

6 Times 171

Chapter 171 First Meeting - Brenda

It turned out the environment for the card game in the Plummer house didn't stay female only. After Susan, Suzanne, and Brenda had played poker for a couple of hours, Alan came home from school. He went straight to the kitchen to get himself a snack. From there, he could easily check out Brenda sitting at the dining room table, since the dining room was only separated from the kitchen by the kitchen counter. Her visual impact on Alan was just what Suzanne had expected. Her unbelievably large tits were something new to him, and he couldn't help but linger while trying to grasp how really big she was up top.

Brenda was doubly-cursed, or blessed, depending on one's perspective. Not only did she have gargantuan tits, but she also had long, pointy nipples that seemingly could poke through anything. She wore the thickest bras she could find, but even they seldom hid her nipples. There was almost nothing she could wear, not even a loose sweater, in which her 'points' (as she called them) didn't make themselves aggressively visible.

And that was when her nipples weren't erect. As Brenda complained to them later, one of her biggest problems with them was that everyone who saw her assumed she was constantly aroused with erect nipples, when in fact that was their normal state. It didn't help that she lived in warm and sunny Southern California, where there was rarely any need to even wear a sweater and it was awkward to dress in layers.

But still she did her best to always cover her chest. For instance, on this day she'd worn a thick, high-collared shirt and business jacket not just because of her perception of Susan's prudish sensibility, but also to hide her nipples.

Nonetheless, Alan's eyes were drawn to her tits and nipples like a magnet. Enough time had elapsed from his adventure with Ms. Rhymer for him to get quickly aroused again. He thought, Dang, it's like she's hiding two beach balls under there. This is where it's at. Mature, curvy, sexually experienced women. Sweetness!

Brenda was lucky she also had a very pretty face, or she would almost never have been able to make eye contact with anyone of either sex.

However, Alan had a hard time getting to peek at Brenda, because he found her staring at him much of the time while he puttered around the kitchen. That puzzled him.

The explanation was that Suzanne figured if she wanted to join in the sexual fun that she envisioned in the long-term future, she needed a lure, and Alan was the obvious one, since Brenda was a self-proclaimed heterosexual. Suzanne felt that if she was going to hype him for Brenda, she needed to start from the beginning and stay consistent about it. Luckily, she already was hyping him to the skies for Susan, so she continued to do so with Brenda there too. Since Susan already believed the hype to a great degree, she was reinforcing Suzanne's hype, and in a very sincere and guileless manner.

As a result, Brenda was extremely curious about Alan, even before she had a chance to formally meet him. According to Suzanne and Susan, he was some kind of sexual superman, with an extremely long and thick penis, endless stamina, and the ability to take women to inconceivable heights of pleasure. Actually, that was far from the truth, although Suzanne hoped that with time and training he could go far towards making the hype come true. But because Susan and Suzanne appeared to believe it was true, Brenda tended to assume that it had to be true too. She had no reason to suspect they would be dishonest about this, since she couldn't see a motivation for such a deception.

Once Alan selected a granola bar to eat and poured himself a glass of orange juice, Suzanne stood up at the table, and said, "Hey, Sweetie, what are you doing over there? Can't you see we've got a new guest? Put your snack down for a minute and come introduce yourself."

He wasn't happy to hear that, because even from across the room, there was no denying the incredible, and incredibly voluptuous, beauty of the three women at the table. As a result, he'd gotten a raging erection, and he didn't see how his shorts could hide it if he had to walk over there. But he didn't see how he could get out of such a common courtesy, so he smiled and walked over to the dining room table.

He'd carefully adjusted his package behind the kitchen counter before starting to walk. But it only took him a few steps before his erection sprang free from its trapped position. The result was an extremely prominent bulge in his shorts. He decided his best defense was a good offense, hopefully creating enough of a distraction so Brenda wouldn't notice. So he walked boldly right towards her with a hand out. "Hi there. My name is Alan. Nice to meet you." He smiled and made eye contact.

"Hi, I'm Brenda." She stood up and shook his hand, and tried to maintain eye contact too. However, his shorts were tenting so outrageously that she couldn't help but glance at it several times, even though she knew he'd notice her doing so.

Suzanne stood between Alan and Brenda and put her hand on the backs of both of them. "Alan, Sweetie, Brenda has been an acquaintance of both your mom and me for some time now. The three of us have decided to start a new tradition. We're going to play cards every Wednesday."

"That's nice." After his initial bravado, he was having trouble maintaining his confident front. He was particularly unsettled by the way Brenda was looking him over, and especially repeatedly looking at his crotch. He was dying with shame on the inside at his bulge, but he didn't know what he could do about it.

Susan had stood up too. She couldn't resist the opportunity to boast a little about one of her children. "My son! Brenda, I'm so proud of him. He gets top marks in school, and he's just the nicest, most wonderful son any parent could want."

Suzanne added with a sly grin, "And he's a real lady killer. It's incredible. He's only eighteen, and yet you should see some of the gorgeous older women he's dating. And so many! It's like he's practically got his own personal harem."

Susan frowned in confusion at Suzanne, because she knew that wasn't true. In fact, he wasn't really dating anyone at all.

Luckily, Suzanne knew Susan so well that she was able to give her a look that said "Just roll with it, I'll explain later." Suzanne was able to do that because Brenda was still giving Alan a long and very curious look, so she wasn't paying any attention to Susan or Suzanne.

Alan was confused by Suzanne's comments as well, but Suzanne gave him a similar look, which also went unnoticed by Brenda.

As a result, when Brenda asked him, "Is that really true?" he was able to reply with apparent modesty, "Well, I don't know about all that. But I guess I do okay with the ladies."

Suzanne snorted, as if incredulous at his understatement. "I'll say! Brenda, you'd better let go of his hand, before you find yourself under his spell."

Alan had been careful to only look her in the eyes while she was looking at her, but with Suzanne's flattering comments, such as calling him a "lady killer," he was able to get in a few quick looks at her body. Even with the way she was thoroughly covered up, he couldn't help but notice how endowed she was. He made particular note of the way her nipples were visibly poking through her clothes.

He thought, Wow! What's up with that?! Does that mean her nipples are erect, just from shaking my hand?! (In fact, they were, due to Suzanne's hype and Brenda's very low threshold for getting aroused. But her nipples would have been tenting her clothes at least somewhat anyway, due to her unusually long nipples.)

Man, I can totally picture her naked, thanks to those "headlights" pointing the way! Even with her all dressed up like that, I can tell she's seriously stacked, and a stone cold fox! No way would I have a chance with her though. I remember hearing that she's married, and a multi-millionaire or something crazy like that. Great eye candy, though!

Brenda realized she'd been holding his hand for an unusually long time, and suddenly let go of it like she'd just been burned by a hot stove.bender

Alan didn't understand what was happening, nor did he know what to say. He chuckled nervously, and commented, "Yeah, right. Anyway, Brenda, it's nice to meet you. I'm thirsty and starving, so I'm going to go back to my snack."

She nodded. "Nice to meet you too."

He turned and walked back to the kitchen. It wasn't far to go, but he was greatly relieved. Just by turning around, he was able to hide the bulge in his shorts from Brenda's curious gaze.

Brenda didn't know what to think about Alan. She guessed that his sexual prowess must have been exaggerated due to some weird sense of pride by both Susan and Suzanne. But the hype had an effect, because her heart was racing just from meeting him and shaking his hand.

Once she thought he was out of hearing range in the kitchen, she sat back down and whispered to Susan and Suzanne, "Is he really all that with women?"

Suzanne nodded with a very earnest expression. She whispered back, "He is. Did you see his aroused condition?"

Brenda whispered, "How could I not?! Is he like that all the time?"

Suzanne nodded again. "Pretty much. It's incredible. You wouldn't believe how many times he cums a day."

Susan quietly hissed, "Suzanne, please! That's not the kind of thing proper people discuss."

Brenda complained, "I agree completely. Besides, how the heck would you know that?"

Suzanne replied, "Sorry, but I'm hoping and assuming that these card games will become a weekly tradition, and if you're going to be here a lot, you need to be aware, because it'll probably impact you one way or another. If he was a genius or mentally challenged or highly allergic or what have you, I'd let you know that as well. As far as how I know, Susan and I talk every day and we share just about everything. Let's just say she's incredulous at how often she has to clean his sheets."

Susan looked abashed. "You didn't have to tell Brenda that."

Suzanne responded, "I had to say something, or she'd think we're weird. Besides, she asked if he really is 'all that.' And you do have to admit that if his penis isn't erect, it's because he probably just had yet another orgasm. Brenda, believe you me, this is a topic I would much prefer to skip. But it's just an unavoidable reality around here. You have no reason to be alarmed. He's very polite and not the type to try to make a move on you. It's just that, well, he's pretty much always aroused, and it's hard for him to hide the evidence of that. So please, don't be alarmed or offended if, to be frank, you see that he's got an erection nearly all the time."

Brenda said, "I get it. He's an eighteen year old guy. They're horny all the time. But that doesn't make him any different from other guys his age, right?"

Suzanne raised an eyebrow. "You have no idea. Brenda, I've told you about Brad, my son who is the same age as Alan. Compared to Brad, Alan is like some kind of human sex machine!" She said this like she was concerned for Alan, not boasting.

Susan frowned. "Well, that may be true, and I don't doubt it is, but still, let's not air all our dirty laundry in front of our guest. Where I come from, people don't talk about such things. Can we please stop whispering and get back to the game?"

Suzanne resumed her normal voice. "Fine. Who's turn to deal is it?"

They went back to playing poker.

Brenda didn't know what to think of such revelations about Alan. It seemed that the other two were trying to warn her and prepare her, not hype him, so she figured it was understandable and acceptable. (In fact, it was all hype, just of a more subtle and clever kind.)

Alan went upstairs to his room to take a nap after consuming his granola bar and guzzling down his orange juice in less than a minute. But he certainly hadn't failed to notice how buxom Brenda was. Before falling asleep, he masturbated to fantasies of Susan, Suzanne, and Brenda together in bed with him.

The three buxom women had a grand time playing cards. They all got quite tipsy and giggly.

To Brenda's surprise, she was disappointed that Alan had gone upstairs so quickly. She found that feeling very atypical and odd. She felt a strong desire to make a good impression on him, which she couldn't do if he wasn't there.

Brenda got easily annoyed at men who ogled her chest, and fully expected to get angry at Alan. But she also found it strange that in the brief time Alan had talked to her, he had maintained eye contact with her nearly the entire time, and never looked down at her chest. In fact, she'd noticed the only blatant ogling he'd done was aimed at the sizable racks of Susan and Suzanne.

In fact, Alan had been extremely careful not to noticeably ogle Brenda's tremendous bust because he figured he was already in hot water due to his obvious bulge in his shorts, and he didn't want to get in any more trouble.

But, luckily, Brenda didn't know that. She was chagrined to find that, although she usually fought to be ignored, now she craved more attention from him.

Being ignored, even in a minor way, was something she was completely unfamiliar with because she'd never had serious female competition like these women in her life. Somehow, that drew her closer to them. It was like she'd finally discovered the "impossibly gorgeous women club" and wanted to be a member. It was both a chance for her to be treated relatively normally, for once, and also latch onto an entirely new group of fun-loving friends after going through a painful time with her divorce.

Shortly after Alan went upstairs, Katherine also came home. Naturally, she was soon introduced to Brenda as well. Since she hadn't been hyped up like Alan had been, they made some small talk without incident.

Then Katherine was asked if she wanted to join in. The plan was still to play bridge, if not this week then on some other week in the near future, and one needed a fourth for that. Katherine was flattered that she was being treated as one of the grown-ups, and she agreed. However, she didn't know how to play bridge, so the four of them continued to play poker.

Katherine and Brenda got along well. Katherine was mildly jealous at the enormous size of Brenda's breasts, but since Brenda was dressed so very conservatively, that wasn't much of an issue, and it was easy to forget.

By the end of their day together, it felt like the three older women had become good friends. Even Susan, who was initially reluctant about getting to know Brenda better, looked forward with anticipation to another round of cards the next week. Katherine was late to join in, and she didn't play long before Brenda had to go, but she fit in nicely as well.

Suzanne was pleased at how the card game had gone. She still wasn't sure where she wanted this scheme with Brenda to go, or why she'd arranged it, exactly. She had the vague vision of herself in the middle of an orgy, getting fucked by Alan at one end while sucking on Brenda's tits at the other. But she had a long way to go before she could hope to make that a reality. Among other things, she'd heard Brenda make a derisive comment about lesbianism at the party at which Suzanne had concocted the scheme. But Suzanne considered that to be merely a challenge, and she loved a good challenge.

Chapter 172 Suzanne's Plan

When Alan woke up from his nap, he immediately remembered meeting Brenda, and the nice orgasm he'd had while fantasizing about her, along with his thoughts of Susan and Suzanne. He realized there

was a good chance that Brenda could still be downstairs playing cards, and he wanted to get a better look at her. He quickly put on his usual shorts and T-shirt, and then hustled downstairs.

But to his disappointment, the only person there was Suzanne, who was reading the latest Time magazine in the living room. She put her magazine down and gave him a friendly wave.

He peeked into the kitchen and dining room, just to make sure they were empty, and then he asked Suzanne, "Where'd everyone go? Is the card game over?"

Suzanne chuckled. "Looks like Brenda caught your eye, didn't she?"

He looked around unhappily. "Is she gone?"

Suzanne nodded. "She is. So don't be shy. And Susan is in the backyard, doing some gardening. Why don't we take this upstairs? I've been waiting for you, because I have something I want you to do."

"What about Sis?"

"She went to the mall with Amy. It seems they have a lot of shopping to do, to 'sex up' their wardrobe for better 'visual stimulation.' Hrm. I wonder who they're trying to impress? Who's the handsome young man they wish to arouse and inspire?" She winked at him.

He shook his head in wonder. "Wow! I can't believe these kinds of things are happening to me. It's like... hearing a detail like that makes it seem real. Like, this is really happening and it's going to keep on happening."

Suzanne stood up. "Of course it is. And speaking of happening things, let's go upstairs, so we can talk about more things that are about to happen all over you." She winked again.

They walked together to the stairs. He asked, "What's that?"

"I'll get to that in a minute. But first, what did you think of Brenda? She's a hottie, isn't she?"

He was carefully considering what to say when Suzanne waved a hand dismissively. "Pshaw! Don't sweat it."

"What?"

They'd already reached the top of the stairs. Suzanne led him into his room, and then closed the door behind them. She said, "I said, 'Don't sweat it.' I know what you're thinking. You want to rave about Brenda's looks, but you're trying to figure out how guarded and diplomatic you should be with me about that. Well, rave away. Our relationship has changed more than a little lately, don't you think? I don't mind you lusting after other women."

"You don't?"

While Suzanne had been talking, she'd sat on the edge of his bed, causing him to sit next to her. "No, I don't. I can see the mere possibility you might have found Brenda still playing cards with us has gotten you quite worked up, hasn't it?" She reached to his crotch and firmly grasped the bulge in his shorts.

He gasped. "Aunt Suzy!"

She chuckled. "What? This isn't the first time I've done this to you, you know." She unzipped his shorts, extracted all of his cock and balls, and began caressing them with both hands.

His eyes bugged out in amazement at what her hands were doing. It took him some long moments before he recovered enough to speak.

By that time, she was steadily pumping a hand up and down his shaft while fondling his balls with her other hand. She smirked with amusement at his surprise.

He said, "I know, but... It's just... I guess I'm behind the curve. I'm constantly playing catch up."

"That you are. But don't sweat that either. You'll catch up soon enough. Now, tell me what you think of Brenda. And skip your diplomatic filter already. I hope you think she's a total hottie."

"I do! Man, I sure do! But why would you hope that?!"

"I'll get to that. First, tell me what you think."

He looked down at her stroking fingers and shook his head in wonder. But he was trying hard to roll with the punches, so he spoke honestly. "Like you said, she's a total hottie. I didn't get that long of a look at her, and I don't have X-ray eyes to see through her clothes, but from what I could tell, she has an amaaaazing body! So curvy! Super curvy. And she's got a face that's cute and sexy at the same time. She's, like... this is the highest praise possible, believe me: she's in the same league as you and Mom!"

Suzanne didn't seem particularly moved by that, and continued to look at his boner while she jacked him off.

So he elaborated, "You have no idea what rare praise that is. I mean, you and Mom, the two of you together, that's my pinnacle of beauty. That's perfection for me! Everyone else has to measure up to that, and very few even come close. But Brenda, she's practically right there! Good grief, did you see her breasts?! They're absolutely enormous! I think they could be even bigger than yours or Mom's!"

She asked coyly, "Are you sure?" She was still fully dressed, but she let go of his privates and took hold of the hem of her blouse as if she was going to pull it over her head so he could get a good look at her bare rack. But she had a change of heart, and went back to stroking his cock.

He sighed with disappointment. "Awww. Dang. Are you sure you don't want to take that off? You know, so I can compare and contrast?"

She chuckled. "I do. But I shouldn't, because I don't want to get too involved. You'll understand why when I explain my plan in a minute."

"Okay, but what's going on with Brenda? And why all the questions about her?!"

"So, you'd fuck her?"

He smiled from ear to ear as he imagined himself fucking the shit out of Brenda. He got some minor details wrong, such as imagining her completely shaved below, because he hadn't been able to see much of her body. But he got most of it right.

Letting his guard down, he honestly and gleefully exclaimed, "Oh, only in a micro-second! Why do you even ask? You know what I'd say? Her body's so curvy that it almost doesn't seem possible. How can a woman that thin have breasts that big? They've got to be fake. And her ass. She's like, all tits and ass!"

Suzanne rubbed his sweet spot to devastating effect as she replied, "I'll have you know her boobs are all real. At least, I'm 99 percent certain, from the way they move when she walks. But as for Brenda, I'm thinking long term with her. She can help you with visual stimulation now, just from being around, and who knows, maybe she'll help you more directly someday."

"WHOA! Are you kidding me?! Why would you do that for me?!"

"I'm doing it for us. Sweetie, now that we're sexually intimate, the world is our oyster. Variety is the spice of life. I can't quite explain it, but there's something about her that makes me want to involve her in helping you. If she comes here to play cards once a week, and gives you some special help while she's here, wouldn't that be fun?"

"Oh, man! No way!" He was panting hard.

Suzanne grinned impishly. "Yes way." She squeezed the base of his shaft almost painfully, and then stopped her stroking. "And don't cum on me just yet. I can tell you're very close to cumming already."

"How can I not be?! Aunt Suzy, you're too amazing for words! And Brenda! My God, I'm so horny right now that I can't stand it."

"Well, you'd better stand it. Behave!" She held his boner with one hand and lightly slapped it with the other just once, as if she was starting to give it a spanking. "I have a special assignment for you, and it involves a very erect and aroused feller here, so don't you cum just yet."

Aside from her one light slap and the way she was still holding his hard-on, she was generally leaving it alone for now. That allowed him to breathe a little easier. But he was still panting when he asked, "What is it?" bender

"It involves your mother. You know what she told me a little while ago, while you were taking your nap?"

"What?"

"She confessed to having very 'sinful thoughts' about you lately. But that's nothing new. We've talked about that extensively. What is new is that she said that she felt like today was a turning point. She said she'd gone the whole day without anything sexy happening between you and her. She was proud of her self control, and felt like she's getting a grip on her 'inappropriate feelings.' On top of that, her period began last night after you left. She sees that as a sign that she needs to maintain self-control."

He was slightly delirious with lust, especially since Suzanne had resumed rubbing two fingers against his sweet spot - she just couldn't help herself. So he wasn't thinking too clearly when he exclaimed, "Wait! That's bad!"

Suzanne chuckled at his dazed condition. "You bet your cute ass that's bad. We can't let her slide back into her prudish ways. That's bad for you, for me, for her - for everybody. She still lusts after you so much that she's pretty much constantly obsessed about it, but she's very mindful that Ron is home, and she's trying with all her might to resist her sexual urges. We DO have to be careful with Ron here, but we need to at least keep her on a slow boil until he's gone. That's why you need to act fast."

He asked dumbly, "Fast?" Her reprieve hadn't been that long, and he was spiraling dangerously close to orgasm already.

"Yes, fast. She further pointed out that Ron would be home just before six, in time for dinner. That gives us a little less than an hour and a half. Here's my plan. I want you to take your phone out to the sun deck."

He tried hard to think through his lusty fog. He looked to the receiver next to his bed. "You mean my land line?" He didn't own a cell phone.

"Yes. That's so you can put it on the speaker phone setting. Find some extra phone cord if you have to. Can you do it?"

He did a quick mental calculation. The sun deck was across the hall from his room and down the hall a little ways, towards the stairs to the main floor. It was hardly ever used, because the pool area in the backyard was much preferred. He said, "I suppose, with some extra cord. But why the sun deck?"

"Because you're going to masturbate there, and Susan is going to watch you. I'm going to track her down outside and 'accidentally' mention that I'm concerned that you're masturbating in such a highly visible place. Then I'm going to leave. Which I will do after I sneak around to make sure she takes the bait."

"The bait? I don't understand."

Suzanne sighed with frustration. "I guess I'll have to take it easy on your cock so your brain can resume functioning again." She switched to just lightly and slowly stroking him. "How's that?"

"Uh..." He was relieved, as he felt the urge to immediately cum subside. But at the same time, he'd been greatly enjoying being right on the verge.

She chuckled. "'Uh.' You're still at caveman status, but I'll press on anyway. The plan is, Susan won't be able to resist spying on you. You know that one window in the hallway that looks out onto the sun deck?"

"Yeah?"

"Whatever you do, don't look there and make eye contact with her! Instead, position yourself for maximum sexy effect, knowing that she's looking at you from there. Meanwhile, I'll call you on my cell phone and we'll talk. Remember that your bombshell mommy is going to hear every word both of us say, so try to say things that'll compliment her and arouse her. Hype up your sex skills, even if it's just hype. Above all, try to express how much you desire her. Got all that?"

"Yeah, sure. That's not so hard. And then?"

"And then... we'll see. We don't want to script this too much. Half the fun is not knowing what'll happen. Just go with the flow. I'll be somewhere nearby, behind the scenes kind of like the Wizard of Oz, making sure that everything happens as it should, not to mention running interference if Angel or Amy or even Ron comes by."

"So you'll be downstairs."

"Basically, yeah. But I'll say I'm calling you from my house. Got all that?"

"Yep."

She let go of his erection.

He griped, "Oh, man!"

"Sorry, but you've gotta save all that cocky goodness for your mother. I know how much you loved what she did to you last Tuesday, and with any luck, we'll have her bobbing on your fat cock before long. It's a must that we break her of her prudish ways. It's all part of my grand plan."

He prodded. "Which is..."

"Which is for me to know and you to find out. Trust me, it'll be more enjoyable that way. But good things are happening, that's for sure!"

He laughed heartily. "I've gotta agree with that! Phew!"

Chapter 173 Naughty Talk

A few minutes later, Alan found himself sitting naked in a white plastic chair on the sun deck, sliding a hand up and down his stiff erection. He'd wanted to at least keep his T-shirt on, but Suzanne had insisted that he wear nothing at all.

The house phone rang. It was sitting on the deck next to him, so he answered by briefly bending over and hitting the speakerphone option. Just hearing it ring gave him a great thrill, because Suzanne had

given him some more instructions before she'd left, telling him that she wouldn't call until she was absolutely certain that Susan was watching him from the hall window as they'd discussed.

He'd already been wordlessly masturbating to thoughts of his stunning mother, more so even than his horny thoughts about his similarly stunning aunt. But he'd been trying to take it easy on his penis, knowing that things were likely to get pretty wild once Suzanne called.

Staring off into his backyard, he spoke aloud, "Hello?"

Suzanne's voice was loud and clear through the speaker phone feature. It was like she was right there. "Hey, Sweetie. How's it hanging?"

"Uh, good."

"Are you ready for our session to begin?"

"Sure."

"You know I can't be there at the moment, my Sweetie, but I'm going to make sure you have a long and satisfying orgasm though the magic of technology."

He smiled widely as his heart soared to thoughts of his wonderful "auntie." "Thanks, Aunt Suzy!"

Sure enough, Susan was watching through the window that Suzanne knew she would use. Suzanne had left the window partly open to make sure that Susan could hear every word.

Susan thought, So THAT'S what's going on! She had been very puzzled why Alan was masturbating on the sun deck when he'd always done it in his room, and furthermore, how Suzanne had made a passing mention to her right before she went home that he'd been about to start doing that. Now, it all made sense.

Suzanne asked over the phone line, "So, what do you want to talk about? What'll get you hard and horny?"

He looked down at himself, and admitted with a chuckle, "No worries. I already am hard and horny. And just hearing your scratchy yet oh-so-sultry voice is guaranteed to keep me that way."

"Really? Well, let's make you harder and hornier. What are you thinking about?"

"Honestly?"

"Of course honestly! Even if it's not flattering to me, I can take it. You know you can be completely truthful to me."

"Well then, I must admit, before you called, I was kind of thinking about... Mom!"

Susan gasped, loudly.

He had to suppress a strong urge to look over to where he knew she was standing. He loved that she gasped like that, because it was further proof to him that she was utterly incapable of any kind of deception. He found that adorable.

Suzanne purred, "You naughty boy! Are you thinking about your sexy, big-titted mommy while you stroke your fat cock?"

"I am. Does that offend you?" He could feel his lusty desire rising, and he stroked his boner faster.

Suzanne replied, "No way! I think it's great, AND very sexy. Keep in mind that you have your special medical condition. I can't always be there to help you. That means that once Ron leaves, or even before that, your mother is going to be helping you in a very intimate way, on a daily basis. Just like she did last Tuesday, she's gonna fondle, stroke, lick, and suck your cock! Every day, if not more. Probably many times a day. I find that very sexy, don't you?"

He grunted. "Yeah!"

Susan was panting hard, and her heart beat like a big bass drum. Oh my goodness! My Tiger! My Tiger's cock! I'm going to be sucking it SO MUCH! So very, very much!

Suzanne continued, "Your mother is an extremely beautiful woman, and she loves you more than you know. There's nothing she wouldn't do for you. Which means that it won't be long before she'll be naked and on her knees, with your thick slab of cock-meat in her mouth! I would say that she's going to learn to love it, but she's already told me all about what happened that Tuesday, and I know she loves it already."

Susan thought, I DO! I DO! God knows I do! Lord help me, I know it's wrong, but I just can't resist! MMMM! So thick! So long! So sweet! I wish I could have it in my mouth right now!

She'd been wearing some ordinary, unrevealing, and unflattering clothes, which she'd changed into after Brenda left in order to do her gardening. But she suddenly felt like she was burning up, to the point that she worried she really did have a fever. Now that Suzanne had mentioned her being naked and kneeling, she felt a strong compulsion to be just like that. She couldn't kneel, because then her head would be too low to continue to peek out the window, which was a small, high window meant to help light the hallway more than to look through.

But there was nothing stopping her from getting naked. Because the window was small and easily overlooked, she figured the odds of Alan seeing her peeking at him were extremely low. Even if he did, all he would see was her head. If she stripped, she could pick up her clothes and flee down the stairs well before he could open the door from the sun deck to the hallway. Then she could at least claim that she'd just arrived and glanced through the window, and that's why he'd noticed her head at that moment.

With that in mind, she managed to take all of her clothes off (except for the panties necessitated by her period) without ever taking her eyes off her naked son. It helped that she wasn't wearing a bra, due to the rule about that. She felt much better after disrobing, and much more aroused.

Alan was staring into the trees of his own large backyard, beyond the pool, when he asked Suzanne, "Are you SURE it's okay that we're talking about Mom instead of you? I could just as easily talk about you, since you inspire me every bit as much as she does."

Suzanne replied, "I know that, but we did that last time. It's a fun twist to talk about her instead. Besides, like I said, if I have my way - and I usually do - she and I are going to be a cock-pleasuring team in the near future, so it's only fitting."

He asked, "Okay... but... is it safe? Where is she right now?!" Like the last question, that was a question Suzanne told him to ask.

Suzanne said, "I told you already, she's gardening. I talked to her in the backyard no more than ten minutes ago. You know how she is: once she gets started, she's not going to stop until she finishes the task. So you have plenty of time. In fact, who knows, maybe you can see her from there?"

He acted like he was scanning the backyard, even though he could only see a part of it, since his chair wasn't near the outer edge of the sun deck. The chair was close to the window Susan was peeking through, so she could get an excellent view of him from less than ten feet away. "Nah, I can't see her."

"I'm sure she's there," Suzanne responded. "Why don't you get up and take a closer look? Wouldn't it be a kick to masturbate about her while looking at her?" She delighted in the irony of that, knowing that he knew the opposite was happening.

"Yeah, but no. I'm fine where I am. I'm stroking up a storm here, so I don't want to move." He responded like that because he didn't want to spook his mother. He knew that she would realize that if he stood up and started walking around the sun deck, he probably wouldn't see her immediately, but he might well see her when he turned around and faced her direction while he returned to his chair. He didn't want to give her any reason to flee, so he was bound to remain sitting.

Suzanne asked him, "Do you feel naughty, masturbating to visions of your sexy mommy?"

He replied, "Of course. But I just can't help myself! It's like she's the Playboy Playmate of the Year. No, even sexier than that! She's just so hot that it's crazy!"

Susan thrilled to every word. And she thought, That's just like me! I can't help myself either. Son, we're both caught in a web, trapped in this web of forbidden desire because of your special medical condition. What cruel fate. But at the same time, dear Lord, I love it so much! I can't stop salivating. It's all I can do not to bust through the door, rush across the sun deck, drop to my knees, and swallow his entire wonderful cock deep down my throat! UNGH! HNNG! I want that so bad!

She hadn't intended to masturbate, she just wanted to feel unrestrained without her clothes. But somehow, since she'd lost her clothes (except her panties), her hands had drifted to her soft creamy globes. She was rolling an erect nipple between her fingers while the fingers on her other hand caressed the underside of her other breast, taking full advantage of this sensitive area.

She had a policy that she wasn't allowed to masturbate, unless it was an "accidental tingle" in the shower. But in the heat of the moment, that was forgotten. Besides, she was so very aroused that it was like she had no choice.

Suzanne said to Alan, even though it was really a message to Susan, "I get it. She IS that hot. I always thought that her prudish, conservative ways were just the surface level, and underneath that there was an extremely passionate and loving woman wishing she could break free and truly enjoy life, even a highly sexual life. And now that's starting to happen, and I'm so glad for her."

Susan was far too horny to seriously ponder that now, but she would remember Suzanne's words and think them over later. She was starting to come to the same conclusion anyway.

Suzanne remembered that last night Susan had complained to her in passing, "It's more like we're Tiger's personal sluts." Since then, Suzanne had reminded Susan about that several times, and acted like Susan had meant that as a wish instead of a complaint, much to Susan's consternation. With that in mind, she asked in her scratchy purr, "So tell me, Sweetie, would you like it if she were to become one of your personal sluts?"

Susan gasped. Although she had meant it as a negative, a part of her considered it an extremely exciting fantasy.

He remembered that the real Susan was listening, especially due to her audible gasp. He was careful with his answer. "What does that even mean?"

"Whatever the hell you want it to mean!" Suzanne encouraged him.

He moaned loudly and lustily as his mind mentally ran through all kinds of wild possibilities. He couldn't help but confess, "I still don't know what that means at all, but I have to admit it sounds really hot!"

Susan felt a great jolt of arousal shoot down her spine, running through her to the tips of her fingers and toes. It does, Son! It sure as heck does!

Suzanne prodded him, "I'll take that as a 'yes.' What about her turns you on, exactly? Is it her big tits?"

He exclaimed, "Oh my God! Yes! For starters! They're just so massive and yet so perfect! It doesn't matter what she wears, it's like there are these two oversized water balloons on her chest, sloshing around with every step she makes. I wish I could take them in my hands right now and hold them and caress them! I'd kiss them all over too, and even suck her nipples into my mouth!"

Susan had been panting loudly and steadily for a while now. It had built up gradually, so she hadn't realized how easily her son could hear her. But when he mentioned sucking her nipples into her mouth, she gasped even louder than before, because that was such a turn-on for her.

Her gasp was so loud that it took her out of her erotic reverie. She froze and held her breath. She didn't duck her head from the window, because she wanted to see if he was going to look her way. But she was ready to duck out of sight the instant his head did start to turn. However, the conversation continued without pause, so she quickly recovered from the scare.

He said to Suzanne, but also to his mother, "If Mom were here right now, sitting naked on my lap, you know what I'd do? First, I'd kiss her lips, and really sock it to her with all the passion and love I have in my heart for her."

Suzanne cut in, "Which is a hell of a lot! I know that much!"

"That's true. Aunt Suzy, I love her so much, and I desire her so much! The two things go hand in hand. She's not just a pretty face or an hourglass-shaped hard body; she's my mom! When I think about what a great mom she is, I always want to cry tears of joy. For real! Anyway, I'd take her in my arms and kiss her and squeeze her tight and tell her how much I love her. And then, with our lips locked together, I'd caress her big tits with both hands from below, because of course I would! I'm a tit man!"

Susan had already gotten over the scare of thinking she was about to get caught. She hefted her boobs up with both hands and caressed them in the style that her son had used on the few occasions he's gotten his hands on them.

Suzanne chuckled at his comment about being a tit man. "Oooh, this is fun! Are you still stroking yourself?"

He looked down at his crotch, even though he hardly needed to check. His hand was sliding up and down his shaft at a steady rhythm. The erotic buzz was non-stop. He said, "Sure am! It feels great!"

"Good! Are you close to cumming?"

"Not yet." He reconsidered, keeping in mind how intense the pleasure was. "Well, close, but not that close."

"Even better. Keep telling me what you'd do to your sexy mommy, but let me answer like I'm her. Okay?"

"Sure! So anyway, just because I'm a tit man and that's the first thing I mentioned, that's hardly her only outstanding feature. She has so many!"

Suzanne corrected him, "You mean MY only outstanding feature. Remember, I'm Susan now."

"Right. Mom, your tits are what everybody notices about you at first, because they stick out, like, three feet in front of you! It seems that way, anyway. They're so bouncy and soft and squeezable! But the second thing I notice has to be your face. Such a gorgeous face! Oh my God!"

Suzanne cut in, "How did you like my face last Tuesday? Did it look even better with my jaw craned open and my lips stretched around your impossibly thick cock?" (She was well aware that his penis was far from "impossibly thick," but she knew Susan would love hearing that sort of language.)

He gasped, "OH GOD YES! Yes, yes, yes! You know it! That's the sexiest sight in the world! Especially since it's you!" Since he couldn't see Suzanne, and he was very, very, VERY aroused, it was easy for him to forget that he wasn't actually speaking directly to Susan. He was continually mindful that the real Susan was standing a short distance behind him, even as he somehow felt like her voice was coming through the phone from somewhere else.

As a result, he largely forgot his usual diplomatic tact of what Suzanne would think, and spoke from the heart. "Mom, you know, the fact that you do have your prudish upbringing, and yet you're still willing to do that for me... I can't even tell you how much that means to me! I just feel so much love! Thinking about it now, I really AM about to cry tears of joy!" He meant that too.

Although Alan was getting confused about who he was speaking to, Suzanne remained very mindful of the situation. She wasn't offended at all by his enthusiasm for his mother, and in fact his comments reminded her to stick in a comment that she considered vital to her continual campaign to change Susan's attitudes. She said, "You said it! You know, cocksucking, that's just about the best way for a mother to express her love for her son! She can feel his love with her sliding lips and her wandering tongue!"

Remembering that she was supposed to be Susan, she continued, "Son, I can literally feel your love with every inch of your thick cock in my hands! Or even better, in my mouth! I can feel how intense your love is by the heat of your cock rubbing against the inside of my cheek, and the way it throbs and twitches against my tongue just like a living creature! And don't get me started with your cum! That's liquid love right there, pure and simple. Every time you cum on me, I can feel your love splatter all over my face and tits! I can lick it up and guzzle it down, and it's the sweetest taste in the world!"

Suzanne said such things for Susan's benefit, knowing how much those would push her buttons. But at the same time, some part of her believed it herself. She was deliberately indoctrinating Susan to change her from prudish to sexually liberated, but she was unknowingly indoctrinating herself to some degree at the same time.

Those words did hit home for Susan in a big way, just like striking a bulls eye. She thought, That's SO TRUE! You tell him, Suzanne! Good Lord, I wish I had his cock in my hands right now! In my MOUTH! I'd love him so much! I would bob and lick for hours and hours if I could, just to hear him moan with delight! Oh, Tiger! My love! I wish so much I didn't have to worry about what the Bible says or what people say. I would be your SLUT! That's right, your personal slut! Maybe I should take my place as one of his personal sluts, just like Suzanne says. I don't care how wrong it is! That would be bliss!

Susan was still playing with her nipples. Suzanne's words inspired and aroused her so much that an intense orgasm unexpectedly hit her. Her breasts, and especially her nipples, were so highly sensitive, that she was one of the rare women who could cum from nipple play alone.

This orgasm frightened her at first, because it hit her so suddenly and powerfully that she was terrified she would scream out loud, and thus Alan would certainly notice she was there. That would be much worse than him happening to see her head there, because how could she explain her cries of orgasmic ecstasy?

As a result, she focused all her willpower on trying to stay quiet. She clenched her teeth and shut her eyes tight. But a loud hiss was escaping through her lips, so she brought her hand to her mouth and bit down on it in the hopes that would better block the noise.

In fact, her efforts were only partially successful at best. Had Alan truly not known she was there already, he certainly would have heard her hissing, moaning, and other involuntary noises she made as her orgasm rocked her entire body for well over a minute. In fact, it was way too much for her to continue standing, and she slumped to her knees while resting her head against the wall, below the window.

Alan was so distracted by Susan's orgasm that he forgot to keep talking. Plus, Suzanne's talk about cocksucking being a great sign of love aroused him so greatly that he had to stop masturbating altogether for a while, in order not to cum just yet. Even so, it was a very near thing. One squirt of cum did shoot out, and he thought he was a goner for sure. But thanks to Suzanne's recent advice about squeezing his PC muscle, he squeezed and squeezed like his life truly depended on it, and somehow he came back from the edge, even after he felt he'd gone well past it.

That close call was extremely exhausting. Now, he couldn't talk even if he'd remembered to. He slumped in his chair and huffed and puffed quite loudly.

Chapter 174 Susan The Voyeur

Suzanne was peaking with lust as well, but nonetheless she wasn't as far gone as the other two, because she wasn't actively masturbating (well, not so much) and she didn't have an orgasm, or even a close call. She couldn't afford to let herself go completely, because she was hiding downstairs and she needed to remain clothed and mindful about anyone else coming home so she could fend them off.

She sensed that something important had just happened, but she wasn't exactly sure what it was. Emboldened by how well her scheme had gone so far, she decided to briefly peek up the stairs to see what Susan was doing. She had been lurking in the kitchen (where she had the plausible deniability excuse of wanting to get a snack, in case someone came upon her unexpectedly), but she put her phone in her pocket without disconnecting and she quietly and carefully snuck through the house to the foot of the stairs.

There was a ninety-degree turn halfway up the staircase, so she crept up the stairs that far and then paused to sense if she could hear anything. As it so happened, by the time she got there, Susan's orgasm had just ended and yet she was still trying hard not to make noise, so Susan was even quieter than prior to her orgasm, when she'd been panting loudly without realizing it.

Disappointed not to hear anything yet, Suzanne crept further up the stairs. She knew Susan had to be only a few feet away from the top of the stairs, because that's where the window she was peeking through was. She figured Susan had to be highly distracted. She wanted to go up the stairs just enough to see what Susan was doing, and then she'd retreat all the way back to the kitchen and resume the call.

Unfortunately for Suzanne's sneaking around, although Alan was still physically recovering from his orgasmic close call, his mind had recovered faster, and he was worried about the uncommonly long time since he or Suzanne had spoken aloud. He worried Susan would think the call was over, and then get skittish and flee. So he said, "Aunt Suzy? You there?"

That would have been fine, except that Suzanne hadn't turned her phone off. So Susan heard Alan's voice coming from the sun deck, but she also sensed that it was coming from down the stairs somehow at the same time. Susan was still on her knees, but she was curious enough and recovered enough to get up and take a quick look down the stairs.

Suzanne heard Susan get up, but she was so far up the stairs that she knew there was no time to escape out of sight. So instead she decided to brave it out and pretend like she was deliberately coming up the stairs all along.

As soon as Susan saw the fully clothed Suzanne, she unthinkingly exclaimed, "SUZANNE?!"

Suzanne pretended to be just as surprised. "Susan?! What are you doing here?!" She kept on walking up the stairs.

Susan blushed profusely and covered her privates when she realized to her horror just what an embarrassing position she was in. It was bad enough to be caught nearly naked, and worse to be caught with the smell of sex in the air and cum dripping down her inner thighs. But that was nothing compared to her shame at getting caught spying on Alan masturbating!

Susan was completely speechless. She was amazed that her heart managed to keep beating.

Suzanne could have had a field day gently teasing her best friend about this, but she loved Susan and didn't want her to suffer. Besides, having her flee in embarrassment wasn't going to help her sexual transformation and in fact probably would be a setback. So Suzanne smiled like understanding was coming to her. Then she walked right up to Susan, put her hands on her bare shoulders, and pulled her head in close.

She whispered in her ear, "It's okay. I know you're spying on Sweetie as he masturbates. That's okay too."

Susan's heart was thumping wildly, and she was absolutely petrified. She whispered back, "It is?!"

"Of course it is. Why wouldn't you? I'm sure it's a very sexy sight!" She briefly disengaged from Susan to peer through the window. To her relief, Alan was still sitting in the chair, facing away from the window.

In fact, Alan had heard the shouting and the commotion. But he'd decided the best course of action was to stay still and silent. He could hear that Suzanne was involved, so he figured he'd wait to take direction from her.

Suzanne brought her head back to Susan's and whispered in her ear some more, "Don't worry, let me take care of this." Then she said out loud, "Susan, didn't you hear me?! What are you doing here?! Please don't come up the stairs any further!"

Susan was still so scared that she was slow on the uptake. She just gaped at Suzanne while covering her privates.

Suzanne continued in a loud voice, "Please, Susan, stay right there! And whatever you do, don't come up the stairs! Okay?"

Susan rallied enough to respond, "Okay."

It seemed like an eternity of torture for Susan, but in fact it had been less than half a minute since Suzanne and Susan had discovered each other. Suzanne quickly moved past Susan and walked a few feet

to the door to the sun deck. She opened it, but stayed on the other side of it, and shouted to Alan, "Hey, Sweetie! Stay where you are!"

He turned in his chair to look at Suzanne while being careful not to look towards the window Susan had been using. He didn't have to pretend confusion, because he didn't understand what Suzanne was doing. He asked, "Aunt Suzy? What are you doing here?"

Suzanne replied, "I must confess, this whole time we've been talking on the phone, I've actually been spying on you from the top of the stairs!"

He was starting to catch on, and he played along. "You were? Why did you do that?"

"You have no idea how sexy it is to watch you masturbate. But never mind that. Susan is standing a few feet behind me. She's just come upstairs and she's wondering what's going on!"

He pretended to be shocked and alarmed. He hadn't been actively masturbating for a couple of minutes now, since he'd started recovering from his close call around the time Susan started her prolonged orgasm. But his penis was still very erect, so he bashfully covered it with both hands. "She is?! Whatever you do, don't allow her to come out here!"

Suzanne replied, "It's too late for that. I just whispered to her what we've been doing. But so what? We're not doing anything wrong. It's my job to help you with your orgasms. It was a kick to secretly watch you masturbate, but I'm horny as hell, and now that you know I'm here, we might as well cut to the chase."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I think you know what I mean." Suzanne turned back to look at Susan, even as she held the door open and started to take her clothes off at the same time. "Susan, if you'll excuse me... I know this is your house, but I've got a job to do here, and it involves sucking your son's cock. So you can go back downstairs or go to your room or wherever you were going. If you don't want to see a blowjob, don't come out to the sun deck. Okay?"

Susan had caught on that Suzanne had taken the fall for her, making it seem like Suzanne had been the one who'd been spying. (Or so she thought.) Susan was still topless, but she realized there was no way for Alan to see that. She was tremendously relieved. It was dawning on her that being caught spying by Suzanne wasn't so bad. She'd been sharing nearly all of her sexual thoughts with her best friend lately, so this was bound to come out sooner or later anyway. Her main concern was that Alan didn't find out, and it seemed Suzanne had saved her from that disaster.

After a long pause, while Suzanne continued to undress, Susan said, "Um, okay." She bent down and picked up her clothes. "I think I'll just go back downstairs then."

Suzanne nodded. "Okay, you do that." Then she winked knowingly. She finished removing her clothes, and simply left them on the hallway floor as she started to turn and walk through the door.

But then a different idea came to her, and she turned back around, letting the door close behind her. She took a few steps back to where Susan was standing with her clothes in her arms, and whispered in her ear again. "Don't stress about getting caught spying on him. It's a good thing. That tells me you're warming up to your new role of using your hands and mouth to help your son cum six times a day. Don't stop on my account! I'm going to suck him off now, and you should watch through the window some more."

She nodded knowingly towards the high window, which made Susan squirm with embarrassment. Then Suzanne continued, "It's educational. You really could learn from what I'm doing. Consider it homework. Since you're going to be doing this a lot in the near future, you really should get good at it."

Susan stammered, "Bu-bu-but... the, the... the abnormality checks! That's all I've promised to do!"

Suzanne nodded. "Sure. But I know how much you love your son. What if he comes home from school with his big cock throbbing with need, and I'm not around? Would you really force him to resort to the dreadful sin of Onan? Or would you show your love to him by stripping off your clothes, dropping to your knees, engulfing his hot pole, and bobbing on it for half an hour or even a full hour, until he explodes in sweet rapture and blasts a creamy, spermy load all over your face? I think the choice is clear, and you'll make the right decision when that situation happens again and again and again."

Susan stood there with her mouth gaping. She was still reeling with fear from being discovered, but her lust had only disappeared for a little while, and now it was flooding back and overwhelming her all over again. She muttered, "Why do I have to be naked and on my knees whenever I suck him? Why do you always have to describe it that way?"

Suzanne shook her head like she was dealing with a slow student. "You see? That's why you need to keep watching. You don't even understand the symbolic importance of that position? You have much to learn if you want to be one of his personal sluts, much less get really good at it."

Susan grumbled, "Why do you keep saying that? I said 'personal slut' just once yesterday, and you won't let me forget it!"

Suzanne didn't directly respond to that, and continued, "Watch when I'm doing it that way and when I'm not, and see if you can tell the difference. Don't worry, I promise to make sure he doesn't know you're there."

Susan was extremely tempted to resume her spying, because that sounded like a thrilling sight. But she was still spooked from being caught by Suzanne, and she remained extremely embarrassed. So she muttered, "Um, no, sorry... I think I'll just go downstairs now."

Suzanne shrugged. "Your loss." She began walking back to the door. "Sorry, gotta hurry, before Sweetie goes flaccid." She opened the door and spoke in a louder voice to Alan, "Sorry, Sweetie, I was just having a little chat with your mother. But she's gone downstairs and I'm ready to help."

Alan didn't mind being kept waiting, since his penis desperately needed a break.

Susan walked down the stairs while still holding her clothes in her hands. But she felt very disappointed, like she'd just missed an enormous lottery jackpot by one number.

She walked to one of the sofas in the living room and sat down to collect her wits. She intended to put her clothes back on, but she just left them on the sofa next to her for now. She thought, I've gotta get my act together! I feel like I'm going craaaaazy! Watching Tiger masturbate was SO HOT! It almost felt like last Tuesday when I had him in my hands and my mouth for such a long time. And to watch Suzanne suck him?! That's so hot it's unbelievable! If I were to watch that, I think my whole body would burst into flames! Good God! And that's not much of an exaggeration. Heck, I saw her do that to him last night and was so amazed and aroused that I actually passed out!

She sighed heavily as her thoughts took a different turn. But I have to remember my place, my role in society. I'm a married woman, and Tiger's mother! Suzanne presents such a breath-taking and enticing

vision of helping him out like that all the time, but I can't! What would my parents think about that? Or my brother, or my sisters? Or RON?! What about Ron?! Why do I keep forgetting about him?! Suzanne says he's cheating on me, but that doesn't give me carte blanche to do wrong too. I know a good handjob or blowjob is like medicine for my suffering son, but would Ron understand that? No! To his eyes, it would look a lot like a sex act. And I must admit it must look exactly like that to someone who doesn't really understand the whole situation.

She mustered her resolve, and thought with determination, NO! I have to put my foot down. I can help Tiger with visual stimulation and even his weekly abnormality checks, because Suzanne can't do those, but that's it! That's too much for a good Christian woman right there. I'm so weak! Darn it, why does Tiger have to be so handsome and well-hung? And he said all those sweet things about me when Suzanne was pretending to be me.

She smiled blissfully as she stared off into space. She brought her hands up to her boobs and lightly caressed them. Tiger REALLY loves my big tits, doesn't he? And that's what they should be called, big tits, not breasts. As in, "Tiger, shoot your cum all over my big tits!" Then I'd rub them together and smear his sweet seed into my skin, even deep into my cleavage. I'm sure he'd love that. After all, he says I'm sexier than the sexiest Playboy centerfold! I hate that it's a Wednesday. That means it's six whole days until his next abnormality check. Darn it!

She suddenly let go of her boobs, stood up, and started anxiously pacing around the living room. Listen to me. I'm slipping again. I've got to get a grip, for real! Now! It must be five o'clock, or close to it. Ron will be home by six! And what about Angel? It's quite surprising that she's not home from her shopping already. What if she were to come home right now and see me pacing around like this?! I'm not some slutty strumpet; I'm a responsible adult and mother and I need to start acting like one!

She returned to the sofa and sat down next to her clothes, intending to put them back on. She picked up her blouse with both hands, but just held it in front of her. UGH! Life isn't always a bowl of cherries, you know. We have to deal with the hand we're dealt, not the one we want. Suzanne's the lucky one. Even as I sit here, she's bobbing and slurping all over Tiger's fat cock! Knowing her, she'll probably gobble it down until her nose is buried in his pubic hair. Darn it! I'm so envious!

She sighed again. But then she resumed putting her clothes back on.

However, that didn't end Susan's inner conflict. She paced around and fretted for another five minutes until she was too frazzled to think. She didn't even know how it happened, but somehow she wound up peeking through the window at the sun deck again. Although she'd put her clothes back on, she'd resolved to go back to her room to change into something more appropriate for dinner with her

husband and family. But she had to go right past the sun deck on her way to her room, and she couldn't help but take a very brief glance through the window to see if Suzanne really was giving Alan a blowjob.

As soon as she looked and saw that Suzanne was in fact doing that, she was hooked. She thought as she breathlessly gawked, Good God! Lord have mercy! Look at her go! She's really doing it! And not only that, but she's naked and on her knees while Tiger sits there in the sun like some kind of Egyptian pharaoh! It's even more exciting than seeing her suck him last night!

She continued to stand there and stare. Suddenly, it felt like the temperature in the hallway was 120 degrees Fahrenheit, or more. She's right, there IS something special about that position. Naked and kneeling IS the right and proper way to suck my son's cock! She looks extra sexy like that. It's almost like the mighty Suzanne is bowing in submission to him. Oh my goodness! THAT'S an arousing thought, to say the least! Like, like... like he really IS a pharaoh, and she's worshipping his cock with her lips and tongue!

HNNNG! Oh God! Hot! Too hot! Now, I really AM burning up! What if that were ME, regularly worshipping his cock with MY lips and tongue?! And my hands! All at once, doing everything possible to get him to cum, just like Suzanne is right now! bender

She tore her eyes away and looked down the hall towards her room. I absolutely positively have to go now. My thoughts are turning downright blasphemous. How dare I use the word "worship" for such a sinful act?! Besides, duty calls. And I got caught once already. I can't let Angel catch me too. Or Ron! Oh no! Ron! Why do I have to be married to him?!

But on the other hand... She turned back to the window and resumed watching. How could I not watch THAT? I think it's the most incredible sight I've ever seen! Suzanne, on her KNEES! I see what she means about the symbolism of that position. I know exactly how she feels, with her lips tightly sealed around his shaft and her tongue dancing all over his sweet spot. Mmmm! YES! That was ME last Tuesday! God, that was probably the best day of my life! It certainly was the most arousing and exciting, by far! If Tiger really needs all that oral help, why should Suzanne have all the fun? Oh dear. I'm salivating like a panting dog again, but I can't help it!

Her arousal was soaring still higher as she peered even more carefully through the window to closely examine every move her best friend was making. Look at Suzanne's sliding lips! Even with her eyes closed, you can tell she's in total ecstasy! That feeling of fullness, feeling my mouth stuffed to the brim with Tiger's cock, that's the absolute BEST! It's like Suzanne said, that's proof of Tiger's love. Every hot, throbbing, thick inch proves how much he loves me!

She abruptly turned away and paced down the hall. I can't look! It's too tempting! Too painful! That should be ME! Lord, why is doing that so wrong?! Why does it have to be so wrong for a mother to show her son her love with her mouth and hands like that?! And why did you have to make sinful things like that so much FUN?! Somehow, it feels like I belong there, kneeling between his legs, with his pre-cum leaking into my mouth. I want it so very much, but I can't have it!

She paced right back to the window, but after a brief peek she paced away again. I can't! I can't! With a renewed burst of determination, she made it all the way to her bedroom at the end of the hall. Then she firmly shut the door behind her, like she was being chased by bats out of hell. Phew! There! I did it! Thank the Lord!

But she wasn't entirely in a "reformed" mood. She immediately took her clothes off and went to her bathroom to take a shower. She's been taking a lot of showers lately, especially long ones, because that's where she allowed herself to have her special "tingles" (also known as orgasms) under the pretense of thoroughly cleaning her private parts.

She had an even longer and extra tingly shower this time, and the entire time, her thoughts were consumed by alternating visions of Suzanne sucking Alan's cock and herself doing the same in the exact same position and style. Her frequent showers tended to dry out her skin, so she felt the need to apply moisturizing lotion. That got her hot and bothered all over again, which led to yet another "tingle" session.

Chapter 175 Tension In The Air

As it turned out, Susan didn't miss all that much.

That's because Suzanne felt like she had the ability to sense if Susan was spying on her or not. She wasn't sure if her sensation was real, but she felt Susan watching for a few minutes and then she felt she wasn't. Alan was almost painfully close to cumming well before Susan had her loud orgasm, due to everything that had happened already, so Suzanne had to use all of her considerable talents to hold him off while making it look good in case Susan was there. But that was difficult to maintain for both of them, and after she sensed that Susan had come and gone, she stopped trying to prolong the joy.

Sure enough, Alan climaxed less than a minute later. She'd been bobbing on his shaft when he started, but she made sure to quickly pull off so most of his load wound up on her face and chest. She wanted to show off her shiny cum streaks to Susan to further tempt her. Then, with his hard-on still shooting of the last weak squirts, she got up and rushed to the door and out into the hallway to see if Susan was there.

To her disappointment, there was no sign of her. She knew that it was possible that Susan could have rushed out of sight if she acted quickly, but there wasn't any smell of female arousal in the air. Even the earlier sex smell was gone.

Suzanne thought, A-ha! My "spider sense" was right after all. I'll bet she was here for a while, but it was just too exciting and scary for her to handle for long. The poor girl. I can't wait until I finish clearing that prudish crap out of her mind, root and branch! She's on the verge of living in an endless sexual utopia with Sweetie and me. Why can't she see that yet?

Suzanne went back to a recovering Alan and explained her hunch that Susan had peeked in on them again, but not for long, and admitted it was only a hunch.

Alan was mentally and physically wrung out from the experience. He didn't have the mental energy to even contemplate the possibility that Susan had spied on him some more. The fact that she'd spied on him earlier was too thrilling for him to contemplate already. He went back to his room and laid on his bed. He wasn't really sleepy since he'd taken his nap earlier, but he needed to chill out for a while.

Suzanne checked the sun deck and hallway for any signs of sexual activity. She didn't find any except for a wet spot on the plastic seat Alan had been sitting on. She cleaned that up and then went downstairs and got some air freshener. She sprayed it around the hallway and deck, just to be on the safe side. She took her clothes off the hallway floor, but still didn't put them back on.

With that all accomplished and the danger of getting "busted" greatly reduced, she still had to deal with his cum on her face and chest. She sat in front of Alan's prone, resting body, and gave him a sultry smile. "Aaaah... This is my favorite part of the clean-up process. Now, what should I do with all your cum? It's too delicious to go to waste. Besides, we don't want any of your seed to touch the ground and trigger an Onanistic crisis." She knowingly winked at him, since neither of them shared Susan's belief about the "sin of Onan." She swept up a cum gob off her left breast and brought a cummy finger to her mouth. "That just leaves me one very tasty disposal choice." She sucked her finger clean.

He groaned with a mixture of lust and dismay. "Oh, man! Aunt Suzy, please! It's like you're trying to sex me to death. Are you SURE you're not at least part succubus?"

She joked, "Well, if you must know, I am one-eighth succubus, due to a certain adventure my mother's father had on the astral plane."

He thought, Man, I could almost believe it, too. It's not just that she's so beautiful; she has a ravenous sexual appetite! I think I'm in waaaay over my head trying to juggle multiple women, especially with one of them being her. But, by God, if I'm going to collapse from exhaustion before long, what a great way to go!

She proceeded to consume the rest of his cum right in front of him, while giving a running account of how much she enjoyed it, how much she wanted him to blast another load on her, and other such titillating comments. She was trying to get him erect again.

But it was not to be. He really was down for the count for a while.

Eventually, she let him be. She put the air freshener away and went to Susan's room to see what her best friend was doing. She thought it would help Susan process what had happened if the two of them could talk about it for a while afterwards. But Susan was still in the middle of her long shower, and while the two of them didn't have much of a sense of privacy with each other, she thought it would be going too far to interrupt a shower.

Suzanne knew that Susan's frequent showers lately were just a fig-leaf for her masturbation sessions. So she figured, correctly, this would be a very long shower indeed. As a result, she finally put her clothes back on and then headed back home. It was getting late and she had to cook dinner for her family.

After Susan's shower finished, she went to her bed and just laid on it, just as Alan was still doing in his room. She felt vaguely dissatisfied. She told herself that she should pat herself on her back by resisting temptation and managing to stop spying on Alan and Suzanne after just a couple of minutes, but that felt more like defeat than victory. She didn't know what she wanted or how to feel.

Susan had grown up in an environment where a strict and literal interpretation of the Bible provided all the answers and left few gray areas. She felt extremely uneasy about such uncertainty, or even having a clear sense of what was right and what was wrong.

Ron came home a few minutes before six, exactly as expected. It took a little longer before Katherine came home, which was unusual. Katherine had gone to the mall with Amy to buy more sexually-revealing clothes to help stimulate Alan, just as Suzanne had said. And once they got started shopping, they didn't want to stop. They ended up calling both Susan and Suzanne respectively to say that they would eat at the food court in the mall, which they did.

Ron, Susan, and Alan ate dinner together that evening. There was a tension in the air, although they all were in denial about it. Susan and Alan were having issues with Ron and Ron was having issues with them, but nobody seemed willing to directly talk about it. Plus, they had sexual desires and feelings they were trying hard not to think about during dinner. As a result, everyone mostly picked at their bell peppers stuffed with risotto, even though it was one of Susan's most popular recipes.

Chapter 176 Another Session With Suzanne

That night, Susan and Ron went to see a movie. Alan chose to stay at home, since he didn't want to be with Ron any more than necessary. He was left all alone, since Katherine and Amy were still at the mall, still shopping up a storm.

It was a fortunate decision for Alan. Mere minutes after Ron and Susan went out the door, Suzanne let herself in. She knew of the movie plans and had watched and waited very impatiently until their car left.

Suzanne had a natural flair for the dramatic. She came over dressed in a muumuu, throwing it off after she got in the door. Underneath she wore something that Daisy Duke from 'The Dukes of Hazzard' TV show might have worn, except that even Daisy would have been too modest to wear it.

Alan was sitting on a sofa in the living room watching TV. He got up and went to the foyer to have a closer look.

Suzanne was unusually embarrassed at first, because these were not the kind of clothes she would normally consider wearing, even if she wanted to look extremely provocative. The outfit simply screamed 'trailer trash,' which the sophisticated and cultured Suzanne certainly was not. She hoped that Alan was into costumes and role-plays, but she didn't know if he was.

It didn't help that he just stood there and gawked.

She pressed ahead, breaking the silence with a Southern drawl. "Howdy, stranger. I'm thinking that someone in this-here house has been lackin' in visual stimulation lately. Am I right?"

"Holy fucking crap, Aunt Suzy! You are so right!" He was so excited that his boner sprang out of his short shorts, snaking down his left thigh on its own volition.

Suzanne wore cut-off jeans which were quite short in the front, but even shorter in the back. In fact, in the back it almost seemed as if she wore a G-string made out of blue denim fabric. Her top was a light green sleeveless pullover that she'd cut away from below, right up to the nipple line, so that it covered her only from neck to nipples. Any slight movement on her part would cause the fabric to ride all the way up her boobs. As she modeled the outfit for him, she used her upper arms to strategically push her boobs further forward and out. It made her look so top heavy that he was half-convinced gravity would force her to fall forward at any moment.

Since he knew he was alone with Suzanne, and his erection was poking out anyway, he unzipped his fly and grasped his rod. "Dang, Aunt Suzy! You're the sexiest thing I've ever seen!"

She smiled, greatly encouraged by his enthusiasm. She went on in her fake Southern accent, "I've been a-thinkin' that someone in this-here house is way overdue for a good ol' cocksuckin'. What do ya think about that-there idea, partner? I reckon that's yer third leg you're holdin' there. Looks like it could use a good tongue bath. I bet it would look real purdy with a lipstick ring way down at the root, too. How 'bout it, mister?"

She said all of this with the most exaggerated Southern accent she could conjure up, and she was very good with accents. As if that wasn't stimulation enough, she moved one of her hands to her breasts, which instantly became uncovered, and her other hand to her crotch, where she began stroking herself beneath her shorts. "I'm so doggone horny, it's right lucky there ain't no farm animals in sight," she drawled as she tried to keep a straight face.

He was so excited that he nearly creamed then and there. In fact, he ran to his room to give himself a chance to cool down some, saying, "See you in my room in a few minutes, partner," as he sped off. He would have loved to banter back in this manner for a while, using a Southern accent of his own, but he was forced to retreat instead so he wouldn't lose it completely and ejaculate before the fun really started.

He sat in his room and drew upon the most unarousing thoughts he could come up with, just to calm down a bit.

Suzanne soon came in. She had a way of swishing her hips when she walked that sprouted boners wherever she went, but in these short shorts she was so sexy that she could practically be arrested for disturbing the peace, had anyone but Alan seen the stirring sight.

Alan said, "Phew! You win the Best Visual Stimulation Ever award! I'd love to banter, but I'm so ready. Please do me now!"

"Who?" she asked innocently. "Lil' ol' me? I just luuuuve to suck me a cock, don'tcha know? Any cocks here that need a-suckin'? Oh, here's one!" She dropped the accent and the role and got down to what she loved the most lately: slurping and licking his stiff bone.

"Oh yes! Oh yes! So good! So good!" he screamed, safe in the knowledge that for once the house was completely empty.

He tried his best to endure, but he couldn't last for long in the face of such an erotic assault. Her tongue was so long and agile that it seemed to wrap completely around his erection, though it mostly just seemed that way since not even Suzanne was capable of such a feat.

After about a minute, she let go and pulled back. "Hey there, partner, don't you be gettin' too worked up now, hear? I reckon I's just gettin' started."

"Oh, man!"

She dropped her accent and her role to ask him, "What, are you that bummed I stopped? Remember what Akami said about how you need both quality and quantity?"

"No, it's not that. I'm not bummed; I'm over the moon PSYCHED! I mean, it's not just what you're doing here with the role-play and all. That's awesome enough. But it's what this means for the future! You and I are gonna have soooo much fun that it's simply unbelievable!"

She grinned a bit wolfishly, now that she understood. "That's right. I feel the exact same way." She playfully flicked her long tongue at the tip of his cockhead. "I love having this kind of fun with you. We're gonna do it over and over and over again. And hopefully Susan will be right there with us. Do you like role-plays?"

"Oh, MAN! I love 'em! Like when you pretended to be Mom on the phone this afternoon. That was so arousing it's unreal!"

She grinned at him even more hungrily. Suddenly, her Southern accent was back. "Well, well, well. What do we have here? I never met me a big ol' honkin' fat cock like this I didn't luv to give a little suckin'!"

She went back at it, expertly using her tongue and lips, and sometimes her fingers too. But she was more careful this time not to get him too excited too fast. The minutes passed in seemingly endless pleasure for both of them.

He was glad that the rest of his family was out of the house, because it gave him the freedom to cry out. But after just a few more minutes, he unexpectedly felt his ejaculation coming on. Within seconds, the urge to climax welled up inside him and grew unbearable, and it was too late for his PC muscle trick. So he yelled at the top of his lungs, "YES! GOD YES! SUCK IT!"

Cum pumped from his cock and down her throat. He guessed that most women probably stopped sucking and licking at that point and just swallowed the rest. But not Suzanne. If anything, she redoubled her efforts. She sucked on him so hard that he thought she might pull it out completely by the root, or turn it inside-out. Her hand never stopped jacking him off either, until she'd wrung the last drop of cum from him.

It was that kind of extra effort that made her blowjobs truly awe-inspiring. She hadn't given such treatment to all of her previous lovers, or even many of them, and even then she'd saved a lot of tricks for use only on special occasions. But she loved Alan so much that she wanted him to have an extraordinary experience every single time.

After he'd shot his seed into her mouth and she'd thoroughly "cleaned" his cock until it was too sensitive to touch, the two of them rested.

Chapter 177 Fingering Suzanne

In her normal scratchy voice, she teased him, "I leave you alone for a couple of hours, and this is what happens. Horrible, horrible cum buildup and a quick trigger. You hardly lasted a minute there." She winked, since they both knew it was a good deal longer than that. "Okay, so it was barely more than five minutes, and I've already learned you can do a lot better than that. I'd hate to see your reaction if I were gone for a whole day! Isn't anyone taking care of you?"

He replied with a great big smile, "Well, yeah: you! How can you forget what happened on the sun deck? I don't think it was even two hours ago. I'm still kind of walking on air from that."

"Not that, silly. I mean any help other than me. Has anyone else helped you lately?"

He thought, Hmm, it's better not to mention what had happened - and what's going to happen - with Sis. She might not even mind. In fact, after what happened today, between her talk about Brenda and what happened with Mom, I wouldn't be surprised if she actually applauded that. How great would that be?! But I can't be sure. It's safer to wait a little while until there's no turning back, and then tell her.

He said honestly, "Well, not counting what happened this afternoon with you, the last time I got any help was last night with you and Mom. I had to take things in hand myself twice before school."

"You poor thing. Forced to abuse yourself because your mean old mother doesn't help enough while your father is in town. I'm looking every day for a chance to come over, but with Ron around this is the best I can do."

Then in a playful but chastising tone, she complained, "However, I expect better from you. More staying power. Can you do it again? I just happen to know their movie is exactly one hour and thirty-seven minutes long."

"Can I do it again?" he asked incredulously. "With you dressed like that, that's like asking 'Does a bear shit in the woods?' God, yes!"

"Dressed like what?" She stood up and turned around, then backed her butt up almost into his nose.

He reached out and stroked her pale, firm butt cheeks, sometimes going over the rough blue-jeans fabric too. "Like this. I know you're always dressing in power suits and nice clothes and stuff, so to dress like trailer trash just to help get me hard really says something. I think it shows how much you love me."

With his fingers trying to pry under the fabric deep in her ass crack, he said with complete sincerity, "I love you, Aunt Suzy. You're the greatest. And I'm the luckiest guy alive."

Her heart fluttered with delight to hear him say that. However, she wasn't good with that kind of "mushy" language, so she tried to make light of the moment. She laughed, and then turned around to make eye contact. "You are that, for sure. But 'I love you'... Are you just saying that? What do you

mean? ... You love my blowjobs?" She reached down and resumed fondling his flaccid penis, as if to emphasize her point.

He knew that she tended to shy away from emotional declarations, but he felt so strongly about her that he stared right into her eyes and repeated his comment in a way she couldn't easily brush off. "I mean just that. I. Love. You. I know I haven't shown my feelings very well in the past, but I'm proud to say it. I mean I love you, in all ways!"

She practically swooned, she was so emotionally overcome. THIS! This is why I love my Sweetie so much! If any other guy were to say that to me, I'd think he's just trying to get in my pants. But I know my cutie means it, because he's loved me like he loves Susan ever since he was in diapers! Sure, he wants to fuck me too, but he loved me long before he even knew what fucking was. His love has grown and evolved, but never wavered. Just like my love for him started all those years ago and never wavered either. Sweetie, you're the only man I could ever truly love, and I love you with all my heart!

However, she was shy to verbally express herself as freely as he did. She just nodded and smiled.

He was frustrated by that non-answer, but he continued anyway. "Sexually, hell yeah. But also as a friend, and as a person, in every way. It's not just the handjobs and blowjobs, although those don't hurt!"

He laughed, and then got serious again. He ran a hand adoringly through her wild, curly red hair. "You've always been so kind and good to me, ever since I was a baby. I'm so lucky you're in my life. You've been so caring for me that you're practically like my second mother. If that's not love, then I don't know what is."

"Oh Sweetie!" she exclaimed, suddenly dizzy with happiness, thanks to his obviously sincere and loving words. She'd been around the block with many men, but she felt giddy, as if he were her first crush. She was so emotionally moved that she let herself say, "My Sweetie! I love you too! In all those ways too!"

To his great surprise, she kissed him right on his lips, and even slid her tongue into his mouth. Within seconds, they were madly French kissing.

Alan felt like he'd touched an electrified fence, because thrills and chills ran all through his body in response to the kiss. For one thing, Suzanne had been acting like this was a completely forbidden

activity, and now it wasn't. He decided not to ask why she'd changed her stance, for fear that she might have second thoughts and change it again. But he was also electrified because the kissing seemed like love and not just sex.

In addition, the kissing was extremely arousing in terms of pure physical pleasure. Suzanne's extra long tongue wasn't just made for blowjobs, but was great for kissing too. Sometimes, it probed so far in his mouth that he wanted to laugh. It almost felt like an eel, but in a very good way.

All of this was so very arousing that his dick soon fully revived. However, they were both so into the kissing that what happened to his penis was of little importance at the moment. Suzanne noticed when it got erect, and she did rub herself against it from time to time, but her hands were busy either with holding Alan's head in place for kissing or with caressing his face.

They kissed for many minutes. Her tiny top was already up around her shoulders, having ridden up during the blowjob, but she pulled it the rest of the way off.

His hands joyfully roamed all over her body. As usual, though, when he had such opportunities with Suzanne, "all over" meant an intense focus on her chest, some ass fondling, and little exploration elsewhere, since he knew she didn't want him to touch her pussy. But she loved it just the same.

As they kept necking, he thought, Incredible! Aunt Suzy, this goddess, this totally perfect, fully mature and voluptuous goddess ... she seems to really love me! And not just like an aunt. She really loves me, like a lover! It's so exciting that I'm almost dizzy!

At one point, he asked between kisses, "Aunt Suzy, what's the deal with your tongue?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, just that it's so damn long. It can do all kinds of things a normal tongue can't do. It's just insanely long!"

She chuckled. "Yeah? So what's your question?"

"I don't know. It's just... Well, for one thing, where have you been hiding it all these years?"

She chuckled some more. "I haven't really been hiding it. But how many people make a point of sticking their tongue out all the way? Do you?"

"Good point. But... dang! What a great, unexpected bonus for me. That's like a tongue genetically perfected for working on cocks. And it's great for kissing too. It's such an arousing thought, I don't dare even think about it very much, if you know what I mean."

"Mmmm!" She licked her way up and down his neck, making sure to demonstrate the length of her tongue as she did so. "For working on 'cock,' not 'cocks.' Your cock!" She finally took his boner in her hands and started stroking it in earnest. "You don't have to worry about me having any more of those stupid affairs. This is where I belong. With you."

"Really?!"

She rolled her eyes, but playfully. "Yes, really. I know I'll have to share you with Susan, plus others to come. But you're the only man I want or need."

""Others?!""

"Yes, others. Believe me, you'll love my vision of a sexual utopia. Note that I said 'only man.' You and I are going to be drowning in beautiful babes, starting with your mother!"

That was so exciting that he was nearly on the verge of hyperventilating, especially given the way she was steadily pumping a hand up and down his shaft.

She chuckled. "Calm down. Take a deep breath. Then, tell me everything that happened between you and your mom last night before I came in. The more I know, the better I can teach her."

He panted, "Teach her? Teach her what?"

"Teach her how to fall passionately in love with you and your cock, that's what! And I don't mean motherly love - I mean carnal love. Luckily, we're more than halfway there. She's totally obsessed with your cock already; it's just that she's in denial about it."

"Oh, man!" he grunted lustily. Already, he was so worried that he was going to cum again that he reached down and tried to remove Suzanne's hand from his hot pole.

However, she refused to budge, or even stop stroking him. "Come on, big boy. Buck up and deal with it. You're in the big leagues now. I'm teaching and training you too, you know."

"You are? How?"

"I must say, you already have pretty impressive stamina and recuperative abilities, especially for a virgin. That's a big, unexpected bonus. However, with every orgasm you have with me, I'll train you to last a little longer, to handle a little more pleasure. If you think you're man enough for Susan AND me, you're going to have to turn into the super stud I keep claiming that you already are."

He shook his head in astonishment at the future she seemed to anticipate for him. He asked, "Before I answer that question you asked about Mom, can I ask you one?"

"Sure. Shoot."

"You keep talking about my mom with all these tantalizing sexual hints, which is great. But do you ever feel jealous about her and me? Like, this afternoon, when I was praising her a lot while you were pretending to be her, did that bother you even a tiny bit?"

"Maybe a teeny tiny bit, but not really. For one thing, I think my boobs are a bit bigger and a bit nicer." She smiled and laughed at that. "But the thing is, I know how much you love her, and also how much you desire her. That was written on your face long before any of this began."

"Really?! Even the desire part?!"

"Yes, but only to someone like me, who knows you as well as I do and sees even the subtle little looks you give her when you think she doesn't notice. Anyway, I knew that AND I knew how strongly you've loved and lusted for me too. It's silly to quibble about whether you might love one of us a tiny smidgen more, because your feelings are way off the charts for both of us. I consider Susan and me to be your sexual support team, even though she doesn't really realize that yet."

"Wow. You're incredible. You're way too good to me." He looked down at her sliding fingers, which were virtually coated in pre-cum. Ain't that the truth?! Man! "I just want you to know that everything I said about her, all that praise, that could just as easily have been said about you. You're both so similar, especially body-wise. And you both have hearts of gold. It's just that Mom wears hers on her sleeve, and you hide yours under your jaded, worldly exterior. However, you're a total sweetheart deep down, and I know it!"

Suzanne mock-cursed him. "Damn you! You're just so fucking lovable!"

He was concerned for a second, until he realized that she wasn't mad at him at all, and in fact it was just the opposite.

She repositioned, bringing her face closer to his crotch. "Look at what you're making me do. How can I NOT lick your cock after you say mushy crap like that?" She blew her minty breath directly on his sweet spot, making him shiver. "Now, while I get busy with this incorrigible beast, tell me what happened with your mom last night, the part where I wasn't there." Then she settled down and started licking, with a non-stop focus on that very same spot.

Alan explained in great detail how he had walked in on Susan as she was finishing her shower. His arousal level rose even higher as he recalled the events.

Suzanne actually ended up stroking his erection most of the time while he talked. She wanted to lick him or even suck on him, but after just a couple of minutes of that it became clear that he wouldn't last long if she kept that up. She knew they had plenty of time until the others got home, and she wanted to make every minute count. Plus, he was hardly able to string a coherent sentence together, much less tell the whole story, until she let up on him.

Still, they were having great fun. The resulting slower and more relaxed approach was actually a nice change of pace for both of them.

When he got to the point where Suzanne had entered the bedroom, she said, "Nice story. I thought you'd messed up in some way, but apparently she had just gotten a little skittish. It happens sometimes. I have to admire your assertiveness. I hope we see more of that from you. Fortune favors the bold. Never forget it."

"I just basically did what you told me," he admitted.

Suzanne glanced down at his boner and gave it a friendly kiss right at the top of his cockhead. As she slid her fingers all over his shaft, she continued, "True, but you did do it, and you did it well. That said, you know what I really like? How Susan never put on her clothes through all of that. Think about it: she was in her bathroom and then in her bedroom. There are towels everywhere, not to mention cabinets and closets full of clothes all over the place. She sat on her bed and didn't even try to cover up with a sheet or a pillow. She's no rocket scientist, but she's not dumb either. If she didn't think of covering up, it's because at some level she didn't want to. The fact is, she WANTS to be naked for you. In fact, she wore just high heels because she knew you'd love that. Don't listen to her verbal protests in a situation like that; look at her body."

He joked, "Well, if you insist, I'll force myself to check her out."

Suzanne mercilessly rubbed his most sensitive spot to "punish him" for his joke. She grinned. "You do that. Did you see how much she was dripping? Her pussy, I mean. Give her a couple more days, tops, and she'll be back to slurping on your pole. Hell, I'll bet you she'll be wrapping those red lips of hers around your Johnson even before Ron leaves. Can you just picture that? Imagine your mother kissing your father while the taste of your semen is still in her mouth. Kinky!"

He groaned while looking down at what her hands were doing to his hard-on. "Aunt Suzy, please stop saying such things! If you go on like that, I'm gonna have a quick trigger again."

She had a wicked gleam in her eye. "Okay. But that reminds me. True, I was trying to arouse you last night when I said you had surprising endurance, but despite my teasing about the occasional quick trigger, you really do. I AM really impressed with what you've accomplished with your PC muscle control in such a short time. You're a quick learner. We've got a long time until the others come back, so let's work on your endurance some more."

She sucked him to orgasm again, but this time they took over an hour to do it. She kept him right on the edge, always aware of just when to pull back and let him retreat from the precipice.

For the first time, Alan felt his PC muscle exercises really paying dividends. She worked with him on perfecting his endurance. They talked a lot about what they were feeling and doing, so he'd be able to recognize the signs of imminent orgasm in the future.

She taught him to warn her when he was getting close, and then they would take a break until he was ready to go again. When that happened, she was able to rest her jaw and hands so she could keep going too. In addition, she was getting to know his non-verbal cues very well. For instance, she was learning to distinguish subtle differences of meanings in his erotic moans.

To his great delight, some of the breaks they took so his dick could recover turned into more prolonged necking and kissing sessions. He was somewhat incredulous that she really intended those to be breaks, since he remained unbelievably aroused. She often jacked him off during such "breaks," or at least rubbed her beautiful body against his erection. He was impressed at her stamina too, since her hands and mouth seemingly never stopped doing something or another to him.

Somewhere along the line her Daisy Duke shorts came off, and she gave him the green light that he was free to touch her anywhere at all, without exception. That eventually led to his fingers pistoning in and out of her cunt and anus until his hands were sore, often doing both holes at the same time.

He figured the little anal fingering trick he'd learned from Akami worked so well on Susan that he should try it on Suzanne too. But Suzanne taught him some more about the importance of hygiene whenever touching a woman's anus. She wouldn't let his fingers that had been in there touch her anywhere else until he washed his hands again.

He kept her on the edge too, and then pushed her over it so that she had orgasm after orgasm. In fact, she had more orgasms than she'd ever had before in such a short interval. True, she'd had better lovers, but it was the fact that she was deeply in love with Alan, but hadn't been with any of those others (except her husband Eric, early in her marriage), that made the main difference.

His fingering of her was almost a defensive move, because he found that driving her to the brink of climax was about the only way he could get her distracted enough to actually stop stimulating his boner for a while. His dick desperately needed these breaks for a real chance to recover a little bit.

Suzanne's lust was largely driven by her extremely needy pussy, and she was sorely tempted to let him fuck her. However, she wasn't ready to have him go that far just yet, purely because of the continuing

long-term danger of getting caught. She realized that at the very least she had to wait until Susan's husband was gone, or else the odds of getting caught would be too high. Opportunities like this movie night were extremely rare, and once she started she didn't want to get fucked only every once in a while. In fact, she knew she'd want it every day, and that just wasn't possible until Susan's sexual attitudes evolved much more to permit that.

However, Alan's control over his dick still needed a lot of work. At one point, Suzanne was stroking his shaft and everything seemed under control, but a second later he was firing his cum straight up into the air. He'd passed the point of no return and couldn't even focus on exercising his PC muscle.

Suzanne acted quickly. As she kept jacking him off, she aimed his cum at her huge boobs. "Cum on me! I want you to cover me in your cum!"

He felt dizzy watching his centerfold-worthy aunt tilt her head back and bask in his rain of cum like it was some kind of manna from Heaven. She alternated between opening her mouth wide for the cum to fall in it, and smiling from ear to ear, like she was having the time of her life.

Chapter 178 Death By SeX.....

After his orgasm ended, he complained, "That's kind of unfair. I mean, what you do with your hands and your mouth is just so great. That gets me off, big time. But then, whenever you have your mouth free, you're always saying the most insanely sexy stuff. That double whammy is unstoppable. And then there's the 'visual stimulation' factor. It's a triple whammy, really. You're such a relentless cock drainer that it's almost cruel. And what about your extra long tongue? That makes you a quadruple threat. Not only that-"

She cut him off and pointed out, "But look what you did. True, we had lots and lots of breaks, but you kept going for a whole hour without cumming, if you count the time between your two orgasms. Trust me, that's really unusual. I'm actually wondering how you manage it."

He explained, "Well, the thing is, when I'm having fun with you like this it's so great that I never want it to end. Literally. I wish we could go on for days and days. When I finally cum, it's like popping a balloon. The party's over. I'll do anything to keep the party going. I really, really, REALLY fight that urge to blow my load."

As she ate his cum off her chest and face, she pointed out, "A lot of guys would like to say the same thing, but when it comes to it, they can't stop or even take a short break to save their life. I think I'm just too much woman for some guys. And then there are the clueless ones. I've known guys that look pretty hunky, but are content to coast on appearance. Let's just say they think that five minutes is impressive."

He winked. "Sucks to be them. Though I can definitely relate to the ones who think you're too much woman to handle. The only reason I can handle you is because I grew up with you. It's like I've been inoculated to your sexiness, just to the point where I still remember to breathe. Actually, I owe everything to you. You're teaching me to be a good lover. I think we need to practice some more."

"Whoa. Recovered already? I just love eighteen-year-old boys!"

"No," he said, "but I will be soon, if you keep that up."

"Keep what up?"

"The way you're eating my cum! Damn, that's arousing! You run your long fingers through the pearly streaks on your face or breasts, and you look like you're having a grand ol' time just doing that."

"I am," she said happily. She ran several fingers through a heavily splattered region on the upper slopes of her great tits.

He winced, because it was almost too arousing a sight to see. "But then you suck your fingers clean in such an arousing way that I can hardly stand it. You close your eyes and make this orgasmic face and practically suck your finger like it's a tiny penis. And if that isn't too much already, you make these amazing erotic moans as you do it!"

She grinned impishly. "Hey, what can I say? I love your cum." She swiped up a gob off her eyebrow and then licked her finger clean even more ostentatiously than before, with an extra loud and sultry moan, just to tease him some more. "Talking about unexpected bonuses, when I agreed to help you, I never thought your cum would taste this sweet. Do you survive entirely on raw cookie dough or something?"

They both chuckled at that.

But it wasn't long before he resumed groaning needfully, due to the way she continued to consume his cum right off her skin. "I'd almost ask you to stop, but the alternative is possibly even worse! Seeing you sitting there with my cum dripping down your face and tits, and you're as pleased as a pig in mud! It's like you're proudly wearing my cum, well, almost like you like it there!"

"I do! I wish Susan were here to see this. I'm trying to get her to enjoy your cum as much as I do. I'm teaching her the joy of a nice facial. Mark my words: before long, she'll be wearing your cum on her face with pride."

"Argh!" He was frustrated, but he totally loved it too. He looked down at his dick and saw it starting to rise. "See? See what you do to me? This is a vicious cycle. I cum on you, then watching you either eat it all up or keep it on your face is so arousing that I get hard and you make me cum again, not to mention the sexy things you say. I just keep cumming and cumming and cumming!"

She cradled his rising erection in her hands and said with mock dismay, "That sounds just terrible! Terrible! But such is our cruel fate. Let's suffer together." She engulfed his cockhead and suckled on it, letting it continue growing to full size in her mouth.

She had the timing of her visit worked out down to the minute, to maximize their time together. She jacked him off and sucked him off for yet a third time.

Eventually, she looked at a clock on the wall, and said, "I hate to say this, but they should be coming home soon. We'll need to wrap this up. Where would you like to cum? On my chest? My face? Down my throat? Somewhere else?"

"My God, what great options! Um, face!" He was already letting up on his PC muscle resistance, so as soon as he said that, his cum started to fire.

When he was done, Suzanne looked down at herself and chuckled. "Just look at me! Somehow, I knew you were going to say that."

He sheepishly admitted, "Yeah, well, you still have all that cum on your tits, and I kinda wanted to see a matching paint job on your face. I'm sorry. Like I said earlier, seeing your face painted with my cum really turns me on."

"Sorry? Why be sorry?"

"Women aren't into that, right? That's what I've heard. At best they tolerate it, because they know guys like it."

Suzanne admitted, "I'll concede that was true for me in the past. And I suppose a lot of women do feel that way, maybe even most. But with you, it's different somehow. Partly, I think it's because your cum tastes so great. It's fun, like you've been spraying me with a can of tasty whipped cream. I've been with guys who tasted awful, and let's just say getting rid of that was a problem. But also, I don't know... Somehow, the fact that it's you that's doing it... It's different."

"Why is it different with me?"

She groaned with frustration, because that was the last thing she wanted him to ask. She wanted to tell him how much she loved him, but she wasn't good at being open about such feelings, even though they'd been talking earlier about their love for each other. Instead she said, "I don't know. It just is, okay?" To change the conversation, she licked a large gob of cum from her chin and made a big production out of swallowing it. "Mmmm! That is so good! Would you like some?"

"What? Are you kidding me? No!"

"Your loss," she snickered, and ate some more. "You have no idea how good this stuff tastes. It's a nice, unexpected bonus for me. I almost wish it didn't taste so good, because once the word gets out, you'll have women lining up around the block to take turns sucking you off. Maybe that's a bit of an exaggeration, but it really is damn tasty."

He whimpered as he pictured that scenario.

The two of them quickly cleaned up and used air freshener to cover the traces of their activities. Both were so sticky and sweaty that they had to take quick showers.

She got her Daisy Duke clothes from his room, slipped the jeans shorts back on (but not the top), and finally turned to leave.

He said, "Wait a sec, Aunt Suzy. Can you just stand like that for a minute? I want to admire your remarkable backside and take a mental picture."

"Anything for you, Sweetie." She wiggled her butt suggestively as she stood by his door.

All she had on was the tiny mockery of cut-off jeans. And to please him further, she pulled them up with her hand, which caused them to ride even further up her ass crack.

He also noted that somehow, after everything they had just done together, she still managed to wear high heels.

Ever since he'd begun his 'medical treatment,' she had rarely been in his sight without high heels on her feet. That was one of the things about her that turned him on so much. If nothing else, it showed a remarkable dedication to pleasing him. About the only times he'd seen her without heels lately were when she was completely naked and on a bed or some place like that where heels could be a problem.

"Damn, you are one healthy woman, do you know that?" he enthused. "And Daisy. I can't wait to see her and her cocksuckin' ways again."

"Cocksuckin'?" Suzanne turned her head around and used her Southern drawl again. "Someone in these here parts mention a cocksuckin'? Why, I'd just die for a mouth-waterin', tit-jigglin', twat-tinglin', friendly neighborly cocksuckin'! It's been nearly ten minutes since my last one, and that's far too long. Everybody in town says I's the best cocksucker around, and that's no boastin', just plain factualizin'. Why, my pappy says I's better at cocksuckin' than I is at fuckin', and he should know firsthand about both, better than anybody! Even all my brothers say Daisy's better at cocksuckin' than any of her sisters, and that's sayin' a lot, since us Duke women win the Annual Lower East Podunk County Cocksucking Festival prize every single year! That's 'cos we get so much practice at home. Ain't that the truth, Sweetie?"

"Enough!" cried Alan. "You're driving me wild and my dick hurts already! I beg you: don't make it hard again."

But Suzanne was having too much fun to stop. "I hate to boast, but, why, I'll bet there ain't a single man in the whole county who won't tell you from hands-on experience what a good cocksucker I is. Even at school, the principal made me a special allowance so I could take all my classes lyin' on a bed instead of a-sittin' in one of them uncomfortable chair thingies. That's so's how the other students and teachers can have one cock or another in my mouth all day long, and yet another one up my cute lil' cunny. Can't be forgettin' my bum hole, neither. Why, it's gotten so's that I can hardly think straight unless all three

of my holes are gettin' pumped full of somethin'. That's a Duke women tradition, it is, them beds at school. I never use one of them chairs for nuthin', on account of people always makin' me lie down and get fucked, if'n I wanna or not. Course, I almost always wanna."

She drawled, "Doesn't matter what I think, though. The town council passed an ordinance, all special for me and us Duke women. Says the rape laws don't count for us, but instead we's committin' a crime if'n we refuse to be fucked at any time by anybody. Don't even know why I ever bother wearin' these here shorts, since it's likely least three different folks'll take 'em off before I even reach school in the mornin'. Always late to most everythin', I is, on account of being fucked so much by passin' strangers."

Alan, to his amazement, found his dick hard yet again, even though he'd had three orgasms in the last hour and a half. He immediately began to stroke it.

She continued in her delightful Southern drawl, "Course, we Dukes just have one big bed back at the ranch. 'Bout as wide as a cornfield, that bed is, but it's plowin' season every day on that bed. Why, it gets just plain confusin', that big bed does, tryin' to reckon who's plowin' who. I never can tell if that tongue up my ass belongs to my mammy, one of my sisters, my aunties, the neighbors, or just one of them many strange folk passin' through. And there's a tongue up there I reckon just about all the time, unless of course there's a cock fillin' the hole instead. Always a tongue somewhere on me, anyhow."

She took over the stroking of his erection. "Yes siree, we Dukes sure know how to have fun. Speakin' a-which, lookee at this cock raaaght here. Bet it could use some powerful cocksuckin' this very moment. 'Course, I noticed most cocks do. 'Bout the only thing I learnt in school, now that I think about it. So many special classes set up just for me and my sisters, with the word 'cocksuckin'' somewhere in the title."

She brought her mouth closer to his crotch. "Too bad I gotta run, 'cos looks like this-here cock would darn near split me in two. Gotta go to the big McCoy orgy tonight. Mammy and pappy wanna fuck me in front of all the neighbors again, like they always do. Says we gotta show them McCoys who's the closest, fuckin' family in these here parts."

She flicked her exceedingly long tongue at his cock, driving him crazy by just failing to reach it. "Since I gotta skeedaddle, just stop by the ranch sometime and say howdy to me with yer big prick. Why, it's hardly a proper hello without at least one thorough fuckin' down my tight little love hole, don'tcha reckon? I'd be right offended if y'all didn't give me a good 'hello' fuck, plus a 'goodbye' one too! Besides, once y'all see my sexy mama and all my sexy, naked sisters, you're gonna wanna spend all day there, just fuckin' and suckin' 'em all. That's true Southern hospitality for ya. See ya!"

She winked and hurried out of the room, leaving him groaning with desire and a hot and throbbing hard-on.

She threw on her long coat, which she'd earlier left by the front door, making it back to her house just minutes before Katherine and Amy came back to their respective homes from the mall. (They had known about the movie plans, so they'd tried to maximize their shopping time.) Ron and Susan returned from the movie only a few minutes after that.

Alan was actually glad Suzanne hadn't made him cum one more time, because he could tell instinctively that his penis had reached its limit. He had to rush to the bathroom and take a quick cold shower even as everyone else started to mill about the house.

He felt relatively normal again after showering, and he was happy to have his penis flaccid, for once. However, there was a strange ache deep in his ass that he couldn't explain. He figured maybe it had something to do with an overworked prostate gland, or perhaps with all the exercise that his PC muscle had gotten.

As he brushed his teeth while preparing to go to bed, he thought, Aunt Suzy is a true wonder. Forget her looks for a minute. How many women can do the things she can do, and all at once, no less?! For instance, faking accents, spontaneous horny stories, and of course her excellent "cocksuckin"! Sweetness! I still can't believe she wants to be with me. And now she says she doesn't want to be with any other men at all! I can't even think about that fact or my brain is going to have a full-on nuclear meltdown.

Then he pondered the very incestuous nature of Suzanne's story, and his own situation. Unbelievable. I'm really going to fuck my own sister tomorrow. And I'll be getting more blowjobs from Mom soon, it sounds like, especially if Aunt Suzy keeps doing what she's doing. Everything is becoming super sexual, like I've fallen through an Alice-in-Wonderland rabbit hole into a sex world. It's like I'm halfway to that mythical place in Aunt Suzy's Daisy Duke story! I think I'm gonna have some kind of death-by-sex nervous breakdown. Fucking unbelievable!

Chapter 179 Going Down On Kath

bender

Thursday started quite early for Alan. He was sleeping in bed when he awoke to the sensation of someone gently shaking him. "What? ... What?" he mumbled and opened his eyes.

It was pitch dark, and his sister was leaning over him, naked. Her shapely boobs dangled inches from his face.

"Is it morning already?" he whispered. Then he answered his own question with a glance at the clock next to his bed. It read one minute after midnight.

"It's Thursday already, Very Big Brother," whispered his sister very quietly, "and you know what that means! I'm now your complete cocksucking fuck toy, and today's the day we consummate our love!" She kissed him passionately on the lips, pulled back his covers, and began to fondle his rapidly rising prick.

She paused in her kiss and added, "I thought of waking you up with a blowjob, but I was worried you might be confused and yell out. And we wouldn't want that!" She planted another kiss on his mouth.

Alan reached out and fondled her tits while she was kissing him. There was no longer any reason to maintain any boundaries with his sister, except for the fear of getting caught. However, that was a huge consideration, so he felt panicky even though he couldn't stop himself from returning the kiss.

When they finally had to stop to catch their breath, he whispered urgently, "We can't do this! Mom and Ron are in bed just down the hall! What if they hear something and catch us? You're totally naked!"

She said, "So what? I'll be quiet. Really quiet. You don't know how much I've been waiting for this! I've practically been counting the seconds!"

He felt a bit bad, because he was eager too, but obviously not as eager as she was. In his defense, there were a lot of interesting sexual things happening to him lately and keeping him distracted.

He said, "I know, I know, I know. But really, we have to be smart. Mom AND Ron, just down the hall? Come on."

She agreed, in theory. "You're right; we can't do this. There's no way I'm going to get caught and lose out on all the fun. But just this one time, pleeeeeease?! I'm so worked up for today's special treat! ... I'll tell you what. If I put your dick in my mouth, then that will stop me from talking..."

She bent her head down and fed his cock between her lips even as she said this, effectively silencing herself just as she'd suggested.

Although he'd been successfully resisting her overtures at home for the last few days, while Ron was there, he had next to no willpower left. The best he could do was a feeble protest: "Sis, what do you think you're doing?!"

Katherine thought that was so amusing that she burst into giggles, which was an interesting experience for him since more than half of his erection was between her lips at the time. Finally, she stopped giggling to mutter with her mouth full, "What doeth it wook wike, thilly?" That resulted in a new burst of giggles.

He groaned with pleasure, but also with frustration at his lack of willpower. "Okay, dumb question, I'll admit, but we're just gonna stop there, right? I mean, we don't want to ruin our first time due to fear of being too noisy, do we?"

She tried to nod in agreement, but since her head was already bobbing up and down on his rod, the nodding just looked like more bobbing.

Even so, he took her silence for agreement. "Good. To tell you the truth, there's something I want to try. What if you swing around and put your ass in my face so I can finger you down there? Would you like that?" He'd fingered both Suzanne's pussy and ass just the prior evening, so he was willing to try it on his sister too.

Katherine immediately disengaged and began repositioning herself. "You kidding? Having you eat me out would be a dream come true!"

He soon found her swampy slit just inches from his nose. "Well, I didn't say anything about eating. Let me take it one step at a time, okay? Just try your best to keep quiet. Real quiet."

He plunged his index finger into her hot gash and twisted her clit at the same time.

She wanted to yell so loudly that she'd wake everyone within shouting distance. But thankfully, although her mouth opened as wide as it could, she remembered her parents down the hall and all that came out was a quiet little yelp. Then she let out a long sigh. "Brother, watch out! Don't arouse me so much or I won't be able to help myself!"

Now he giggled. "Okay. I'll try to be bad at this." He tapped and stroked a spot on her hip far from her erogenous zones.

"Not there, you doofus!" she whispered even as she giggled back.

"You said be bad."

She let out a loud sigh. "Brothers!" she whispered with exaggerated exasperation. "Can't live with 'em; can't kill 'em. I guess I'll just have to blow you some more instead." Her lips clamped down around his cockhead again.

He didn't exactly follow that logic, but he wasn't about to argue with it. As she nibbled and licked her way up and down and all around his dick, he concentrated on her pungent pussy. He plunged two fingers in and out of her slit, trying to time it with the bobbing of her head whenever possible. But knowing that she wasn't the greatest when it came to keeping quiet, he went easy on her clit, brushing against it lightly from time to time but never pressing hard on it or giving it a good twist.

What he didn't realize was that she loved his feather-light brushes even more than the harsher treatment. But she was determined not to get caught, so she kept her purrs and moans at a very quiet level.

Since he was concerned about getting caught, he didn't struggle with all his might to delay his cum. Besides, he was too worked up to last long in any case. After about five minutes, he whispered, "Sis, I'm gonna lose it; it's coming fast! Watch out!"

She had time to pull away if she had wanted to, but instead she took him deeper. It was a struggle though, not to choke or gag as a larger than usual load of cum flooded her mouth. She had to pull back bit by bit and ended up taking the last two ropes on her cheeks and chin.

She sat up so she could look him in the eye through the darkness. She ostentatiously swept her cheeks clean with her index finger, drawing all the cum into her mouth. "Mmmm. Yummy midnight snack," she said near his ear. "I could make this a nightly habit."

"Don't you dare!" He whispered back with genuine concern. "Sure, it sounds great, but it's asking for trouble. What about Ron?"

"Ron, schmon. Like I care about what he thinks. Anyway, that didn't stop you or Aunt Suzy from having fun in the house last night when she sucked you for well over an hour straight."

"You know what we did?! Did Aunt Suzy tell you?"

Katherine rolled her eyes and sighed. "Duh! Men are so clueless. Of course! We found out from her after the fact. But we didn't need to be told. Since she was the only one of your cocksuckers around, we knew what was going to happen before it happened. And you know what Mom confessed to me?"

"What?"

"She was totally distracted throughout the entire movie, thinking about what you and Aunt Suzy were doing."

"Really?!"

Katherine just shook her head with mock disdain, acting like she was talking to an idiot. "Really. She squirmed through the whole movie, like she had to go to the bathroom. She was scared that Ron would notice something was wrong. Knowing her, I doubt she even knew what movie she was watching. What exactly did you and Auntie Va-Va-Voom end up doing, anyway? She just mentioned that she helped you without revealing any details."

"You pretty much nailed it on the head already. She basically sucked my dick for an hour and a half straight," he quietly admitted. He worried that his sister would get territorial and jealous over that.

But Katherine merely made an appreciative noise (even though she was jealous on the inside). She whispered, "I knew it! Damn. Some women get all the fun. Next time, I want to be the one who stays home with you. But until then, Very Big Brother, I promise to be good around the house, Ron or no Ron. And quiet, too."

She flashed a naughty grin. "Whenever I get too talkative, just stick your fat slab in my mouth to shut me up. And remember, after school... I'll be waiting for you..." She got up to go.

With a quick thought to spur him, he hopped out of bed and reached the door first. He figured it was much better to have his head poke out and scan the hallway than his sister's. He took a quick peek into the hallway, to make sure the coast was clear.

Deciding it was safe, he let his sister scamper the ten or so feet to her room across the hallway. Not too surprisingly, that night they each had very graphic dreams about what they anticipated for later that day. That resulted in two sets of messy sheets.

Chapter 180 Susan's Conflict

To all outward appearances, the Plummers were having a normal breakfast. Ron, Susan, Katherine, and Alan sat around the dining table eating the mashed-potato pancakes that Susan had cooked, just like a stereotypical nuclear family. With Ron there, Susan and Katherine had no choice but to dress and act just like they had before Alan's six-times-a-day diagnosis.

However, things were far from normal below the surface. Alan, Katherine, and Susan were all only partly there mentally, at best, because they were busy thinking about recent sexual events and future possibilities. Susan was the most affected. She felt like she was in an erotic daze, and it was a constant struggle to maintain her fake front.

Still, there was an awkward silence at the table, so she tried to make some small talk with husband. "Ron, tell me. What have you been doing for fun in Thailand these days?"

Ron looked at his scrambled eggs and picked at them while he replied, "Oh, not much. The pay is great, but Bangkok isn't much of a place to live. Things are actually quite boring."

Katherine asked, "Boring? I thought Bangkok has a reputation as being one of the most wild and seedy places in the whole world."

"That's true," Ron replied, "but that's just it: seedy. Who wants seedy? Not me. Given the cultural differences and everything else, there's not much that interests me. And the traffic! Good grief. The traffic is unbelievable. I swear, it takes three hours to get from one side of the city to the other. Not to mention the pollution. The hassle factor is so great that I'm likely to stay home most nights, unless there's something special going on."

Susan was glad that Katherine was asking questions, because she wasn't paying much attention. Instead, she was staring in the direction of Alan's crotch, as if she had X-ray vision that could see through the table. I wonder if Tiger's penis is erect right now. I'll bet it is! Not that he has any reason to be. It breaks my heart that I can't even help him with visual stimulation this morning. But he's young, handsome, and exceedingly virile. Chances are good his rampant member is stiff as a board anyway!

Realizing there was a long silence after Ron's answer, Susan asked him, "Have you been playing sports, at least? I remember you saying that you were playing racquetball and tennis a lot."bender

Ron answered, "That's true, I still do that. Luckily, there's a country club near where I live, and they have indoor and cool racquetball courts. That's key, because it's SO HOT there! You wouldn't believe it!"

Susan thought, You know what else is "SO HOT?" Watching Suzanne suck Tiger's big penis, that's what! I've seen that twice in the last two days, and it's easily the hottest thing I've ever seen! The only thing that's better is doing it myself!

Oblivious to Susan's lewd thoughts, Ron continued, "The killer is the humidity, and it never stops. I basically live like there's a raging storm outside, all year long. I move from one air conditioned building to another, and if I spend more than a few minutes outside, I end up soaking wet, just as if there was a rain storm. Except I'm soaked from sweat, not rain."

Susan thought, Mmmm! What's bad about being soaking wet with sweat? That's how I want to be, naked and sweaty from grinding myself all over my hunky son! And even better than sweat is cum! I wish my face and chest were soaking wet from my son's fertile seed, right now!

Alan asked Ron, "Isn't there anything you can do about it? Surely the locals are used to the heat."

"That's true," Ron replied. "At least for those who don't live in the upper class air conditioned world. I could try to go cold turkey and do entirely without air conditioning. Then my body would adjust to that."

But that's not an option for me, because I'm forced to sit in air conditioned rooms so much as part of my job. I can never truly acclimate."

Susan thought, Speaking of going cold turkey, that's what I should do. I need to stop thinking about my son's penis all the time! It's not healthy. What would Ron think, if he could read my mind?! Oh dear. But my situation is kind of like his, because I don't have that option. Something is always popping up, and it's usually Tiger's big fat penis! If I'm not having to help out with visual stimulation, then I'm probably talking to Suzanne about something super sexy. It's like I can't escape. Worse, I don't want to escape!

Ron continued, "You have no idea how hot it gets. It's hot every single day, but sometimes a heat wave comes in and things get even worse. It's so stifling that it's nearly impossible to get anything done. Even with the air conditioning, you can't escape from the humidity. That's the killer."

Susan realized she needed to keep up appearances by taking part in the conversation. So she said, "I think I can relate to that. People don't usually think of Nebraska as a humid place, but in the summer it gets extremely hot, and then sometimes the humidity moves in too. It can get really miserable."

Ron nodded. "Imagine that, only times two. Bangkok is near the equator, and there's something about the heat of the sun there that's extra intense somehow. You can't get a tan there because you don't want to stay in the direct sunlight for more than five minutes if you can help it. It really is like an endless rainstorm, except with heat instead of rain."

Susan thought, I really wish he'd stop talking so much about heat. Whenever I think about heat these days, I think about how hot my Tiger gets me. One thing leads to another, and before I know it, it's like my body really is on fire! I have no choice but to take all my clothes off and stroke his fat cock, because I'm just that hot!

Wait. Scratch that part about stroking his fat cock. I don't HAVE to do that. It's just that I want to. And I need to watch my language. It's a "penis," not a "cock."

She sighed to herself. It's so frustrating that today is a Thursday. It's going to be such a long, long time until the next abnormality check comes around. I should have taken full advantage the day before yesterday and checked him thoroughly with my mouth! Mmmm! Yes! I would have checked him so long and so very, very thoroughly! Especially with my tongue on his sweet spot! But really, sliding my lips tightly back and forth over that spot is just as much fun! And doing both things together is the BEST!

Alan had asked Ron how much he was playing tennis lately, and Ron was answering, but Susan wasn't listening at all. Instead, she was thinking, It's such a shame. I feel such great heat and passion helping Tiger with his medical situation. Why is it I've never even felt a tenth of that with Ron? He's a good man, and a good friend. But our marriage has been so... sexless! He's handsome and energetic, and people say I'm very beautiful. Why doesn't he ever want to have sex with me?! Suzanne must be right that he's cheating on me. Either that, or he's just sexless. I hear that can happen, and some people just have very weak libidos.

That certainly wouldn't be a problem with Tiger though! If he was my husband, I doubt we'd ever get out of bed! In fact, I'd be naked nearly all the time! Oh my! What a hot thought that is! Tiger? As my husband?! Wow! I'd be bobbing on my knees half the day! And the other half, he'd be lying on top of me, plowing into me like a maniac! I'd get to know what it really means to get fucked then! Oh my! So hot!

Wait a second. Listen to me. I can't imagine myself getting impaled by my son's huge cock, not with my husband right there. I'm soooo baaaad! What if he sees the lust in my eyes as I think about kicking my feet up in the air and screaming helplessly as I'm skewered and DRILLED by my son's fat pussy-pounder?! That's one thing I definitely CAN'T think of, because it's way too hot!

Besides, it's rather insulting to Ron, thinking about how his son is sexually superior to him in every conceivable way! A big-titted mommy like me, well, if my son wants me, carnally, and sinfully, how can I resist him?! Oh God!

She was still frequently staring in the general direction of Alan's crotch, even though the table was in the way. As a result, it looked to the others more like she was looking at the bowl of fruit which presided over the center of the table. I'll bet his big dick is stiff right now. In fact, I almost guarantee it! As opposed to sexless Ron. I can't even remember the last time I saw or felt his erect penis. Where did we go wrong? Even back in our "honeymoon phase," it was more like two good friends living together.

What's going to happen to us, to our marriage? He'll be going back to Thailand before long. That'll leave me here with Tiger's rampant member. A cock, I mean a penis, that needs constant, intimate, tender loving care! What if Suzanne is right, and it's just a matter of time before I'm one of his "personal sluts?!" I could easily see that happening until I do something to stop it. But the problem is, I don't want to stop it! Ron, help me!

But her call for help was only a fleeting thought, and the small talk about Thailand continued until the end of breakfast. She never seriously considered talking to him about her problems, or their marriage

problems in general. Deep down, she didn't want to "solve" her "problems," because even with her guilt and emotional conflict, she'd never been happier in her life.