked in their hug. Brenda slipped her finger into her mouth and swooned at her first faint taste of her son's juices.

Anika watched the whole thing and just laughed to herself.

Anika and Brenda waited a while for Adrian to finish his bath and call for them. The wait was very helpful for Brenda. It gave her a chance to calm down a bit and relax. She explained to Anika how she'd waited anxiously for the fateful phone call from Susan and her feelings after she got the good word. Her anxieties poured out of her as she explained all this and Anika reassured her that everything would be all right.

Anika rightly pointed out that Adrian so clearly lusted after his mother that she didn't have to worry that her seduction would fail.

But the wait was more nerve-wracking for Adrian. He was so excited about everything that had happened, especially Brenda's drooping dress, that he desperately wanted to jack off. Getting naked in the warm bath water just made him that much more excited.

He held out for a few minutes and soaped himself up, but when it came to soaping up his groin he soon abandoned all pretenses at cleaning and began "soaping" his erection exclusively. The only problem was he was rapidly approaching orgasm and he didn't know what to do with the mess that would result. If he shot off into the bath water, he feared his mother would notice.

He'd just made up his mind to stand up and shoot into the toilet when he heard his mother's voice outside the bathroom door. "Aidy? You've been in there a while. Can I come in already? Anika is here with me."

Oh shit! Holy crappola! What am I going to do? He was distressed, because he was too mortified to jack off into the toilet with his mother and maid standing just on the other side of the door. Yet he still had a raging hard-on, and was even more mortified by the thought of Brenda looking at it in that state (and possibly realizing what made him that excited). He decided to tuck his penis below his legs and keep his legs tightly shut, but even the act of stuffing his penis into a new position nearly set off his trigger.

"Aidy?" Brenda was knocking on the door now.

"Um, yeah. You can come in."

Brenda and Anika walked in together. At first, the sight of Brenda's smile calmed and reassured her son. She sat on the toilet seat next to the vast bathtub and squeezed his hand, and that reassured him still more. He could feel the urge to climax slowly pass while Brenda explained that Anika was going to supervise her use of the rectal thermometer so she could learn how to do it on her own. She was so spoiled from being raised in luxury and constantly waited on by maids that sometimes she needed to be told how to do even the simplest of things, like toasting bread.

But then Brenda said, "I'm glad you're not shy about your nakedness." Adrian had been so absorbed by his struggle not to cum that he could barely think straight. The beating of his heart pounded in his ears. But thanks to this reminder, he was suddenly painfully aware of his nudity and shame hit him like a lightning bolt.

However, before he could fully react, Brenda continued, "Don't worry, if it makes you feel any better, I'll be mostly naked too. Let me get in there behind you so I can put it in properly." Then, with one fell swoop, she pulled the dress down and shimmied out of it. She was left sitting in nothing but her panties. (She wanted to go completely naked, but Anika had insisted she wear at least that much.)

He was so blown away by this new visual bomb that his face turned quite pale.

Brenda sat down in the tub right in front of him, then reached forward and put a hand on his forehead and another on his cheek. "Pooh Bear! You look like you've seen a ghost! Dear me. Anika, where's that thermometer? We should get his temperature right away!"

Adrian stared longingly at his mother's rack, now dangling just a foot or two from his face. His erection lurched in the water and he had to struggle to not ejaculate right then and there. He'd dreamed of seeing his mother topless for years, but this reality was better than any of his dreams. Not only were her boobs so temptingly close, but they were swinging and heaving in the most delightful ways (he didn't realize just how excited she was, too). Furthermore, her hands on his face felt less like she was checking for fever and more like she was tenderly caressing him. The loving touches made him completely moony with desire.

It all seemed like a blur, but the next thing Adrian knew, his mother's hands were all over him, turning him around. As he turned his eyes were dislodged from their usual task of staring at his mother's breasts, and he got a brief look at her panties. The ones Anika made Brenda wear were rather thick and dark "granny" panties, but the mere sight of his mother in nothing but panties was exciting all the same. The water had made them wet and he guessed that he could see the dark shape of her bush, but in reality it was her bare swollen pussy lips that were visible beneath the heavy cloth.

He cursed the fact that he couldn't get a longer and better look because he soon found himself completely turned around and facing the tile wall in front of him. He was acutely aware of the fact that his ass was sticking up out of the water and Brenda was in the tub right behind him, inspecting his bare behind.

When he'd planned to hide his penis below his thighs, he hadn't thought through the fact that he'd have to be in a position like this, but he was so giddy over everything he'd seen that it took a minute or two for the full implications of his change of position to hit home. All of a sudden he realized that his painfully erect penis was pressed down between his legs. The cockhead was bobbing on the surface of the water.

He very nearly bolted up, but instead he froze in place. He didn't know what to do. He was so aroused that he worried if he touched it at all, it would go off like a rocket and Anika and Brenda would both stare in horror as he cried out and shot his cum anywhere and everywhere. Yet he worried that he was so overstimulated he'd cum hard even if he didn't touch it, and then it would be even more obvious when it exploded. He closed his eyes and tried to think of baseball players and gory murder scenes.

Brenda knew she was supposed to put the thermometer in, but she couldn't resist checking out her son's package first. She looked over at Anika, who was now sitting on the toilet seat where she'd just been.

The maid pointed at Adrian's head and closed her eyes, letting Brenda know that Adrian had his eyes closed. Then, to Brenda's great surprise, Anika scooted close to the edge of the tub and bent down a bit so she could get a good look at Adrian's penis. She looked back up at Brenda and, with a goofy smile, gave a conspiratorial wink.

Brenda almost couldn't stop from breaking into hilarious laughter. She'd never expected that kind of brazen behavior from Anika, who, she assumed, hadn't had sex in decades, if at all (unfortunately, Anika

had never been attractive at any age). However, she quickly recovered and returned the wink. Then she wasted no more time and bent down herself and peeked between her son's legs.

She smiled as she again sized up her son's penis. Mmmm, mmmm, good! Soon that thing is going to be plunging in and out of my pussy on a daily basis! I can't wait! Look how it's throbbing! She reached out to touch it, and actually put her hand between his legs to do so. But then, just inches from reaching it, a disapproving cough from Anika brought her hand to a halt.

She regained control of herself and carefully pulled her hand back without having ever touched his penis or his thighs. She realized that no one had spoken for a couple of minutes, so she said, "Aidy, Anika's been looking for the thermometer and now she's finally found it. Anika, can you get the Vaseline?"

"Your wish is my command, my Pootikins." The Vaseline was only a few feet away in a bathroom cabinet, so Anika handed it to Brenda just a few moments later.

"Um, Momma? Did you say Vaseline?"

"Yes, my Pooh Bear. It's a big thermometer so I'm going to have to lubricate you first. Is that okay? I just want to make sure it doesn't hurt."

"Boy, this rectal thermometer stuff is a pain in the ass!"

"Good one, son," she giggled, though in fact the double meaning in his comment was completely accidental. "Ready? Here it goes." With that, she plunged her finger into the Vaseline jar Anika held out for her, and then slowly worked her finger into her son's asshole. In actual fact, her finger was much bigger than the thermometer, but she couldn't resist the opportunity to play with his ass. She hoped to use this as precedent so she could get a "fever" very soon and have Adrian be the one to check her temperature.bender

Her finger pistoned in and out, in and out, over and over again. A good two or three minutes of complete silence went by, with no sounds but little squishy noises coming from Adrian's ass, and a little splashing of bath water, primarily caused by Adrian's diamond hard penis striking the surface of the water as his hips and ass bucked up and down.

Anika watched the whole thing most intently.

She eventually asked, "So, Aidy, how does that feel? Does it hurt? Do you think you're ready for the thermometer yet?"

"Um, it uh, it doesn't hurt. In fact, it uh..." He wanted to say that while it felt exceedingly strange at first, it felt fantastic now. But he was too shy to put that in words. Since he didn't want it to end, he said, "I think we're almost there. Things are, uh, relaxing."

"Oh, good. I'll just do this a few more minutes then." She held one of his ass cheeks as if she was getting into position to put the thermometer in, but really she just wanted to fondle him there. She racked her brain trying to figure out any vaguely plausible excuse that would allow her to fondle his penis, but she couldn't come up with any.

Eventually she could sense his whole body starting to seize up and tremble, and she knew he was on the verge of ejaculating just from the anal probing. She knew he would be mortified if he actually came in that situation, so she finally pulled her finger out. She asked in a tender voice, "Good job, Aidy. I'm sure that wasn't easy. Are you ready?"

"Um, okay. But be gentle, okay? This is so weird!"

She waited some moments to make sure he came down from the verge of orgasm and did nothing more than lightly squeeze the ass cheek she still held with one hand. "Okay, Pooh Bear. Don't worry. Open wide and say 'ahhh.'"

That little joke helped break the increasingly thick sexual tension. While Adrian's body was still shaking from laughter (and nervousness), she pushed the rectal thermometer in. It was such a thin thing that it slid in easily. In fact, it was so much smaller than her finger that he hardly noticed its penetration. But putting the thermometer in his asshole reminded her of her fantasies of being anally pillaged by Alan, and her libido kicked into a yet higher gear.

Once Brenda was done, she found that somehow both of her hands were now palming his ass cheeks. But she ignored this and said, "Okay, Aidy. All done. Nothing to worry about. What do we do now, Anika? Wait five minutes like we do with the other thermometer?"

"Ya. Five minutes."

"There now, Son. That was hardly anything, right? Now all we have to do is wait." Brenda patted him good-naturedly on his ass, but the pats were really just a different kind of groping. Her hands seemed to act on their own as she found them gliding a fraction of an inch above his skin, lightly grazing the peach hair there.

Anika gave a disapproving cough, and Brenda very reluctantly tore her hands away.

There was an uncomfortable silence, so Brenda said to fill the void, "Aidy, you know how hopeless I am with doing anything around the house. We're all so spoiled. But Anika may not always be there for us, so we have to learn how to be more self-sufficient. Now if you get sick, I'll be able to take your temperature. There's really nothing to it. Do you think you could do it? Do you think that if I came down with a fever and got really hot, could you stick it in my ass?"

Adrian's mind was instantly filled with a vision of pushing first his finger and then his penis into his mother's asshole. He opened his eyes in shock and said, "Momma?!"

"What, Pooh Bear? Did you not hear me? The warm water is probably causing you to drift off. I was just saying that if your mother is hot, will you stick it in her?"

He stammered, "Um, stick it in?"

"Yes. Stick it in. Son, I'm asking you to stick it in me! Stick it in your Momma! That is, if you think your own mother is hot." She was so excited by her own words that she couldn't take it. She was sitting on her ass in the water just behind her son and her crotch was right at the surface of the water. She plunged her hands into the water and dug under her panties, feeling for her clit. She figured that since her son was still facing the wall it didn't matter what she did behind him. And she needed satisfaction badly.

Adrian meanwhile had completely forgotten about thermometers. He replied, nearly screaming, "Momma, you're hot! You're so hot!" Knowing that his mother was sitting nearly completely naked in the bath right behind him, his whole body seized up as he valiantly fought the urge to cum. Even without anyone touching his penis, it was touch and go to see if he could stave off a great climax, and only the mortal fear of the shame that would result when Anika and Brenda saw him do that kept him from going over the edge.

Unconsciously, and without knowing what he was really doing, he began clenching his PC muscle. To his surprise, he didn't actually cum. But he was in pure heaven as wave after wave of extreme pleasure washed over him.

Brenda stared wide eyed at her shaking son, waiting for his penis to shoot out ropes of hot cum at any second. One hand flew over her clit faster and faster and while the other one roughly mauled her tits.

Adrian had no idea just what an exciting scene was transpiring just a foot or two behind him. His mother had nearly lost all control and was contemplating if she'd have time to get her lips around her son's penis before his rockets of cum began exploding out of it.

But Anika was still there, and even though she too was getting very aroused, she could see things were getting out of hand. She leaned forward and began snapping her fingers in front of Brenda's face. At the same time, she said, "Aidy, why do you tink you're so red? Tell me your symptoms. Does your stomach hurt?"

She kept babbling on, barely giving Adrian a chance to reply, because in addition to distracting him, she was also trying to mask the noise Brenda was making. As soon as Brenda had found her clit, she began climaxing. Anika's finger snaps were too late to stop that. However, they did bring Brenda back to reality just enough to remind her not to cry out in frenzied ecstasy. Her mouth gulped like a fish as she let out a silent scream. She did her best not to thrash about in the water too much, but wasn't entirely successful in that.

Luckily, Adrian was so busy with his own orgasmic struggles that he barely noticed. He only had a vague sense that there was some water splashing sounds coming from somewhere, but he never would have guessed in a million years that Brenda was climaxing right behind him.

Brenda came copiously, as she always did, but luckily the surface of the water was sudsy and mostly hid the fluids that escaped from her panties. She suddenly felt limp and more than a little guilty. So she said, "This hot bath water is getting to me. I think Anika can handle it from here."

Her maid helped her stand up, and then she staggered out of the bathroom.

Anika remained. With Adrian still on all fours in the water, his penis still stirring the water's surface with its insistent throbbing, she decided to bring an end to things. She hadn't been keeping time, but she figured it was close enough to five minutes, so she reached over and pulled out the thermometer. She looked at the reading, and to her surprise, it really did register a fever. But she knew that was just sexual heat and that in fact he was perfectly healthy.

She said, "Good news, Aidy. You seem perfectly vell. No fee-wer. I'm sure you've been in that uncomfortable position long enough. I'll let you be alone. Such a good, obedient boy. I'm going to tell Brenda the news."

Adrian turned over and watched her close the door. The instant it closed he began double-fisting his erection. Seconds later, arcs of semen flew out over the bath water and splattered against one of the tile walls. He let out a groan of great relief.

But as soon as the climax ended, a tremendous feeling of guilt washed over him. He felt guiltier still, not so much for lusting for his gorgeous mother since he'd lusted for her for years, but because he felt helpless to stop. No matter what happened, he knew that he'd be masturbating again to remembered visions of his mother's nakedness before the day was done.

Then he remembered the video surveillance system and shuddered as he considered the endless erotic possibilities. He wondered just how many more times his penis was capable of ejaculating in a single day, because the only thing that could slow down his rampant lust was soreness or sheer exhaustion.

As soon as the group got home, Alan woke up, but only to go straight to his room and promptly sleep some more. The sex with Susan had taken a tremendous amount out of him, emotionally and physically, and the events of the day had been stressful. Everyone could see that he needed more rest.

After he went to sleep, the rest of his new family - Amy, Katherine, Susan, and Suzanne - gathered in the dining room. (Brenda had been fulfilling her new maid duties at the Plummer house most of the day. Suzanne had the task of driving Brenda home while Susan waited to pick up her children from school. Then Suzanne returned to the Plummer house not long after Susan did.) They were all dressed in casual but not particularly revealing clothes, since Alan remained fast asleep.

Katherine, rather surprisingly, took charge of the group's agenda. "None of you have seen as clearly as I have how ragged Alan has been today. It's just not fair that he had to go to school after fucking his first mother so thoroughly, but he did, and it's too late to change that. It's been one thing after another for him. He just had a really emotionally-trying meeting with Glory, and now he's supposed to turn around and take care of the whole Dr. Fredrickson problem? I don't think so. That's just cruel. I have two suggestions. Either we postpone the Dr. Fredrickson plan to later in the week, or better yet, we implement it ourselves. Brother has just had too much on his plate. Let's wake him with the pleasant surprise that the whole doctor problem has been handled, by us!"

This idea was met with doubtful faces.

So Katherine further exhorted them, "Come on! What's the problem? Think about it. Alan has done nothing but give, give, give. He's tried so hard to please us that he's like the living dead. We've selfishly taken load after load of his precious, potent baby batter. We've taken one glorious cocksuck, fuck, and anal reaming from him after another. Yet what have we given back to him in return? Hardly anything! We may all be his harem nymphos now, but that doesn't make us completely helpless. Helpless to resist his tasty, hard, thick, throbbing cock, yes, but we're otherwise still capable, independent people; are we not? Can't we show some initiative and give him a great surprise? Who's with me?"

Suzanne stood up. "I'm with you. I still haven't seen him today, but if he's half as bad as everyone says he is, he needs his rest. Yet the appointment with Dr. Fredrickson starts shortly, at four o'clock. Let's not keep this Sword of Damocles hanging over our collective heads even one more day. How dare a doctor spy on his own patients for sexual gratification! If we cancel the appointment, who's to say he might not try another approach to bed Susan, his apparent main target? This kind of scheming is right up my alley, plus we already have a plan we worked out with Alan in advance. We just have to put it into motion. It'll work just as well if he's there or not."

Susan asked, "But what if something goes wrong? For instance, what if Dr. Fredrickson gets violent? He's a large man."

Suzanne answered, "Susan, for one thing, I'm trained in self-defense, as you know. If any guy ever tries to mess with me, he's in for a big surprise. And as for you, you might not have any training, but you have something even better: that feisty, motherly, Susan spirit. When somebody gets on your bad side, and especially if they're threatening your children, oh boy, watch out. In the immortal words of Mr. T, 'I pity the fool!' Plus, Katherine is the bait, so that leaves us and Amy, too. There are three of us against one of him, and you'd better believe we're coming in armed with mace and pepper spray. We've got Katherine and Akami as backup within screaming distance too, so they can always come running. Not only will he not be able to overpower us, he won't even be able to give us the slip. I guarantee it."

She continued, "Lately I've been a bit sluggish in the scheming department, but today I feel good! The more I think about this, the more I think Katherine is spot on. We're no pushovers; we're tough! We can handle anything that comes up. It's five of us against one of him, if we include Akami. Six on one with Alan would be nearly the same."

Amy stood up too. "I'm with my mother and sister. Let's show some spunk! Alan will really like that." She pumped a fist into the air. "Girl power!"

So they all agreed to do it. Susan was the most reticent as she was very frightened by public confrontations and felt much safer with Alan by her side, but Suzanne as usual knew just what to say to calm her fears. They left a note and a cell phone number by Alan's bed in case he woke up early, and then rode off.

Alan had discussed with the others on Friday afternoon what they should do, and while he was gone over the weekend Susan and Suzanne had discussed it some more with Akami by phone. He had been informed of the latest developments in the plan by Susan during some of their quieter moments on Sunday night, and had given them the thumbs up. The plan was simple: use Katherine as a lure to get Dr. Fredrickson watching, and then have the others burst into his office and catch him in the act. The key was to pretend that they'd discovered him accidentally, keeping Akami's involvement in the plot a secret. After all, in all likelihood she'd have to continue working with the unscrupulous doctor to pay off her debts, including her student loans.

They all arrived in one car together, but Katherine walked in alone while the others stayed in the car. The doctor's receptionist had gone home, which was always the case with these after-hours sexual appointments, but Akami was waiting for Katherine in the waiting room and let her in. They both silently nodded to each other, confirming the plan was still on.

The plan was for Katherine and Akami to get Dr. Fredrickson so excited watching them on the video monitor from his office that he'd literally get caught with his pants down. The office was on the ground floor of an office complex and right in front of a parking lot, so Akami was to signal the others waiting in the car about when to come in. However, Katherine didn't like the idea of having any male but Alan see her doing anything intimate, so the trick was to get the doctor aroused without actually doing or showing much.

Akami knew all of that, but she didn't know Katherine directly except for the one time they'd briefly met during Akami's recent visit to the Plummer house. The two of them spent some time just talking, going through the motions of a normal medical examination, while they found their comfort zones and built confidence in each other. They both figured that Dr. Fredrickson was getting impatient watching and hearing them through the video feed in the next room, waiting for the action to begin. He'd canceled all his regular appointments from three-thirty onwards with the hope of watching some hot lesbian action between Katherine and Akami, so their completely normal behavior was bound to rankle him.

Akami began the examination with a very serious and poker-faced demeanor, treating Katherine impersonally as if she was any other patient. So at first they just chatted about inconsequential things while Akami pretended to fill out some forms. However, slowly but surely, things began to heat up between them. It helped that Katherine was dressed in surprisingly revealing clothing, considering that she was outside the Plummer house: she was wearing very short, blue, latex shorts and a white tank top.

After checking some basic vital signs and reflexes, Akami got out her stethoscope and said, "Miss Plummer, I should check your heartbeat. It would probably be best if you change into the dressing gown from this point on."

But Katherine didn't want Dr. Fredrickson to see her naked. Her goal was to tease him verbally instead. So she said, "Like I said before, I'm too shy to wear one of those. Why, those things are so revealing that I might as well be completely naked! Is that what you want, to see me strutting around totally nude?" She smirked as she imagined the doctor watching and thinking, "Yes! Yes!"

Akami smiled, realizing the game was on. "Suit yourself. I'll have to slip this cold metal stethoscope underneath your shirt then, to get a good reading."

"Oh no. I guess I'll have to remove my bra. This is so embarrassing." She slid her bra off; the shirt she wore was hardly any bigger.

Akami brought the stethoscope up to her chest. "Again I should warn you: this is going to feel unpleasantly cold."

"That's okay, my nipples are already hard as bullets anyway. That must be from the air conditioning."

Akami began probing under the shirt with the scope. "We don't have the air conditioning on."

Katherine forced herself to blush, even holding a hand over her forehead as if swooning.

"What?" Akami asked.

"Well, I just hope you don't think the reason I'm getting all aroused, uh, I mean the reason why my nipples are so erect, is because of you, Ms. Fubuki. It's not that I'm fantasizing about such a beautiful woman as you exploring all my private places. Really, I'm not!" She thought, That should get Dr. Fredrickson's pants down, if they aren't already, hee-hee!

"I didn't say that," Akami said defensively, while she pressed the round surface of the stethoscope against Katherine's left nipple.

"I know you didn't. Sorry, it's just that I'm so embarrassed about these kinds of matters. I've never been with a man before." She then added significantly, in a voice dripping with sex, "Or a woman."

Akami wasn't really sure how to answer that. She continued to explore under Katherine's tight, thin shirt with the stethoscope, but spent more time rubbing it over the nipples than actually holding it against the skin to measure Katherine's pounding heartbeat.

Finally, she finished. "Your heart seems fine. And you have very healthy, uh, lungs."

"Nah, you're just saying that because you have nothing good to say about my tiny boobs."

"Tiny? Miss Plummer, your breasts are positively huge! You want to see small ones? Just take a look at mine. They're only B cups, whereas I'm sure you're a D-cup at the very least." Akami removed her lab coat and unbuttoned her blouse in order to illustrate the size comparison. "See?"

"I see. But Ms. Fubuki, they're so proud and perky. They may be smaller than mine, but they're way nicer."

"Perky? That's just because of this bra." She pulled her bra out from under her blouse. "You see? Without the bra, they sag horribly." Akami didn't mind taking her bra off for the voyeuristic doctor, since he'd been her lover for quite a while. Needless to say, her boobs didn't sag, but it served as a good excuse to remove more clothing.

"No, I don't see."

Akami pretended to sigh with frustration. "I suppose I'll have to take my blouse off too." She proceeded to do just that. However, she put her lab coat back on and wore it loosely, to better play the sexy nurse role.

Rather than reply, Katherine thought, This is a lot of fun! Maybe too much fun. I can't forget that lecherous doctor is watching me. Shouldn't he be aroused enough already? Why doesn't Akami go signal the others?

She said, "Ms. Fubuki, I see that your nipples are erect too, but didn't you say there's no air conditioning in here? How can that be?"

Akami reached to her breasts and pulled on one of her nipples, as if noticing her condition for the first time. "Hmmm. It seems you're right. That is a bit mysterious."

"Hmmm," Katherine replied, grinning like a Cheshire cat while pulling on one of her own hard nipples through her shirt.

Akami pulled a strap-on dildo out of a drawer and held it up. "Miss Plummer, do you know what this is?"

"No, what is it, Ms. Fubuki?" Katherine replied with false cluelessness. She thought, I don't remember discussing strap-ons, but obviously Akami has a pretty clever scheme for guaranteeing the doctor's arousal. I just hope she remembers that we can't go beyond sexy talk and feeling under clothing. I won't do it!

"This is the newest type of thermometer. It's much more accurate than those painful rectal thermometers. I'll be taking your temperature with it later."

"So it doesn't go in the, uh, rectum? It looks like it goes in a hole. A big hole."

Akami said with dead seriousness, "Yes, it does. This is a vaginal thermometer."

Katherine had a hard time keeping a straight face, but she managed to say convincingly, "Huh. I've never heard of those. How does it work?"

"Well, I have to strap it around my groin area, then insert it into your vagina. Then I have to kind of push it in and out a lot to get an accurate reading."

"Boy, isn't that just like having sex with a penis?" Katherine's face was innocent and naïve, but inside she was bursting with laughter.

"Yes, I guess there are similarities. It's the mimicry of Mother Nature that makes it work so well."

Katherine couldn't help but tease a little. "So, you mean I'd take off my shorts, and you'd push it into my cuntie? Or you'd shove it up my asshole? Or both?" She bent over as she stood up, pulling her short shorts up into her ass crack as if she were ready to be violated.

Akami smiled in anticipation and licked her lips.

"Uh, into your cunt. I mean... your vagina. But then we'll have to take a comparative reading in your ass. Then there are some other things we're going to have to put into your asshole too. Big things. Hard things. Things we'll have to thrust in and out, over and over."

"Oh dear," Katherine said delightedly, but still trying to sound innocent. "It sounds like I'm going to have to take off these shorts and get ready for a lot of things to be stuck inside me. Repeatedly!" She wiggled her hips and spread her legs wider.

But suddenly she recalled that she wasn't just putting on a show for Akami, but that Dr. Fredrickson was watching as well. She abruptly stood up.

Akami had been reaching her hands towards Katherine's tempting ass, but she seemed to snap out of it as well. "Uh, yes. In order to do this, we'll have to get you out of those clothes after all. I have to insist on the dressing gown. Do you mind if I go get one?"

Katherine thought, What is she thinking? She knows I'm not going to get naked. The doctor's penis must be practically as hard as Alan's always is by now. What is she waiting for? But then she thought about the words 'Do you mind if I go get one' and realized this could be Akami's cue to leave and make the signal. So she said in her best innocent voice, "Um, I do mind. I'd feel so embarrassed all naked like that, bending over, exposing my ass to your huge thermometer... I'd feel much better if you'd wear one of the gowns too."

Akami was getting alarmed that Katherine didn't "get it," but now she smiled. What a teaser - right to the very end! "Well, Miss Plummer, that's very irregular, but I wouldn't want you to feel uncomfortable. I'll be back with two gowns in a minute."

"Wait! Is it going to be the type of gown that leaves one's back and ass completely exposed? I hate those."

"Unfortunately, yes. But remember that it's necessary in your case since you're going to be bent over with large objects thrusting in and out of your holes for so much of the time."

"Objects? Holes?"

"Yes. We're on the cutting edge of medical research here, and like I said, new procedures have been developed that mimic Mother Nature. For instance, you'd be surprised how much better a pill is digested if another tongue feeds it into your mouth. I'll explain more when I get back."

"Okay." Katherine tried to sound reluctant, but it was all she could do not to burst into laughter instead.

Akami was having so much fun that she was greatly disappointed she had to leave the room. She buttoned up her lab coat since she was going into the waiting room, which had the windows to the outside world. The prearranged plan was for Akami to go to one of those windows and rotate the Venetian blinds a couple of times, thus signaling the others who were waiting in the parking lot.

However, that didn't prove necessary. When Akami got to the waiting room, she saw Suzanne, Susan, and Amy already anxiously standing on the other side of the window. She gave the thumbs-up signal through the window and then opened the door.

Susan immediately walked up to Akami and whispered, "What took so long? Is everything all right?"

Akami whispered back, "Everything's fine. I'll go back to Katherine. You wait two minutes - no more, no less - and then burst into his office." The others overheard and nodded as Suzanne checked her watch. The delay was so Dr. Fredrickson wouldn't tie the new arrivals in with Akami's leaving the examination room.

As they'd previously arranged, the plan was to have Suzanne enter first, as if looking for Katherine. Suzanne waited the two minutes. Then she nervously walked down the hall to the doctor's office and knocked on the door. However, she opened the door immediately after knocking. "Hello, I'm looking for Katherine Plummer..."

She let the words die on her lips and stared with feigned surprise. As she'd expected, Dr. Fredrickson wasn't behind his desk, but was sitting in a chair in front of the cabinet that contained his video equipment. Despite giving him a few seconds of warning with the knocking, the idea of anyone just walking in on him seemed so unlikely that he still hadn't fully processed the fact that someone could be at the door, and he misinterpreted the sound. After all, the receptionist was gone, the whole office was locked (or so he thought), and the only other people inside, Akami and Katherine, could be seen on his video screen.

His pants were around his ankles and his hands were sliding up and down his erection. The frustrated look on his face (he'd just been thinking, Why doesn't Katherine take her clothes off, already?) turned to wide-eyed shock and horror as he looked up and saw Suzanne. He had no trouble recognizing her, since he'd already slept with her once.

Suzanne played her best damsel-in-distress routine, letting out a high-pitched shriek.

Amy and Susan appeared behind her in a matter of seconds.

Amy brought an expensive digital camera that also could record sound and video, and began clicking and recording.

Susan screamed, "DOCTOR FREDRICKSON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

As previously arranged, Suzanne walked further into his office so she could see what was on the video screen while the other two blocked the door, his only exit. Suzanne pointed at the video monitor. "Look! He's watching Katherine take off her clothes! Pervert!"

All this had happened in mere seconds. Dr. Fredrickson was struck dumb, and still hadn't removed his hands from his rapidly wilting erection, though now, instead of holding it, he was more covering it. Like an idiot, all he could say was, "Susan? Suzanne? Amy? What are you doing here?!"

Amy said as she snapped more pictures, "Hey! How does he know MY name?" bender

Suddenly Akami and Katherine came running in, pushing the others deeper into the room.

The doctor was now outnumbered five to one. He had no idea what to do and was so traumatized and overwhelmed that he operated on pure instinct. Mostly he just wanted to escape and run from the reality of the whole, horrible problem facing him. He spied the open door behind the women, and stood up to make a break for it.

However, the women had anticipated this possibility. Susan already had a small can of mace at the ready, and Suzanne with her self-defense training had taken up a position near the door in case he made it that far.

He stood no chance, not least because of the fact that his pants were still wrapped around his ankles. He only made it about one step from his chair when Susan let him have it with the mace and he fell to the ground.

He curled up into a ball and covered his face with his hands, screaming, "It burns! It burns!"

Seeing that the doctor wasn't going anywhere, Suzanne walked closer to his video monitor for a good look at his setup. There was a video camera on a tripod pointing directly at the video screen in the cabinet. She thought, Alan was right, he IS recording this, breaking even the sordid deal he had with Akami. If she'd wanted to come in, he could have unplugged the video camera and hid it before opening the door for her. Clever.

She said, "Look at this, girls! He's not just watching, he's recording!"

They all looked at the camera on the tripod, then down at his pathetic, quivering form.

Susan's dander was up, and she was frightfully angry. She had a strong desire to beat him to a pulp for messing with her children, but she'd been repeatedly warned against doing this by the others.

As it was, Katherine strategically stood in front of Susan to prevent her from kicking him. They didn't want to lose their moral high ground by being too vindictive.

So Susan merely shook a fist at him, and said in the most bloodcurdlingly chilling voice imaginable, "Doctor, you're in very big trouble. You're going to pay."

The way she said "pay" was so filled with menace that Dr. Fredrickson peed in his pants. He began to cry.

Chapter 987 Call Me - Akami [5/5]

Alan woke up to the sensation of Susan lightly shaking his shoulder. "Tiger, Tiger, wake up."

"What is it?" He reluctantly opened his eyes because she seemed very insistent with her shaking. He saw her leaning down over him, beaming a peaceful and loving smile at him.

"Did you have a good nap, my baby?"

"Yeah, actually. In fact, between this nap and the earlier one at school, I feel practically normal. I may even have slept TOO much, 'cos I feel all groggy." On closer inspection he was a bit disturbed to see her decked out in a formal outfit like a normally dressed woman. He even noticed a glimpse of a bra, yet a couple of the front buttons on her sleeve-less blouse were unbuttoned. He was a bit confused as to why she'd look like that.

"That's good, my love." She bent forward and kissed him on the lips. Even though their tongues dueled a little, it was more of a quick friendly hello kiss than something passionate.

As it ended, Alan asked, "Hey! What time is it? Don't we have the Dr. Fredrickson thing to take care of?" He looked at the clock by the bed and exclaimed, "Oh shit! It's almost five! Katherine's appointment with him was at four!"

He bolted up in his bed, but Susan's hands calmed and restrained him. She lovingly stroked his arm. "Don't worry, Tiger. It's all over. We didn't want to wake you, so the rest of us took care of it. He's been totally defeated."

Alan blinked owlishly as he processed this news. He was both elated and disappointed - he'd rather fancied himself playing a heroic role in the doctor's defeat. "He has? No way! How did that happen? No way!"

"Way." Susan grinned. "If you don't believe me, why don't you get dressed and ask him yourself? He's sitting in our minivan in the driveway with the others."

"He is?! Oh my God! How did that happen?" He jumped up and started to dress.

"Well, everything went great and he crumbled like a cookie. But there's one minor complication. It turns out he was recording as well as watching."

"A-ha!" Alan exclaimed while he pulled his shorts up his legs. "What did I tell you? Men are hopelessly amoral when it comes to anything sexual and can't be trusted any further than you can throw them. As a male, believe me, I know these things firsthand!"

"Tiger, in your case, what you call amoral behavior is what I'd call you taking what naturally belongs to you. You are a natural dominant-type, meant to possess and control big-titted nymphos such as myself. But a lowlife scumbag like Dr. Fredrickson doesn't deserve to own even one pussy, much less one like mine. In any case, he seems completely cowed and defeated - you should see the giant stain on his pants where he peed on himself! But we need to go to his house to check if he has other videos there. We'd feel safer with you along."

"Of course! Let's go. I feel bad that I couldn't help earlier." He finished dressing and they walked out of the room together.

Susan said, as they headed down the hall, "Tiger, not only were you physically exhausted, but you were mentally exhausted, too. I should know, since last night nearly destroyed me as well. But I got to sleep the day away while you had to go to school. So you've really had it the worst. We're going to do more from now on to make things easier on you. It was Katherine's idea to take him on by ourselves. She's concerned that you're overtaxed. All we did was follow your plan to the letter, so really you deserve the credit as much as anyone."

"Thanks! You're the best. And I'm going to thank her, too. But really, don't make a big fuss over me." He kissed her briefly on the lips, and then they hurried down the stairs.

Susan finally buttoned up the front of her blouse as they reached the front door.

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Their time at Dr. Fredrickson's house was surprisingly anticlimactic. The fight had completely gone out of him ever since Susan sprayed him with mace. As Suzanne commented to the others, "It's funny how people suddenly get so ashamed about what they've done, but only AFTER they've been caught." That was what was happening to the doctor, as he belatedly rediscovered some of his professional ethics. In fact, he cried so sincerely and profusely for so long that by the time they reached his house everyone was wishing he'd shut up.

The fact was, they had him over a barrel. He'd been caught red handed, and seemed resigned to losing his license to practice medicine and probably going to jail.

Furthermore, since he didn't realize Akami was in on the plot to get him, they could play "good cop, bad cop" on him. Suzanne had one worry that she'd discussed in private with Akami, and once they arrived at the doctor's house, Akami was given some time alone with him as "good cop" to sort this issue out. The truth was, the doctor did have one card he could use, but only if he was smart enough to use it: his knowledge that Alan's six-times-a-day diagnosis was false and that Suzanne had been the one to set it up.

Akami discussed this with him in his den while the others waited outside. She argued that the Plummers seemed inclined to let him off fairly easy, but if they found out that he'd been duping them on Alan's diagnosis, too, they'd throw the book at him. She vowed to secretly help him as much as she could in her talks to the others, and that he should come clean with her and let her take care of everything.

He was so desperate for any hope or help that he followed everything she told him to do almost without question.

The others searched his house, but there wasn't much need. He was able to go on-line and show credit card transactions proving that he'd bought the video camera only a few days earlier. That was about the only initiative he took to help himself. Otherwise, he generally sat around crying, confessing, and apologizing over and over. After a while, even Susan began to feel sorry for him.

Everyone gathered in his living room and listened to Suzanne dictate the terms of his surrender. She said, "Doctor, if I should even call you that, normally we'd send you straight to jail for your despicable behavior, and you know we have the evidence and witnesses to do it. However, there are a couple of mitigating factors. One, Akami has pleaded that she has huge student loans to pay off. Two, we have your innocent wife and three children to consider. Akami tells us that apparently you also are having financial hardship and we don't want to see your family thrown into the street. And three, Akami has been guiding Alan's unorthodox but extremely effective medical treatment, and we're afraid that if she were to go, all that we've achieved in overcoming his tiredness problem would be lost."

She smiled. "So, as long as Akami is happy, we're happy. Therefore, you will give all legal and financial control of your business to her, and from now on, you will be working for her. If, for any reason, she gives us the word, we will turn over our evidence to the authorities. The statute of limitations on your crime will eventually expire, but there's no expiration on the damage we can do to your medical career and personal reputation. But we're not mean people and don't like blackmail. We trust that Akami will keep your criminal urges in check."

Since Dr. Fredrickson thought Akami was his secret ally, he readily agreed. He nearly wept with joy that his life hadn't been completely ruined.

But what he didn't know was that Akami planned to take full advantage of her new position. He also didn't realize that his sexual relationship with her was over, too. She'd contemplated keeping him as some kind of boy toy, but she was so disgusted by his craven, defeated behavior that she didn't find that prospect appealing. Currently their practice consisted almost entirely of elderly people from a nearby retirement home. But now that she controlled Dr. Fredrickson's practice, she could find other handsome, young males and give them the same "diagnosis" and "treatment" she'd given Alan.

Thanks to Brenda's money, not to mention Susan and Suzanne's upcoming and probably quite generous divorce settlements, the Plummer family was amply financially secure. All they really wanted Dr. Fredrickson to do was get out of their lives and keep quiet. Thus, the real winner in the whole debacle was Akami. But that, too, was deliberate, mostly thanks to Suzanne. The wily redhead figured that if Akami was given a sweetheart deal, she would be foolish to ever try to cross or blackmail the Plummer family herself, and would be sure to keep Dr. Fredrickson in line for them. Suzanne could finally rest assured that her role in the six-times-a-day scheme would be kept secret forever, so long as Glory and Xania, the only other people who now knew, didn't blab it to others.

Alan hadn't seen Akami in what seemed like a long while, though it seemed much longer than it really was since his days had been so eventful lately. With all the excitement he didn't get much of a chance to speak to her one on one. But after Suzanne's speech, he did get a few minutes alone with her in the dining room to personally thank her.

He was surprised by her appearance, and it showed in his face although he didn't say anything. While Susan woke him up, Akami had taken the time to change from her typical nurse gear into some very casual clothing. Alan hardly recognized her dressed in a sleeveless light yellow T-shirt and muted orange Dolphin shorts. She looked like a teen headed to the beach or going jogging. He found it very sexy. It made him wistful for the time when she played a bigger role in his life and his fantasies.

They necked for a little while, but that was all they could do given the others were waiting in the next room. As Alan pulled away, Akami complained, "You never call! Promise me you'll call. If you really want to thank me, please promise that I can see you again sometime before the weekend. Okay? Please?"

Alan smiled. He knew that he was busy in the near future, but Akami still had a special place in his heart as the woman so instrumental to his sexual awakening. He was always happy to make time for her. He looked back over his shoulder and said, "I promise."

As the Plummer family drove back home in their minivan, Amy said, "Boy, that was kind of a let-down. I almost wish Dr. Fredrickson had put up more of a fight. He was sooooo pathetic! Geez, Louise!"

"I know what you mean," Suzanne nodded. "He looked like a big, tough, authoritative guy, but inside he turned out to be just a little crybaby. I was kind of hoping to clue in his wife and destroy his marriage, but I'm all revenged out."

Susan said, "I still think we should tell his wife about his cheating. Akami says Dr. Fredrickson sleeps with dozens upon dozens of women, and of course as his mistress she should know. I saw all those pictures of his wife - what's her name? Diana, I think - scattered all over his house. They really reminded me of myself, meaning the old me. She even looks a lot like me, except for her flaming red hair. Forget revenge for a minute - we should do it as a favor to her. Imagine how much better my life would have been if, ten years ago, someone told me my lousy husband was secretly gay."

Suzanne thought about her own many affairs and briefly contemplated if her life would have been better or worse if her cheating would have been exposed ten years ago. She wasn't sure. "Maybe you're right, but we can worry about that another day. We'd need some other evidence of his cheating that doesn't point to Akami or us. Actually, Diana was pretty damn hot, now that I think about it. I'll bet she's great in bed. A rich, young, handsome doctor like him with access to so much pussy surely must save the sweetest piece of ass for himself. Wouldn't it be deliciously ironic if we had Alan plow her fields a bit?"

"Oooh! Great idea!" Katherine enthused. "She looked totally Alan-worthy!"

Alan complained, "Come on! I have way, way, way too many lovely women here in this car to please. Anyway, I'm also feeling a little bad for the doctor. After all, if it wasn't for him and his unorthodox diagnosis, I would have never started my voyage of sexual discovery. Maybe we should just call it even. In a way, we kind of owe him."

"Don't be so sure, Sweetie," Suzanne said confidently. She knew that if it hadn't have been Dr. Fredrickson, she would have just picked someone else to help implement her scheme. "Something tells me that what happened between us all was fated to happen. But we can save Diana for another time, once your life settles down. I wouldn't mind a piece of her, myself. Anyway, we have much more important things to do tonight. How are you feeling, Sweetie?"

Alan turned around in his front passenger seat and smiled at Suzanne, Katherine, and Amy sitting in the backseat. "I know what's on your mind, Mother, and all of your minds! It's been too many days, hasn't it? Don't worry, I'm feeling a LOT better. I'm up for a victory celebration, and we all know how the Plummer household celebrates!" He'd been told a bit about how Akami and Katherine had teased the doctor, so he joked, "I know one 'vaginal thermometer' that's going to be very, very busy!"

Amy joked, "Don't forget to bring your rectal thermometer, too!" She paused a brief second, as though in thought, and then quipped with a lopsided grin, "Oh. Wait. They're one and the same, aren't they?"

The others laughed merrily at her small joke.

Chapter 989 Both Of You, Hands Off My Dick, Okay?

By the time the Plummers got home, it was nearly time for dinner. Amy and Suzanne had to go back to their own house to cook and share dinner with Eric and Brad, while Susan had to start cooking.

Katherine was visibly eager to have some special time alone with her brother, since Susan had monopolized him the night before. But she sensed that he needed some time alone and left him in the living room. She wasn't being completely selfless though, because she much preferred him at full strength instead of groggy and listless.

He was grateful for the reprieve. As he kicked back on a sofa mindlessly channel surfing on their big TV, he thought, I'm sooooo glad they let me avoid that whole Dr. Fredrickson confrontation. Last night I was so high and drunk on love that I still feel like I'm recovering from the hangover. My body's basically recovered, finally, thankfully, but my mind is still frazzled. And yet new crises keep popping up all the time. There are too many women in my life!

It's like I told Glory earlier. I should just simplify my life to the family four, plus Glory, if she'll have me, then Heather and Brenda. And Heather stays on the list only until her inner bitch is sufficiently tamed for Sean and Simone to take over and finish the job. My body can handle all the sex, but my heart can't handle all the emotional upheaval, pressure, and responsibility.

I can see now that there will always be tough issues to deal with, and at heart I'm the kind of guy who fundamentally wants peace, not conflict. Keeping my family four happy is all the emotional responsibility I can handle. More than anything, I have to avoid the head cases like Heather who corrupt my very soul... Even though she is so much naughty fun.

So really, without Heather it's just six. He chuckled at that.

Six! "Only" six! I've read a lot of erotic stories about one guy having many women, but none of them ever showed how psychologically exhausting it all is, with all the constant juggling to keep everyone happy.

Speaking of psychology, it would be nice to add Xania to my core group. She's got the strength, willpower, and psychological wisdom that I really need, not to mention the fact that she's hot as molten lava and a great fuck. The only problem is, she's so independent that she doesn't really need me, or us. She moves in very different circles, what with her acting career and everything. And with her living so far away, we'll be lucky just to see her every once in a while.

Maybe that's for the best, though, especially if things work out with Glory. I'm being too greedy.

The main thing is, I have to ultimately rid myself of the other cheerleaders, plus Simone, and focus mostly on the women at home. Right now school is an emotional minefield, but I need it to be a calm place where I can actually think about schoolwork. I have to keep my sanity and my decency, and school SHOULD be my oasis of calm. But if I spend all my free moments there buttfucking and spanking Heather, I'm never going to get my act together. Sean has to pull through. I'm praying that he's up for the role I want to give him. Bringing him along as my apprentice was such a lucky move. And Glory! If what we agreed on today could actually work out, that could save me in more ways than one. But the situation with her is so volatile; I don't know how it's going to ultimately go.

Most of all, I need more moments like this. Just time to veg out and decompress...

He closed his eyes and spaced out for a while, but he didn't fall completely asleep because he was too lazy to find the remote and turn off the TV.

When he came to, he saw Susan and Katherine sitting on a nearby sofa. He guessed they'd started out watching TV and then gotten distracted, since they were mostly dressed. Katherine had her face buried in Susan's chest and was contentedly suckling on one of Susan's nipples.

Seeing that Alan was awake, Susan looked over at him and smiled. "Dinner's in the oven. It'll be ready in about thirty minutes."

He asked, "Are we having maca porridge yet again?"

"As a matter of fact, we are."

He muttered under his breath, "Ugh!" He was well aware that she'd been serving maca porridge nearly every day since she'd discovered lists claiming it increased both sperm count and overall libido. It didn't taste very good, but he forced himself to eat it because he figured he needed every sexual advantage he could get.

Susan turned her attention back to the TV program, which was a nature documentary. She loved nature documentaries.

Katherine, though, seemed only interested in her mother's nipples, and kept on suckling them.

Alan felt revived, and even a little aroused already from staring at the two of them. He asked, "Mommy, how's the lactation coming along?"

She turned her head from the TV. "Excellent! Thanks for asking. I've been letting out drips and dribbles all day, with every suckling session. We're doing much better than the few drops yesterday."

"All day?" he asked, slightly confused.

"Of course. Lactation is a big commitment. I need to be drained at least once every four hours, but I've been doing it more like once every other hour to get a good flow as soon as I can. Suzanne came over and milked me as soon as I dropped you off at school, then I napped... In fact, I haven't done much more

than alternate napping and milking all day. I even missed my usual morning exercises. I feel flabby already."

Alan sat forward, intensely interested in this new development. "How does it feel?"bender

"Mmmm. So good! It's like one constant high! Just knowing that I'm going to be serving you and Angel in this new way is an all day high, but then when either of you are suckling like your sister is right now, it's a super-high high! True, it requires hard work and dedication to turn my tits into your personal milk jugs, but I love it! My cunt loves it too. I swear, there's a direct line from my nipples to my clit. I would DIE of pleasure if there was a mouth on my nipples all day long." She winked. "Or two." She hefted up her left breast invitingly.

He looked at her unoccupied tit, so big, round, firm, and soft, and felt quite tempted. He said, "Sis? Big Barakas Sister?"

"Mmmm-hmmm?" she responded without taking her mouth off her mother's tit.

"I know you said that Mom shouldn't touch me any more today for what she did this morning, but do you mind if I help milk a little? I've got a nice surprise for you if you say yes."

Katherine grumbled at first. But then she looked up at her mother's eyes, and felt too much love radiating there to be a spoilsport. "Well, okay. I do love surprises."

So Alan got up and changed sofas to help nurse. However, he clearly stated, "Both of you, hands off my dick, okay? It still needs time to recover."

To the surprise of Katherine and Susan, he took the phone with him and called up Christine even as he cuddled up next to them. He confirmed plans to have his fourth "non-romantic" date with her the following night, and then just chatted with her for a while. The whole time he pulled on Susan's nipple with his free hand.

Susan loved that he did that, and especially loved that she was forced not to make any sounds at all despite the highly arousing way he played with her body. Slowly but surely though, she and Katherine were finding ways to quietly take their clothes off.

Then, when that call was over, Alan called up Kim to find out what had happened with Sean during the afternoon and arrange the S-Club meeting for the next day. There was no need to keep the club's true purpose secret from Susan anymore, especially since he'd resolved to be more honest and open with her in the future, but everyone still liked to call it the S-Club or the SA-Club. (In fact, Alan with his modesty preferred the former, while Susan and Katherine preferred the latter.)

When talking to Kim, he wasn't worried about having her find out about what else he was doing at the same time, so whenever Kim talked he replaced his hand on his mother's tit with his mouth.

Kim soon detected some funny noises and asked him about what they were.

He laughed and replied honestly, "Oh, just suckling on a big tit. A 38G, in fact. Is that a problem?"

Kim didn't mind, and in fact they joked and teased about it. She described in some detail what she'd do if she had a pair of 38Gs to play with.

Alan kept the phone close to Susan's head so she could hear all that. Needless to say, Susan loved every word.

When Alan got off the line, Susan said, "My, my, you've become quite the multi-tasker. And by the way, I think we should invite Kim over to the house one of these days. She knows all about you and Angel, anyway, and how you're keeping your sister's cunt topped off with sperm every day." She didn't have to say all that, but figured Katherine would love it.

He just smiled. Susan obviously had greatly enjoyed Kim's G-cup fantasies and wanted to get to know the young cheerleader much better.

Katherine moaned loudly with arousal. She stopped long enough to say, "Mom, I LOVE that: 'keeping your sister's cunt topped off with sperm every day.' If only! If only my insides were bathed with billions of sperm, twenty-four seven! And every step I took, a little bit of his baby batter would dribble out."

Susan stroked her daughter's head in a motherly fashion. "I know, I know. I'm with you. It's a bit much even for Tiger to manage, but we can dream, can't we?"

With images of overflowing pussies and Kim and Susan making love filling Alan's head, he dialed his friend Sean. He briefly confirmed the S-Club orgy and heard Sean's take on how his afternoon fuck with Kim had gone.

When he got off the phone he looked down into his lap and frowned, pretending to be upset. One of Katherine's feet was rubbing his penis through his shorts and against his leg. Naturally, that had gotten him hard. He complained, even though he was secretly delighted, "Sis, didn't I explicitly say hands off my dick?"

"Yeah, that's why I'm using my feet. Got you!" She giggled. "Anyways, you can't reasonably expect to be around the two of us in a sexual situation like this and have your penis go untended."

Susan chimed in, "Tiger, please. Let her help. She misses it so much. She hasn't been able to seriously tend your cock in three days! Plus, I get distraught when I see Alan Junior not being taken care of in some way or another."

He rolled his eyes, but didn't push his sister's feet away. He said to his sister, "You know, when you started doing that in the middle of my call I had this great desire to say to Sean, 'Guess what? My sister's just started jacking off my dick with her feet. It's giving me such waves of pleasure that I can hardly even concentrate on quietly suckling my mom's nipples while you're talking.' And he's found out enough about my sex life that I think he would actually believe me. But of course I can't ever tell him that. That's why you and Amy can't come to the S-Club meeting tomorrow."

"What?! Brother! Meanie. Why not?"

While Katherine continued to suckle on her mother's nipple most of the time, her feet were getting to intimately know her brother's penis. While Alan was talking, Susan lifted up Alan's ass just long enough for Katherine to pull his shorts off.

She'd purposely worn pantyhose in the hopes that a chance for a footjob would come up. She knew the silky fabric would make him feel that much better. Now, with his shorts off, it was just her silky pantyhose on his bare skin, and it felt fantastic for them both.

He closed his eyes and groaned. "Oh Gaaaawwwd... I can't believe your feet feel that good."

"Hey, I asked you a question. I'm not going to stop this footjob and then you'll answer."

"You mean, 'I'm not going to stop this footjob until you answer,' right?"

She giggled. "Nope! What do I look like, some kind of idiot?"

Susan joined in the giggling and high-fived her daughter. "Good one!"

Alan made an unhappy face, but in fact he was amused too. "To answer your question, you and Amy can't come to the S-Club meeting because Sean is going to be there, along with Janice, Joy, Kim, and me. He needs to be there while I personally demonstrate some fucking techniques right in front of him. It's really important for his sexual development, if he's ever going to be able to take Heather off my hands. But I won't let him ever touch any of my favorites. I don't want him to have the slightest hint about what's going on in this house." He pointedly looked at the feet now working together to drag his shorts down his thighs.

"Dammit," Katherine complained, "that sounds like fun. I wanna be there."

Susan said sympathetically to her daughter, "Angel, you're looking at this in the wrong way. If you go and have fun, then great. If you don't go, it just shows that Tiger's a total stud and needs to fuck a wide variety of pussies, while you and I are completely helpless, completely at his mercy. And that's SO HOT! So it's win-win either way."

"Yeah," Katherine admitted, "I can see that. That is kinda hot. But that's still just the consolation prize. It would be a 100 times more fun to join the orgy."

"True," Susan conceded. "That would be better. But remember that us fuck toys have to be patient. It sounds like he needs to tame those cheerleader cunts a bit more. Think long term. Once all of them are fully tamed sex toys, just think how much more fun your cheerleading practices will be. As sister to the school stud, you're gonna get all kinds of perks."

"Hmmm. Good point." She continued to slide her feet up and down.

"Besides, who are we to complain? Even though it's on a Tuesday, I'm just going to sit back and take it, just like I spread my legs and take his massive log whenever he wants to shove it in me." She winked as she said, "And anyway, you and I can find fun ways to keep ourselves busy while he's gone."

Katherine still frowned, but said, "That's true too." She turned to her brother. "Sorry, Bro. I guess I'm just being uppity again."

Alan then called Akami to thank her again for all her help in the Dr. Fredrickson power play.

Not only did Alan need to touch base with some phone calls, but he was really getting off on talking while suckling on his mother's tit almost every moment his mouth wasn't busy talking. As he grew more aroused, there was nothing stopping him from fondling the rest of Susan and Katherine, so he did so. He held the phone receiver to his ear by leaning into his shoulder so he could have both hands free.

However, his one consideration was that he focused much more on Katherine, since this was supposed to be "her day." One of his hands worked on stimulating as many of her 17 erogenous zones as he could reach. He especially liked to run his hands over her legs since it felt good to stroke her pantyhose.

Katherine, in turn, was getting more and more into giving him a great footjob. Before long, the only item of clothing remaining on any of them was Alan's T-shirt plus Susan's high heeled shoes and Katherine's pantyhose.

There was no need for him to hide anything from Akami, so, while they talked she would occasionally ask him what he was doing to whom, and he'd tell her. Before long, it turned into more of a phone sex call than anything else.

Susan muted the TV volume, and she and Katherine listened to the phone call intently as they both got more aroused, right along with Akami and Alan.

But Alan was trying to keep the calls relatively short. His energy was reviving and he wanted to do more than suckle and enjoy a footjob. So after Akami had a nice climax, he said his goodbyes and hung up.

Chapter 990 Xania

As soon as the line disconnected, he said, "Sorry 'bout all the phoning. Just one more short call and then I'll be able to give you two all my attention." He dialed Xania in Los Angeles.

Luckily, she'd just returned home and was alone. She was glad to hear from him and eager to talk.

He had her explain in great detail what she'd said and done with Sean over the weekend.

Just as Kim had done on her earlier phone call, Xania frequently compared Sean's love-making skills with Alan's. Although she tried to be diplomatic about it, she repeatedly emphasized that Sean had a long way to go.

He thought, Man, I can feel my ego growing bigger all the time. I need to keep some perspective and not get too much of a swollen head... But that's for later. For now, I'm going to love all the attention devoted to my other swollen body part! He snickered to himself.

All the while Xania talked, Alan suckled Susan's nipples and fondled Katherine all over, but mostly her clit (her pantyhose were rolled down to her thighs). Soon, he began clueing Xania in on what he and his women were doing, especially as it was rather difficult to hide the suckling noises.

She got hot and bothered by the idea of some multi-partner phone sex, and the topic of Sean fell by the wayside. She practically shouted to Alan, "Tell me what you're doing right now!"

"Let's see. The three of us are sitting in a naked pile, basically. Since you're having me talk, I can't suckle, but I'm kind of nuzzling Mom's left nipple with my nose. You like that, Mom?"

"Love it!" Susan replied loudly, wanting Xania to hear.

Alan went on, "My whole face is pretty much buried in tit-flesh. It's really spongy and comfy. That's why I might sound distant and muffled. It's a good thing I've got you on speakerphone at least, 'cos it frees up both of my hands. Hmmm. I think my sister's nipples need a little bit of twisting."

Xania laughed. "You're so boob-obsessed!"

Alan chuckled. "Guilty as charged. But just to prove that's not always true, I'm bringing a hand back down to Sis's clit."

Katherine spoke loudly for Xania's benefit. "I can definitely confirm that! Sweet! Keep up with those circle-y motions, Bro."

Xania was impressed. "That's so insane! I wish I could see it. And smell it. And touch it! Speaking of touching it, who's stroking your cock right now?"

"Hmmm. Let's see. I can't see due to these spongy tit-mountains, and Mom would be able to reach my crotch, but from the angle of the hands I'm guessing that it's Sis. Oh, wait! Breaking news flash... Mom doesn't want to be left out either. Yep, that third hand is definitely Mom doing her patented 'barber pole' move."

"What's that? Tell me everything! Are they both stroking you at once?"

"Yeah, they are. God, it's so good! But unfortunately you and I need to cover some serious business before these two incestuous vixens get me too hot and bothered to talk."

"Oooh!" Susan purred excitedly. "'Incestuous vixens.' I like that! Angel, please wrap your incestuous lips around his incestuous cock. I'd love to, but I can't with Tiger's head resting on my incestuous tit-pillows."

"Incestuous tit-mountains!" Katherine corrected. She stopped sucking just long enough to say that, then greedily took her brother's pole back into her mouth. She groaned lustily as she engulfed his cockhead and more, until she was in danger of triggering her gag reflex.

"Did you hear that?" Alan asked Xania excitedly.

"I did!" Xania replied just as excitedly. "It sounds like someone is practically choking on a monstrous cock!"

"That's my daughter!" Susan said gaily. "She makes a mother proud! If you could only see the way she's practically inhaling his dick. She gagging a little here and there, flirting with deep throating. It's so HOT!"

"It sounds hot," Xania admitted.

Alan said between labored breaths, "I'm already losing control here, so I'd better speed up your report. I'm curious if you taught Sean anything about anal sex over the weekend."

"Oh, shucks," Xania answered. "I hate to report that not only did we not partake, but Sean seemed downright offended by the idea. He called it 'gay.'"

Alan groaned out loud, remembering that not long ago he had given the same immature response. He told Katherine, "Sis, please! Take it easy on my dick for a while. I need to get Xania's report."

"Mmmnnfff?"

He had no idea what that meant; Katherine's mouth was so fully stuffed that her comment was unintelligible. But he guessed, correctly, that her general meaning was "So what?"

He rolled his eyes, and chided, "Sis, behave!"

She kept bobbing on his shaft, but reluctantly slowed to more of a gentle suckling.

Alan soon was breathing easier. That allowed him to discuss how Xania could help cure Sean of his attitude in the very near future.

Xania was only too happy to help; she quite enjoyed being the sexual tutor to a near virginal boy.bender

It took a few minutes to get that discussion out of the way. Luckily, for Alan, Xania did most of the talking. Then the phone sex resumed while increasing in intensity.

"So what's happening on your end now?" Xania asked him.

"I'll answer that as soon as you tell me what's happening on your end."

Xania was a bit vague, wanting to keep the call focused on what was happening at the Plummer house.
"You can guess. My hands are pretty busy."

"Are you naked?"

"Um, no, I've just kind of pushed my panties aside, and-"

"Get naked!" Alan ordered. "I don't want you to be wearing anything larger than an earring, except for your glasses."

Xania giggled giddily. "Yes, sir!" In fact, she wasn't wearing her glasses since she was home alone and only wore those to maintain her image as a learned psychologist. But she knew he liked to picture her in her glasses, so she didn't bother to say anything about that.

Susan shrieked, "So hot! Xania, I can picture you so clearly, your big tits wobbling everywhere in time to the stroking of your clit. You look so gorgeous! I can almost smell your musky pussy!"

Xania began issuing orders over the phone of things she wanted to have happen. "Susan, put a finger up your daughter's ass!"

"OH!" Susan loved that and promptly complied. But she teased, "Is that your professional advice as a psychologist, or is that just a horny big-titted babe talking?"

Xania laughed, and then answered, "Both!" Then she barked, "Katherine, fit every inch of your brother's cock in your mouth, and I do mean every inch! I want you to suck him to the root!"

There was a pause. Xania could only hear the rustling of body parts. Finally, she asked, "Katherine, are you doing it?"

Alan laughed. "Um, she can't talk now. She already had half my cock between her lips before you said that. She can't really deep throat me, but by God, she sure is trying!"

"Oh," Xania replied, panting lightly. "I can hear the gagging! It sounds really hot, knowing how hard she's trying! Katherine, next time I'm there, I'll teach you. It's really not as hard as everyone thinks once you learn the tricks. But you, Alan, what are you doing?"

It was true that Katherine was repeatedly gagging, trying to lunge father down her brother's shaft than she'd ever gone before. Susan of course, heard and saw, responding with loud, lusty moans of her own.

Alan had to speak up just to be heard. "Just, uh, trying to hang on and talk. I'm totally ready to cum already!"

"Don't be so selfish," Xania complained to him. "Pull your mother's tits together and suck on both nipples at once."

"Hmmm," was all he said, as he pondered how to do that. Susan's breasts were so big and round that it was tough to bring the nipples together. He really had to pull hard on the nipples, much harder than he usually allowed himself to do.

Not surprisingly, Susan loved the treatment. "Oh! Tiger! Oh! What are you... YES!"

Xania could tell that he had followed her order, because a few moments later she heard Susan's voice growing increasingly loud. "Oh yes... Oh yes! ... OH YES! TIIIIIGER! ... Milk my titties!"

And so the phone call went. Xania continued giving commands, but Alan gave some commands to her as well. He started by telling Xania exactly how to masturbate herself. But that was fairly predictable and the options on what he could have her do were limited since she was alone.

He wondered how he could up the ante. He realized that in order to think up something really good he had to do some serious thinking, and he couldn't do that with the way Katherine's lips and tongue were roaming all over his shaft in an increasingly energetic effort to get him to cum. So he panted, "Sorry, every... everybody... Need a... strategic break."

A simultaneous disappointed "awww," came both from inside the room and over the phone.

Xania had been very busy plowing her pussy with her fingers. But as she started to calm down some, she said, "The infamous strategic break. I think that's the key to your sexual prowess, Alan. How do you manage to stop in the middle of so much excitement? It's almost inhuman."

"Simple," he explained. "Because when I'm having so much fun I'll do anything to keep it going. The few seconds of bliss during an orgasm are great, but they can't possibly match how much fun I'll have if I can keep things going here another five or ten minutes. Whenever I cum, it's always almost a big downer afterwards. So I just force myself to take breaks."

"You make it sound so easy," Xania said. "If every guy could do that..."

"Hold on here, Xania," he said. "Let me think for a minute. I really need to think."

With his head still nestled in his mother's cleavage and Katherine's head resting between his thighs, he tried to think of what he could tell Xania that would blow her away. He hadn't given any thought to where she was and what she was doing, so he tried to picture that in his mind. That let him remember that Sean had said that Xania lived high up in an apartment building and had a balcony that looked out onto the ocean.

He asked, "Xania, you're still completely naked, right?"

"Yes. Gloriously liberated and free. It feels great."

"Good. Stay that way, walk out on your balcony and masturbate near the edge, right by the railing."

"No! That's insane!" Exhibitionism really turned her on, much more than Alan even realized, but what he asked was going too far in her mind. After all, she had to live there. The people who saw her just might be her friends or neighbors, even if the odds were extremely small.

But after some back and forth, he finally talked her into doing it. She was just too aroused to say no but she'd stalled for time, at least, knowing that every passing minute meant it was getting darker and she'd be less likely to be seen.

Alan had noticed the growing darkness as well. So he waited until she confirmed that she was standing naked on her balcony and said, "Now, turn your balcony light on."

She realized with dismay that with the porch light on, the longer she stalled, the more exposed she would be. She also realized that that idea aroused her incredibly. She stomped her foot in frustration. "You BASTARD!"

He told her, "I hope that's gonna function like a spotlight pointing right at you, causing everyone at the beach to look up and see. Is anyone looking at you yet?"

"No," she gasped. "Unfortunately I'm a few blocks from the beach. But I want them to! I actually want them to! You make me so hot!"

Susan was in seventh heaven from simply listening. She whispered to Alan, "You're making me so hot too! You're actually taming Xania over the phone!"

Seeing that the game was afoot again, Katherine rearranged herself into titfucking position between her brother's legs. She preferred that to cocksucking at the moment because she wanted to be free to hear and talk so she could fully follow what was happening to Xania.

Susan let Katherine do that. She was basically giving her daughter all the cock access tonight. Frankly, she felt grateful to Katherine that she was allowed to be there at all. As Katherine had made clear that morning, Susan had had her time the night before and now this was Katherine's time. Besides, Susan was very content for Alan to use her soft orbs as pillows, especially since he generally kept at least one hand up around them. Her breasts were so sensitive and easily aroused that any touch by him there made her purr with pleasure.

Alan kept giving Xania new orders. "Reach down and touch your toes."

"Okay."

"No, you didn't do it. I'm serious!"

He had guessed right about that, that she hadn't actually done it. She asked in frustration, "How can you tell?"

"I can just tell." Actually, it was just a lucky guess, based on his surmise that she'd answered too quickly and readily. "Don't try to trick me again or you WILL be punished. Now, go to the balcony!"

She'd had him on speakerphone the whole time, so brought the phone out to the balcony where they would still be able to talk. When she got there, she said, "Okay, I'm here. Now what?"

"Are you facing the beach or facing your apartment?"

"Facing my apartment. Being outside is bad enough! Please don't make me turn around and face the other way!" She was surprised at how readily she was obeying his orders, almost as if she really had given him control over her body. That bothered her quite a bit.

He replied, "Don't worry; that's good for now." He was pleased to hear her sigh with relief, because it indicated she really was doing as he'd instructed. "Besides, it'll be good for everyone in L.A. to check out your beautiful back - especially your gorgeous ass!"

She clenched her teeth and kept her eyes tightly shut. Her breathing was audibly growing more labored, which was another indication that she was really on her balcony following his orders.

"Put both your hands on your head, like you've just been arrested by the police." He waited for a response.

In fact, Xania was testing him, so she didn't follow his order. She waited a few seconds, then said, "Okay."

He sighed. "Xania, what did I say about lying to me?"

She stammered in amazement, "But... How?! How did you know?!"

In fact, it was another good guess. He'd suspected she was going to test him again, and he'd been tipped off by the happy way she'd said "Okay." He'd gotten her far too horny to lie cleverly.

He didn't want to explain his reasoning, as that would only help her outsmart him in the future, so he said, "I just know, okay? Quit trying to trick me or you'll regret it! Now, put your hands on your head already. That's an order!"

She reluctantly did as instructed. But as soon as she did, she felt shivers of arousal throughout her body. This is fucked up! It's like my body is rewarding me for obeying him. But it's too fucking hot, knowing what the people down below could see if they happen to look up!

He continued, "Now, spread your legs wide and imagine that I'm there. I'm arresting you for public nudity and indecency."

She spread her legs wide. She'd given up on trying to disobey him, at least for the moment. "But you're not here," she pouted, surprised at how greatly she needed him. "You're a hundred miles away, fucking Katherine's tits!"

"I know, but just imagine. Besides, I'm not really fucking her tits, it's more like her tits are sliding all over, fucking me."

Xania let out a needy groan. "I want that! Fuck MY tits!" Her tits heaved wildly as she panted, "Gaawwwd, if you were here right now... I'd drop to my knees and... OH GOD!"

Susan said in near awe, "Oh. My. God. Tiger, that's so hot! Too hot! Tiger, I love your tit play, but I can't just lie here when you tell Xania those things. I need to obey! Can I pose like that right here in the living room? That way, you can picture exactly how she looks."

"Good idea, Mommy."

Susan immediately got up, put her hands on her head, and spread her legs. This was one of her absolute favorite submissive poses, which was the main reason why she couldn't resist.

Alan asked Xania, "Hold on. You still have your hands on your head?"

"Of course. I can't believe nobody's looked up to see me yet. This is so humiliating!"

He continued, "Keep your hands on your head, but spread your legs even wider, as wide as you can. Like you're doing the splits. Then grasp both your ankles. I'm afraid that you've been very, very bad and I'm going to have to do a full cavity search."

As Alan watched his mother move into position, he thought, This is perfect! Between Mom mimicking the commands and Sis sucking me off, this has to be the best phone sex ever!

Xania moved into that position too, but complained, "I'm hot! I'm burning up! I've never been so hot in my life! If only someone would look up and see my dangling tits, nearly scraping the balcony, but you're not here! I wanna feel your hands on my ass! I wanna feel your huge cock do a cavity search and fuck every cavity I've got! But I'm alone. I need contact!"

That gave Alan another idea. Although he wanted to keep her in that position for a while, he realized that she did need contact. She needed stimulation on her clit so she could cum. So he said, "I want you to be very, very, VERY careful. Extremely careful. Don't endanger yourself. But I want you to sit on the edge of the balcony and slide back and forth over the cold metal railing."

"WHAT?!"

"Oh, I know. Your railing is like three sides to a square, right? I want you to sit at one of the corners and hold onto the railing that leads back into your apartment. That way your body will be leaning over your balcony a bit and if you fall you'll be okay. Can you do that?"

"This is insane, but it just might work," Xania admitted. "I wouldn't ever try it except that I need to cum so bad!"

Before long, Xania found herself rather precariously sitting with one leg over the balcony's rail, sliding back and forth along the rail and grinding her pussy on the cold metal.

While she'd fucked on her balcony a few times before, she'd never dared (or been dared) to actually do anything with the railing before, and she loved it. She got so into sliding back and forth that she almost forgot where she was at times.

Susan was at a loss since she didn't have a pole like that. She gave the matter some thought, and then rushed out of the room. She hurried back in only a minute or two later, proudly holding up a shower curtain rod. She held it with one hand in front of her and one hand behind, sliding it back and forth between her legs.

At the same time, she started swaying and almost dancing with it. Although she loved the way the metal pole rubbed against her pussy lips, her goal was not just to pleasure herself, but to put on a sexy show for her son.

Meanwhile, Xania continued to give Alan a blow by blow account of what she was doing. She frequently spiced her words with complaints like, "You bastard! I can't believe you're making me do this! I could fall and die! Everyone can see me!"

But such protests only made her more aroused.

Alan knew that public exhibitionism was a particularly strong turn-on for her, which was the main reason why he'd asked her to go to her balcony in the first place. Even with the phone on the deck and the distant sound of traffic, she could easily hear as he gave her new commands or comments every now and then.

But between Katherine's continued oral efforts, Susan's pole dancing of sorts, and Xania's public exhibitionism, Alan was talking less and less.

He was wondering how Xania could top having her fuck the balcony railing, and then it came to him. He told her to bend down and titfuck the rail while she kept grinding her pussy against it. Sure enough, she spread her flowing pussy juices all over her cleavage and fucked the rail with her tits and pussy at once. She loved doing that even more. In fact, she considered it one of the most arousing and erotic things she'd ever done. She came so hard and repeatedly that she seriously worried about losing consciousness and falling ten floors to her death, but the danger turned her on still further.

Susan brought the curtain rod between her large orbs and gave her son an intense "fuck me" look as she slid it up and down her cleavage.

By this time, Xania had cum hard a number of times. She was finally forced to climb down off the railing and flop out on the floor to recover.